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OCT. 23, 1920

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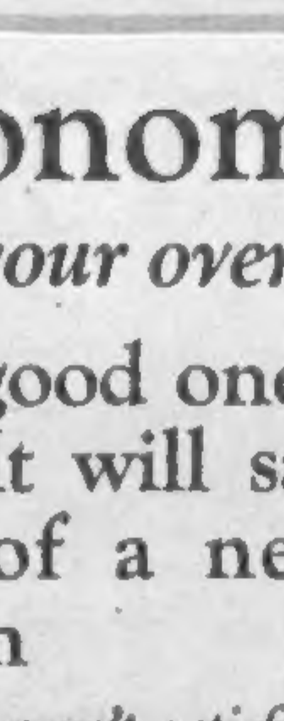

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THE EAST WIND

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

MATLOCK could see the changing look in the ring of faces upturned toward the unsteady yellow of gasoline torches. He leaned easily against the wheel of the cart, listening to the hate in the voice which streamed out above him, watching its reflection in the faces. Helga was swinging them with her again, he saw. The ugly mood they had shown at the beginning had turned from her to the enemy she set before them.

"Can't you feel the free east wind on your faces? Can't you see the sun rising, over there in Russia, where the workers rule? Don't you know that the dawn's almost here? I tell you, comrades, it's nearer than you think—the day when we slaves shall be free, when our feet shall stamp down on the necks of those who've sweated us and starved us and robbed us, that they might sleep soft, drink deep and live easy!"

Matlock liked the sound of it. Just hearing Helga Sweyn's flaming voice seemed to waken something in him—something that gave him a queer new sense of strength and eagerness. Lately he had been conscious of a deepening apathy; even the idea of overthrowing the despotism of capital and setting up a true republic of the workers had lost its power to stir his thoughts. But Helga, pouring her vitriol out into the night, seemed to bring back the old pleasing glow of anger.

"If you lie down now, with your strike almost won, you'll be tightening the chains on your own necks and on the neck of every brother workman in the land. If you let them bluff you by this cheap trick of shutting down the plant you'll be slaves again, and you'll deserve to be slaves. Stand fast! Fight it out! When a traitor whines to go back, answer him with your fists! You'll win! You'll ——"

Yes, she was getting them again, Matlock decided. A good idea to bring her down. He was proud that it had been his thought. Levinski had been against it.

"Helga's no use unless zere's fighting," he declared in his soft, mumbling, expressionless English. "She makes zem zirsty for blood and fire. Here she makes nozing but trouble."

Matlock grinned at the memory. Helga was making trouble, sure enough. But not for the strike committee, nor for the little Russian who had managed this climax of the boring-from-within process. Her influence had made it a fighting strike. They might not win, Matlock knew, but they'd make it an expensive victory for the other side if they lost. He felt like fighting himself after hearing Helga for three days and nights. The strike had been a disappointment, so far, in the want of the raw action that Matlock loved. He had led the successful revolt in the union, overruled the officers who had pleaded for observance of the unexpired agreement, swept the rank and file headlong into an outlawed strike for wages he knew could not be paid. When he was within sound of Helga Sweyn's voice he almost believed that his only motive had been the same as hers—the deliberate destruction of the wage system through successive strikes like this one. Alone he guessed dimly that what he really wanted was the fun and frolic of it, the joy of a big fight and as many little ones as he cared to seek.

It was a good life, since he had met Helga Sweyn and learned her philosophy. Boring from within suited him. He liked the job of infecting other men with his own discontent, of marshaling them into an obedient clique inside the union, of suddenly overturning the local organizations and putting in the wobblies. Here in Bufort the thing had been almost too easy though. The old officers made no resistance; the strike had gone through with a shouting rush.

And then, instead of fighting back, the mill owners had admitted defeat by shutting down. No strike breakers to be beaten or intimidated; no troops to bedevil, no uproar. Matlock had found it dull, till Helga Sweyn came and the men began to respond to the hatred she could put into words and gestures. Leaning against the wheel and watching the mob react to her words, Matlock felt vaguely happy. There would be fighting yet.

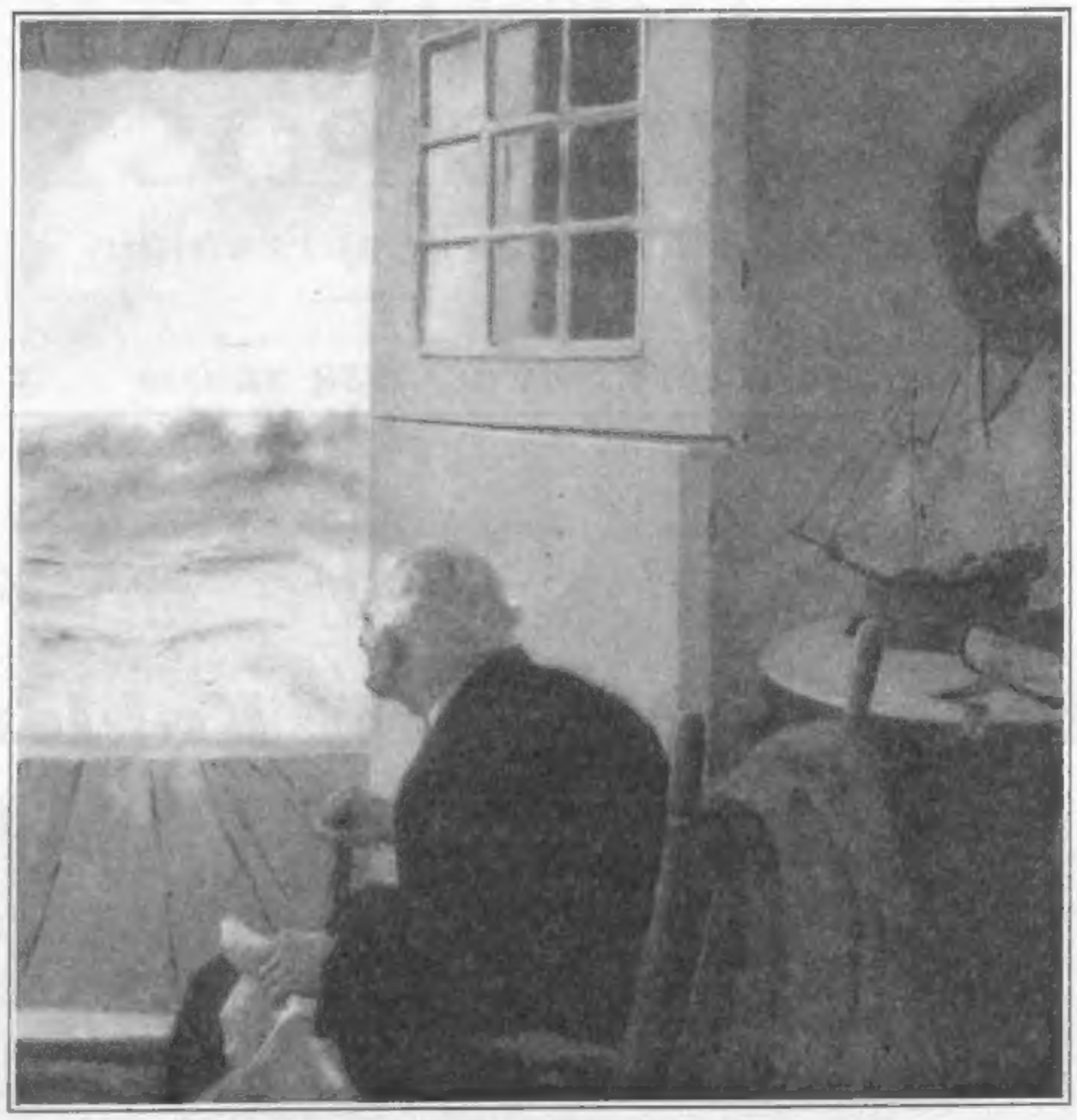
"Hang on—hang on and win! It's been a long dark night, but the dawn's near—the red dawn when you and I will tear this rotten sham of Government apart and hunt down the fat middle classes like the rats they are!"

Her voice rose a tone: "Stand up and fight! Don't lie down! Take what's yours by the force you used to build it! Pull down this rotten Government ——"

Matlock stood erect, his hands tightening, his blood suddenly running fast and hot. Two bluecoats stood at the cart tail and lifted their hands to the woman. He saw them seize her wrists and draw her ungently down to the street, saw them shoulder into the crowd, with Helga struggling uselessly between them.

PAINTED BY ARTHUR GARRATT

The Barrier in Her Eyes Lowered Perceptibly as He Showed a Contempt for the Letter of His Bargain



Even as he sprang he knew that it was folly. Helga was used to this. She played for it deliberately. Martyrdom was one of her most useful poses. And it was pure insanity for him to link her with the unions, officially, by interfering now. And Matlock stood here as the official representative of the organization. His business was to make all the capital he could out of the arrest without allying himself or his cause with the victim.

But he had listened for forty minutes to Helga Sweyn. And his hands had been idle for ten days. He plunged toward the group, thrusting men out of his way. All the power of shoulder and back and thigh went into the swing that struck the policeman cleanly beside the jaw. He felt the stinging shock of his fist on the jowl and jawbone, knew for an instant the pure intoxication of a perfectly timed and measured blow. His hand told him that there was no need of another. He slipped past Helga, caught the rising night stick of the other bluecoat and twisted it free with no sense of effort. He sent it whirling over the heads of the crowd and drove his body forward as he saw the arm reach back toward the hip.

It was a trick he had learned years before. His head, bent forward as he sprang, struck heavily against the shaven chin; his right knee came up in a vicious stomach kick; both hands struck savagely at the same target. There was not even a counter. Matlock struggled up from a figure that lay still.

"Quick, Helga—this way!"

He took her wrist and dragged her through the press toward the mouth of an alley. No one tried to halt them. The crowd surged inward, intent on the stunned policemen. Matlock was laughing as they reached the shadow of dark buildings and saw the night sticks at work where the police struggled in toward the center.

"I feel better, Helga. That was what I needed."

He felt her approval, in spite of the darkness, which obscured her eyes.

"You've played the fool," she said. "You had no business to be there at all. They'll know it was you."

He laughed again. "I know. What's the difference? Talking won't square it. Come on. You'd better beat it too. They'll try to frame you along with me."

"I don't care about that." She walked beside him as he hurried down the alley. "You've done a bad night's work for all of us, Joe. It looked to me as if that second bull you hit was in a bad way."

"Let's hope so anyway." He was still happy, the joy of battle hot in him. "Levinski'll tell us what to do. He's down at Meyer's, isn't he?"

"I guess so."

She seemed to take comfort in the idea. He found time to wonder at it. Queer how they all counted on that sickly, spindling little foreigner. He turned to him himself with a childish confidence. Levinski would know what was best. But it would be a bad job, all the same—facing him and confessing that he'd disobeyed orders, butted into a fight for the mere fun of it. He was glad Helga was with him. He could let her do the talking.

His mind came back to listen to her. She was scolding him now—her voice lowered but angry. He felt a sense of injustice. He had interfered, after all, in her defense. She ought to realize that.

"Oh, cut it out, Helga! You know why I did it. I went crazy when I saw those bulls put their hands on you. I couldn't stand there and watch 'em run you in like a crook!"

She clicked her tongue against her teeth, and he saw her quick headshake. "Helga, I got to tell you ——"

"Oh, stop! I've told you there's no use in talking that sort of thing to me—not as long as the world's what it is. I've got something bigger to do than kisses and cradles. And so have you. We're fighting for life—for something bigger than life—and you'd stop and talk about love!"

"All right."

He subsided into a scowling silence. Now and then, when Helga lifted up the cause and brandished it like this, he almost hated it. But he had learned that persistence only angered her. Better wait till they'd had it out with Levinski, he told himself.

They found him in the dirty room at Meyer's—his shoulders humped over his writing, the air heavy with stale smoke and the smells of food. A tray with soiled dishes stood on the red-clothed table; the floor was littered with papers and cigarette stubs; behind Levinski an unmade bed was covered with rumpled clothing, books, a confusion of pamphlets and manuscript.

Matlock was used to all this. Levinski had a trick of living amid this litter. Somehow by merely coming into a room he seemed to produce disorder and dirt. But the eyes that inspected him behind the thick distorting lenses held Matlock's attention, now as always. He thought himself a fairly bad man, everything considered; he admired other men only as they impressed him as harder, rougher, wickeder than Joe Matlock. Levinski made him feel almost stupidly innocent.

"So? I told you she would make trouble. Tell me."

The soft, mumbling voice, the trick of speech which formed words with scarcely a visible motion of the lips, the monotone in which Levinski always talked, cooled Matlock's last warm impulse. He was very near to fear under the steady emotionless eyes. The woman told what had happened, curtly, a touch of defiance in her face and tone. Levinski nodded deliberately.

"I said so. It was a mistake to bring you here, Helga. Always you mus' set zem on fire. A good zing, sometimes. But not here. No. And Joe has fought wiz police, too." He nodded again.

"Helga goes back to-night. She is no use to us in jail here." He checked her protest with a level glance and turned to Matlock. "You go, too, Joe. You have spoiled zings here. It was not time for fighting. Now zey know you are wiz us."

"All right." Matlock was willing enough. "Where?"

Levinski fumbled among the littered papers. "I have zought of it before now. You can help us bes' in a new work, comrade. Also, you mus' dis'pear for now. Killing police is cos'ly. You go to a farm."

Matlock laughed. "Who? Me? Are you joshin'? I'd make a sweet rube, wouldn't I?"

"A farm," repeated Levinski, ignoring the protest. "Zat is where we *mus'* bore now. Maybe it is too late. But we begin anyway. Or else we fail as zey are failing in Russia. Zose damn pessants!"

Matlock heard Helga's exclamation. For himself the change in Levinski's voice, the blunt confession that the revolution over there was not the success they all had believed, had the effect of a numbing blow. Levinski pawed a letter from the confusion of his table.

"Zey did not teach zeir pessants, and ze pessants beat zem now. Aaronson has written. In six month more it ends. Zere is nozing to eat. Zese pessants have seized land. Nozing will make zem let it go. Zey have not learned ze commune. And zey grow no more zan zey eat. Pht!" He flicked his dirty fingers expressively. "It is too late to teach zem now. But here, if we begin now, perhaps we are in time." He glanced at Matlock. "Go now. Work wiz zem—talk to zem. You know. It is boring, again."

"Where?" Matlock did not repeat his objection. Levinski's eyes held him.

"Anywhere. All round us are farms. Go now."

Matlock rose. He looked at Helga, hoping for a softening of her impatient hardness, now that they were to separate again. The light revealed her cruelly, the gray-white skin, the pools of shadow below the burning eyes, the cheap dark suit and ugly hat. He had a moment of dull wonder that he should want her—a sickly, dowdy woman who had no use for him except as a comrade in her wars. Queer, when there were girls who filled the eye agreeably and who showed white shining teeth at his approach. Why didn't he want one of them, instead of this plain, ailing, hating woman who rebuffed him as a man brushes off a fly?

She was chattering excitedly with Levinski in a tongue Matlock did not understand; German, probably, he thought. Neither seemed aware of Matlock's lingering. A slow resentment rose in him, a distrust of Levinski. He debated staying, in spite of orders. Levinski glanced at him, without speech.

"Oh, all right," he said sourly. "I'm going. Good-by, Helga."

She barely saw him.

"Good-by!"

He went out as the fluent jabber of the alien tongue began again. In the clean air his mind cleared. He saw that Levinski was right. Unless the farms backed the commune, the new rule of the proletariat, it would fail. They must prepare the farm labor to join the rest of the workers when the day dawned. You couldn't make a Red of a man in a minute. He knew how many preachings the wobbly gospel needed before it gained its convert. His respect for Levinski deepened, a little against his will. Levinski was wiser even than those fellows who'd actually built a Red republic over there in Russia. Levinski looked ahead.

He drifted to the freight yards, where a friendly brakeman arranged his passage in the caboose. The train slid out over the marshes, skirting the mills. Matlock was pleased by their darkened windows. They gave him a sense of power. He'd had a hand in that. If results were the test he was a bigger man, as he fled, than the man who owned them. He looked into the future, seeing himself high in the new scheme of things, a force in the new world the Red dawn was to see.

Standing on the platform of the caboose he felt the rush of air against his cheeks. It reminded him of Helga's phrase—the east wind, bringing the dawn.

II

MATLOCK leaned his elbows on the fence and watched the men at work in the field beyond with a contempt in which for the first time he felt a trace of curiosity. He had the scorn of the city-bred for the men of the farms. He knew a dozen epithets which expressed that attitude, but now, as he surveyed them in their own surroundings, his mind chose Levinski's word for them—peasants. Somehow that seemed to bite, that word. Peasants, too stupid to imitate the example of their fellow workers in the towns, placidly slaving for a fool's wage.

And yet he was interested not only in the men but in what they did. It was all new to him, this working in the open, with no clamor of machines, no walls and floors, none of the pressure he had felt in the shops. He saw that they were working hard, harder than men worked in the mills. A new contempt classed them with the wops and hunks who shoveled cinders and handled the pig iron. Levinski's word fitted them. Matlock had worked with unskilled laborers in the course of certain boring-from-within endeavors in the steel mills. He glowered at the prospect of repeating that process here. You had to show that you could work as hard as any of them, to get their respect. They had a sure eye for the weakling and the slacker. But they followed like a lot of sheep, once you got them started. They didn't have brains enough to argue. That was one good thing.

He walked out into the field as a team approached drawing a wide two-wheeled affair from one side of which a round rope of hay strung out behind it. The driver stopped in response to Matlock's lifted hand.

"How about a job, brother?" Matlock grinned. He guessed that there would be only one answer. A man who wanted a job, at anything, anywhere, had only to mention it these days. "Where's the boss?"

"Talking to you." The other returned his stare, his eyes narrowing, as if he measured the strength in Matlock's shoulders. "Plenty to do—if you can do it. Haven't done any farming, have you?"

"No. Mechanic. Thought I'd try farming for a while and see how I'd like it." Matlock grinned, more cheerfully this time, at the idea of his liking it. "Show me what to do and I guess I'll do it." He chuckled. "It doesn't look any harder than running a lathe."

The eyes showed no answering mirth. Matlock felt a doubt in them, almost hostility. "Maybe not, but it's different. And there's not much time for showing a greenhorn how either. What wages do you want?"

"Whatever you're paying suits me."

"I'm paying three a day to men who know their job. Board yourself?"

"Didn't expect to."

"I'll give you two-fifty and your board, if you can do a man's work. Want it?"

"All right. Where do I begin?"

The other climbed down from the seat. Matlock approached him, studying the burned clean-shaven face attentively. The man interested him; Matlock had no experience with employers who wore overalls and worked with their men. This fellow didn't sound or look stupid either. Matlock guessed that he was between forty and fifty; an inch or two shorter than himself; the sunburned tone of his skin darkened by the contrast of thick graying hair; his eyes a cold clear blue; his lips firm and thin above a solid aggressive jaw.

"I guess you can handle the rake anyway," he said. "It's a boy's job. Just keep going round. The horses'll walk straight if you let 'em."

Matlock scrambled over the curved teeth to the seat, conscious of his clumsiness. He gathered the reins and clicked, as he had heard teamsters do. The team started abruptly, so that he almost lost his balance. As he turned the first corner he saw that the farmer had taken a fork and was bunching the raked hay into little round mounds, like the three or four other men in the field. Again Matlock was puzzled. What was the sense of being an employer if you worked with your hands, like one of your men? He accounted for it on the original theory that all farmers were simple-minded.

Driving the rake interested him. He liked the way it spun the hay back in that endless cable; the horses, plodding steadily, seemed to understand their job. They needed little guidance to keep on the right course. The smell of the curing grass was pleasant. Even the sting of the sun had a kind of friendliness in it. He whistled softly, and wondered what Helga would say if she could see him now.

The thought persisted. Helga would be back in New York by now—deep in whatever councils were on at headquarters or getting ready for her next attack. He had a sudden hunger for her, a sense of loneliness. Sometime he'd have to get her away for a holiday or she'd kill herself, working the way she did. Sometime, when the fight was over and they were both on the top of the world, he'd make her see reason—corner her and make her listen.

He was thinking about her when he finished the last of the raking. The farmer hailed him, bade him hitch the team and get a fork. He tied a clumsy knot with one of the reins and came back. The task, seemingly simple enough, proved to be puzzling. Instead of the upstanding bunches the others formed he succeeded only in producing lopsided heaps which sagged and slid. The farmer came over and showed him, with brisk impatience, but even after he understood the trick of it he got on badly. He was aggravated; the heat of the sun beat on him; the fork handle chafed unsuspected soft places in his palms; his arms ached spitefully. But he kept on, sullenly determined to demonstrate his strength and wits among these despised yokels.

At six he saw the others stopping work and followed their lead. The man who had hired him hardly paused.

"Take the team to the barn, Joe. Lon'll show you how to unharness and feed. I'll be up when I finish here. Tell 'em at the house."

Matlock was on the point of a protest. His day's work was surely done, he thought. He hadn't bargained for overtime, and even at time and a half he had no taste for it to-night. He wanted food and bed more than he remembered wanting them since boyhood. But he said nothing. Better get on to the ropes before he talked. He drove the team along the yellow road, following Lon's lead. Looking back at the corner he could see the solitary figure busy in the hay. He grinned scornfully.

"What's the matter with the boss, brother?" He asked the question carelessly of Lon as they unhitched under an open tool shed. "Don't he know enough to quit when the whistle blows?"

Lon, a lank shambling man of fifty or more, displayed broken stained teeth. "Guess he knows it'll rain afore mornin'," he drawled. "Wayne don't work less'n he's got reason."

"What's the odds if it does rain?" Matlock was puzzled. "He'll be under cover, won't he?"

"Yeah, but the hay won't." Lon regarded him with visible amusement. "Never farmed much, did you?"

"No."

Matlock did not reply. He mustn't let them get to thinking of him as a greenhorn. It would weaken his chances of persuading them. He tried to solve the puzzle of double harness without asking for instruction, and stood back while Lon deliberately brought order out of the intricate tangle of straps he produced. He watched closely. Next time he'd know how.

He helped the other mix feed and thrust down hay from the loft over the stalls. The horses ate with a kind of ferocity, so that their teeth grated on the wood of the feed boxes and the sound of their grinding molars followed him out of the barn. His own hunger found a new edge.

"Where do we eat?" He stopped Lon as the awkward figure slouched away.

"I eat home." Lon chuckled. "Guess Wayne'll feed you up to the house."

He jerked a thumb at the white-painted building which topped a gentle rise. Matlock was surprised and pleased and a little disappointed. The house impressed him—a substantial structure, with a columned porch in front, a shaggy lawn running down to a retaining wall facing the road, rosebushes in bloom and a grape arbor arching over the approach to the side door. It stirred the old class hatred in him by a hint of wealth, almost of luxury. He had never slept in such a place, not even since the boring-from-within idea had enabled him to exchange the empty pockets of the I. W. W. for the comfortable salary the union paid. He nodded to Lon and walked up a path paved with irregular flat stones. The smell of wood smoke greeted him as he neared the screened door; his nostrils liked it hungrily.

Through the wire mesh he saw a woman at work before a table. Her back was toward him, her head bent forward over a baking board. He watched her bare arms moving swiftly at their pleasing task, observed the contours of the print dress with approval. There'd be agreeable company, he foresaw, to share his kitchen meals. Again the class consciousness woke in him. The girl and he belonged in the same world. He opened the door and stepped inside confidently. She turned, without lifting her hands from the rolling pin, her eyes challenging him to explanation.

"I'm the new hired help, sister," he said cheerfully. "What's the chance for supper?"

He decided that she wasn't pretty, after all. Her face was reddened from the stove, her hair untidily moist. But something in her direct glance held his interest. There was a kind of grimness in the blue eyes, a strength in the line of the tight lips which made him think suddenly of Helga. This woman was a fighter, too, he thought. He guessed that she was in the early twenties.

"Where's Mr. McIntyre?" The voice puzzled him. It had a whiplash quality, a rebuke. He shrugged.

"Don't know him. Who is he?"

"Didn't he hire you?" He saw the eyes narrow slightly, the hand tighten on the pin.

"Oh, the boss? I thought his name was Wayne. He's down in the hayfield. Said he'd be up when he finished."

She turned abruptly. "All right. I drove the cows down. You'll find the pails on the shelf out there. You might as well start milking, I guess."

"Guess again, then." He chuckled. "I didn't bargain on a twenty-four-hour shift. And besides, I don't know which end of a cow to tackle."

"All right. Settle it with father when he comes."

She transferred thin circles of dough to an iron pan, tested the heat of the oven with her hand and slid the pan into it. Matlock's presence ceased to concern her, he felt.

Father, eh? Then she was on the other side, after all—one of the crowd he and his kind were to crush and scatter when the Red sun rose. He hated her suddenly, hated the quality in her voice which seemed to deepen the difference between them. He stood uncertainly, watching her as she spread a cloth and arranged china and silver on the table. Take a lot of breaking, he thought, conscious of an untamed spirit in her. The idea pleased him. Perhaps if he stayed here a while he could pull her down off that high horse.

He carried the thought into the air with him and considered it as he rolled and smoked a cigarette. He was still busy with it when Wayne McIntyre came up the flags, walking briskly.

"Forgot you couldn't milk," he said good-humoredly. "I'll show you. It's simple enough when you get the trick of it."

Matlock checked a refusal. He realized from what the girl had said that the farm day differed from the eight-hour institution of the cities. If he expected to accomplish anything he'd better submit to established custom for the present. Later he could attack such abuses easily enough. And even then there was another motive. He foresaw that McIntyre would discharge him at the first hint of insubordination, and he didn't want to be discharged just yet. Not till he'd got better acquainted with the girl in the kitchen anyway. He followed McIntyre back toward the group of barns, nested pails swinging from his arm.

Interested, he watched the demonstration of milking. That was how they did it, eh? The spurting sound of the jets pleased his ear; there was a rhythm in it, a marching time. He tried it himself, gingerly, uneasy at the nearness of the hoofs. McIntyre was patient, good-humored, not condescending. Matlock persevered doggedly in spite of aching wrists. He thought wearily of the oceans of milk the cities consumed, every drop of it wrung by such labor as this. When McIntyre had filled two pails there was a pint or so in Matlock's first. The farmer finished for him.

"You'll get the hang of it soon enough," he said. "Not so bad for the first try."

They carried the pails back to a lean-to at the rear of the kitchen, where Matlock toiled at the handle of a whirring machine which in some inexplicable fashion separated the yellow cream from the skim milk. The process interested him. He listened understandingly to McIntyre's brief explanation. They went to the kitchen together.

(Continued on Page 73)

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

By GEORGE PATTULLO

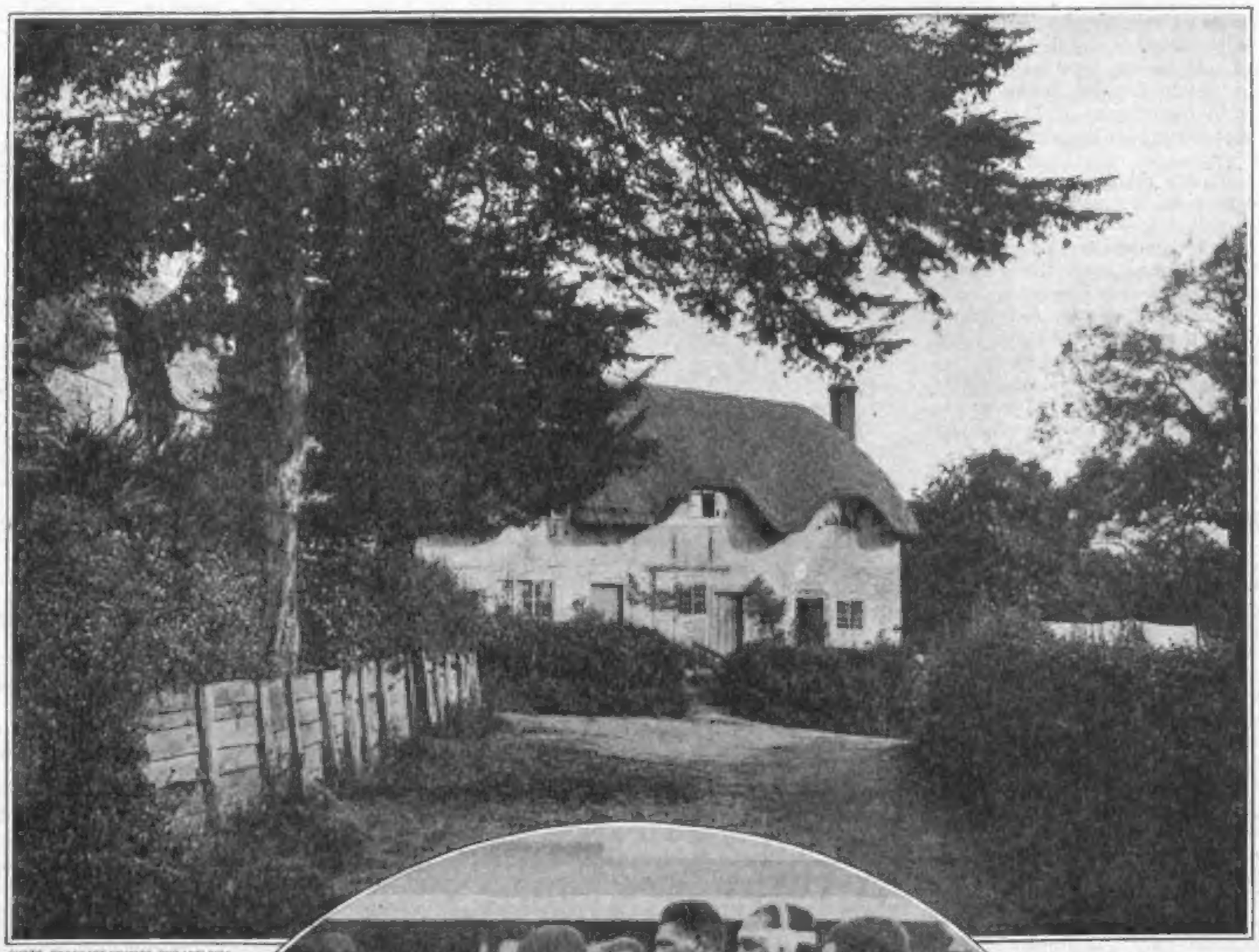


PHOTO. BY RAU ART STUDIOS, PHILADELPHIA

IT WAS during the third playlet at the Grand Guignol in Paris on the night of August fifteenth. A drunken Apache was sinking to slumber on a bed. Within instant reach of his hand lay a murderous knife, the same knife with which he had just foully killed for robbery. There was the loot, too, tied up in a handkerchief; the audience had seen it during his maudlin boastings—great piles of hundred-franc notes, and several rings and pendants that told their own pitiful tale. He was a tough guy.

Slowly and tremblingly the woman he had terrorized and who subsequently betrayed him to the police tiptoed toward the door in order to give the alarm. What if he should wake and catch her? The audience held its breath. Inch by inch she moved palpitatingly across the floor. The Apache muttered and stirred. Merciful heaven, she was a goner now! But, no; he grew quiet again. Crouched low, she waited breathlessly.

You could have heard a pin drop. And in the tingling silence a lady rose abruptly in the front row, stared a while with her chin clutched in both hands, and then started to remove her clothes. Aha! Aha!

Some seemed inclined to view this as part of the action of the piece. Others looked merely hopeful. Both were wrong. The second the tension relaxed and it became apparent that the Apache was off to bye-bye, everybody perceived that the lady simply wanted to loosen her outer garments to get comfortable, for she subsided into her place and went to sleep with her head on her escort's shoulder.

My expectation then was that a horde of zealous ushers would bear down on the couple, raise a tremendous clatter and ignominiously eject them. Nothing of the sort happened. But surely the house was scandalized? Not at all; the lady's companion placed a protecting arm round her, and the audience accepted the incident in the most matter-of-fact way, either nodding in satisfied comprehension or smiling with good-natured tolerance. There was not the least fuss.

The Sway of Mrs. Grundy

OF COURSE that sort of thing could never happen in England. It simply isn't done. I am free to admit that this may be a matter for congratulation. On the other hand: A friend of mine went down to the Henley regatta and parked himself on a bench in an interval. Near him sat a middle-aged American with his wife and daughter. All three appeared to be utterly wretched, depressed, ill at ease. They hardly spoke; when they did, it was in guarded undertones. From time to time the father scrutinized my friend doubtfully, but came to a decision at last, probably by identifying the brand of a cigar.

"Say," he demanded brusquely, "are you an American?"

PHOTO. BY CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE, NEW YORK

The King Meeting Scotland's Rugby Team After its Defeat by the English. Prince Henry and Prince Albert are in the Background. Above—A Cottage in Salisbury, Typical of the English Countryside

"I am, old dear."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed the other fervently. "Now we can talk out loud."

Almost all Americans feel that way from the hour they set foot on English soil. The general atmosphere of aloofness and self-repression they encounter is as cold as the climate. The Latin races give free rein to the expression of the cosmic urge, but the English swing to the other extreme and are too self-conscious even to be natural. Mrs. Grundy has them cowed.

The grim old dragon *de rerlu* is forever hovering at the British shoulder, making most admirable people stilted and constrained. She is present at every public gathering; one can feel her glacial influence in all the middle classes' subdued, melancholy efforts to be joyous; conversation in any strictly English hotel or restaurant sounds like an exchange of secrets; a hearty natural laugh in any place not hardened to it by the patronage of visitors from the other side is as startling as the explosion of a hand grenade. Let a person of youthful exuberance venture to raise her voice above a mutter and she will be chilled to the bone by the stares of shawled indignant old ladies humped over their tea or nip of booze. Few transatlantic visitors long survive this atmosphere without wilting; I would give an exultant Californian about three days of life in England.

British subjects from overseas—from Canada, Australia and South Africa—experience similar depression, and rebel against it to the same degree. After thirty days in the homeland they invariably pine for God's country; and many of the English themselves hate the restraint Mrs. Grundy imposes. Yet the only time the great middle classes escape from her benumbing sway is when jovial John Barleycorn has filled them with reckless disregard of consequences.

This worship of convention and good form has been a blight on English literature, poetry and drama. Only a few bold spirits have dared to defy Mrs. Grundy, and these have achieved greatness. The bulk of the English press remain her steadfast slaves; their attitude toward the upper classes, toward wealth and established position, is ludicrous. They stand ready to execrate and rend anybody who refuses to take these institutions as seriously as they demand. A Shaw sets them to gnashing their teeth.

I had anticipated a measure of emancipation from Mrs. Grundy, through the leveling influences at work during the war and the different perspective most peoples of the world have acquired in the last couple of decades. Some relaxation can be noted, but nothing to correspond to the progress elsewhere. Carefully nurtured shibboleths have their roots deep in the English character; narrow prejudices, and a self-sufficiency born of a conviction of superiority, still direct most of their mental processes, causing them to lag sadly behind modern thought in directions fateful to their future.

Individuality Smothered

IT IS inevitable that this should be so in a society organized as theirs is. Wherever you find an established aristocracy recognized by law, with all the sharp class distinctions that entails, you will find Mrs. Grundy enthroned.

As a repressive force to stifle new ideas she is unrivaled; she kills initiative, she smothers individuality; her devotees would rather be shot at dawn than show bad form. Many an able Britisher has never made a start because of his haunting dread lest he offend good taste

(Continued on Page 161)

The Country of the Caravans

By Maude Radford Warren

THE next time I see a railway system I am going to make a deep salaam to it—even if it is government owned. Picture a country almost three times the size of France without any railroad to speak of. And please be interested, not only because of its importance in world affairs but also because it is probably the only country on the globe, except perhaps our own, that idealizes us. If you could float over that territory you would see most of the people living exactly as their ancestors did in the centuries before Christ. In seedtime you would see men plowing with one hand, two oxen and what looks like a piece of crooked stick. In harvest time you would see the oxen trampling out the wheat from the chaff. You would see mills consisting of a couple of stones and a stream of water. You would discover in this vast area only one waterway, no rivers to speak of, and but four main roads. Of these four only two are fully practicable for vehicles, and even they do not equal third-class European roads. They were made or repaired by foreigners. On them you may see a few motor cars, also instituted by foreigners. And by no means do they travel with the ease and cheapness of the cars of the west. There is a good telegraph system, but letters nowadays take weeks and even months to travel from one side of the country to another.

The Land of Rugs and Poets

YOU would see no real mines of coal or copper, no quarries, no cotton mills or clothing factories, no foundries or machine shops, no big electrical installations; none of the modern improvements that we westerners consider essential to prevent stagnation. It is medieval, this land, as no country can possibly be nowadays that has railways, with all which that connotes. Here time does not matter; nothing matters. There is but little sense of isolation, little consciousness of backwardness, little urge of progress, little realization of the necessity of surveying the country to find out the extent of its resources, little moral obligation to develop all powers and promises. Sometimes resources are not even conserved. Wood is appallingly scarce and coal seventy-odd dollars a ton, and yet many who cut down trees do not replant. The industries are simple—copper and brass work, skin collecting, tanning, rug weaving, dyeing. The one great industry, oil wells, is under the control of a foreign power. And if the tentative observations of outsiders are to be trusted, the country is amazingly rich in oils, in minerals, including coal and iron, and in parts its agricultural products are abundant and of first quality.

It is Persia. To the average westerner Persia is a country that occupies about two finger-widths on the map. It is the place where the rugs come from, and the cats, and a few turquoises, and Persian lambskins. It has, in part, beautiful gardens about which exotic writers rave. Alexander the Great went that far and refilled his coffers with the gold of Hamadan. It produced Darius and Xerxes, also such poets as Firdusi, Sadi, Hafiz, and above all, Omar Khayyam, from whose writings we learn at least two stanzas in our late teens, one to show our circle how free we are from the rule of creed, the other to repeat to the best beloved.

Oh Thou, who Man of Baser Earth didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Perhaps I should not say that the country is entirely without railroads. There is a short line running down from the Caucasus into Tabriz, built, of course, for the benefit of Russian trade. But it is not running. There is a little six-mile stretch running from Teheran to the buried city of Rai, which some enterprising Persian built and then became bankrupt.

It was attempted to sell this line to a Persian grandee who went for an experimental ride upon it. As the route to Rai is downhill the train was allowed to run by its own momentum. Coming back it traveled by steam. The grandee observed the journey attentively.

"How did we run down?" he inquired.

"Force of gravity," he was told.

"We went down in eighteen minutes," observed the grandee. "It took us thirty-five to steam back. If the train runs more quickly without steam than with it I should be very foolish to buy it."

Persia has been asleep. In the old days she was a great nation, and when she awakes—and already she is stirring—she will be a great nation again, greater than ever. When she shakes off her lethargy and begins to make the most of her chances she won't need to ask quarter of any nation. A railroad is the chief symbol of what she needs for waking up. In this article I don't mean to go into the causes of why Persia is as she is, but merely to tell how a country without railroads, and all that that means, can affect the traveler.

A Persian student told me this story that has been going the rounds. One day the Creator said to himself: "I have not examined my lands for these many years." Therefore he looked down upon the world. First he went to England, and was scarcely able to see it for the smoke and the blackened and lacerated surfaces. Then he went to the United States, and found this larger territory quite as black, quite as pitted with mines, quite as heaped up with factories and with mountainous office buildings. Astounded, he turned away his gaze and looked down upon Persia. "At last," he said, "I look upon a land that has not been changed since I made it."

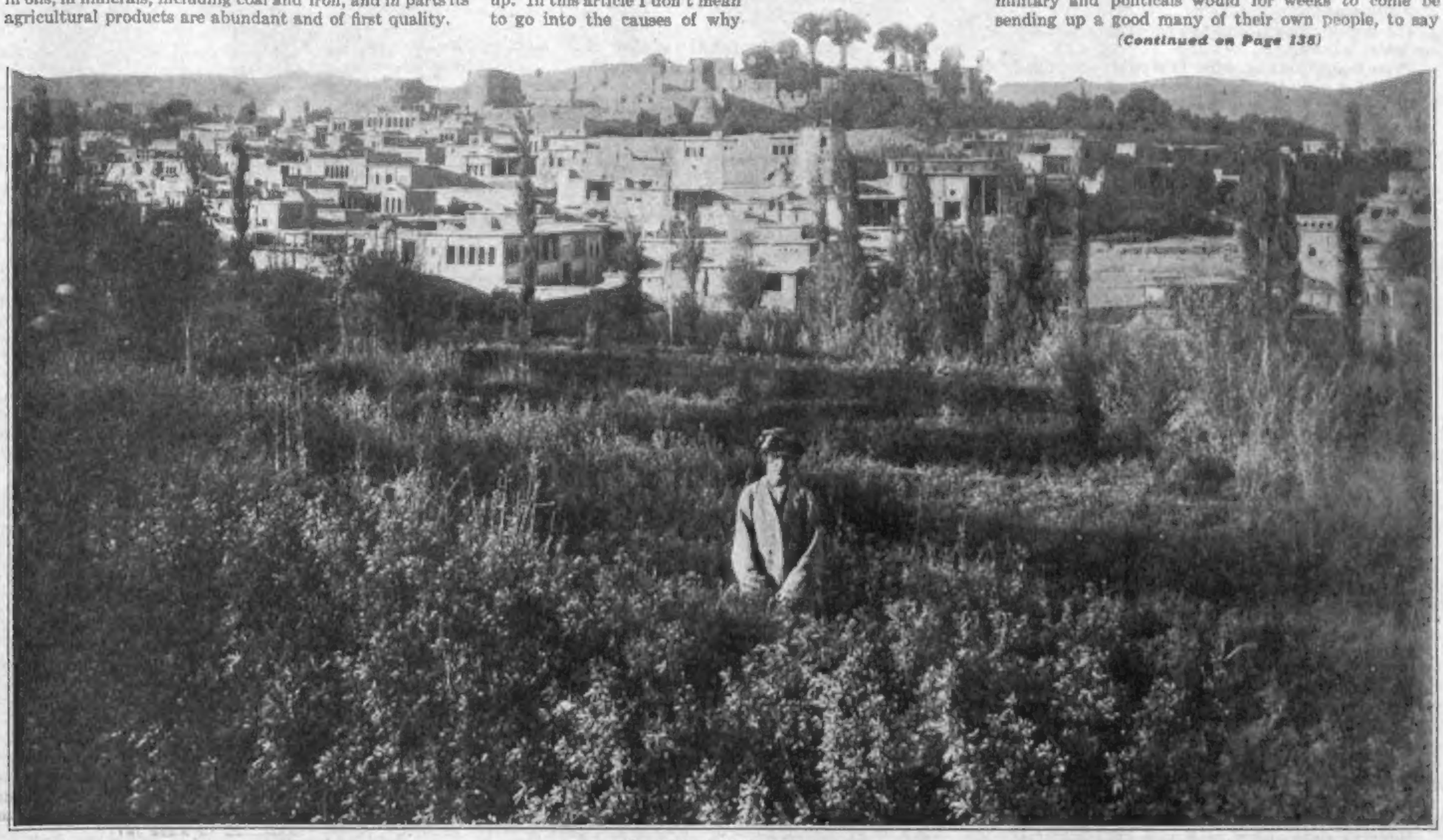
Four Thousand a Year for a Flivver

THIS article deals only with the surface of Persia, with the trend of life that naturally comes where railroads are not and people depend for their needs on the caravan. In another article I go into the causes of why Persia is as she is, and of how the sleeper is awakening and is anxious to take her place among other progressive nations. Just at this moment it is the surface of Persia that interests me, for I have been racked by hundreds of miles of travel on all sorts of vehicles, driven sometimes by people who had no sense of time, and always by people who apparently had no sense of danger. What Persia means to the American I did not begin to realize until I reached Bagdad and tried to make arrangements to go up to the railhead by automobile.

"Must you go to Persia just now?" a military friend said. "It is so very uncomfortable traveling. You never know when your car will break down. I never heard of a car that got from one place to another without some difficulty. And petrol costs like gold. It is about five dollars a tin, I believe. We sent some paper up to Teheran the other day and by the time it got there we reckoned it had quadrupled its cost. I should say that a small car costs more per year to keep than an average wife—about four thousand dollars."

There were military cars and political cars, shebanahs—which are four-horse Persian carriages—mules, donkeys and camels. I did not want to use any of these means of transport; the last three because I am not fond of athletic adventures, and the first two because I knew that the military and politicals would for weeks to come be sending up a good many of their own people, to say

(Continued on Page 138)



Kurdistan Village, Persia

Winnie and the Wolves

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

Mr. Jay Gulped. He Looked as if He Wanted to Say "Be Human," But He Refrained

WINNIE was picking peas in the garden, just beyond the strawberry bed, and she looked so sweet and dainty in the old sun hat that even the blackbirds would have faltered in the havoc they were industriously working among the late berries had they not had other things to think about.

The doctor came absent-mindedly down the garden path, lost no doubt in grave reflection upon the best method of prolonging Lord Alquoholl's highly remunerative gout, and saw Winnie there. For a moment he watched her pretty hands flit pinkly among the pods, then he glanced, by no means absently, at the house. The glance was necessary, for his wife was in the morning room counting up her accounts rendered.

The doctor stepped into the pea-tangled corridor and smiled at Winnie.

"You look charming, Miss O'Wynn; pos-i-tive-ly delicious! Let me help you pick the peas."

His method of helping her pick peas was quaint. It began apparently by the quick passing of his arm round Winnie's waist, the bending of his brown handsome face to hers, and a smiling whisper:

"I love you, Winnie. Be mine, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

"Sir!" said Winnie, and pushed him all among the peas.

He lost his balance and fell about. But he regained his feet without difficulty, and he still smiled.

"How unkind you are to me, Winnie. Have you forgotten how well I cured your influenza?" he reproached her. "I can't help loving you, child."

But Winnie was not responsive.

"Your wife is looking out of the window of the morning room," she said. "Why do you insult me when I come into the garden? I shall leave." Her glance did not waver; she looked like a flower that had inadvertently grown among the peas instead of the pansies, fair and cool as a pink-tinted blossom. "Your wife is looking out of the window, Doctor Fennel, and if you do not lend me twenty pounds I shall tell her of this insult."

The jaw of the frolicsome young doctor fell.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Winnie? What was that?"

"Twenty pounds. A loan. If you do not lend it to me I will go to Mrs. Fennel and tell her that I am compelled to leave her because the garden is not safe—on account of your unwelcome but persistent advances."

The doctor gasped.

"But it's blackmail, child. You can't do this sort of thing. It was a joke."

"I have eighty pounds," said Winnie, "and, of course, I want to make it into a hundred. Wouldn't you want to if you had eighty pounds?"

Her blue eyes were like forget-me-nots, Fennel thought, sadly realizing that he would forget them not for a long time to come, and her face was as tranquil and innocent-looking as that of a small child.

"It's ridiculous—impossible, Winnie!" he protested.

Winnie's clear silvery voice rose from among the pea sticks: "Mrs. Fennel!"

"No—shut up, child—for heaven's sake!" hissed the doctor.

"Doctor Fennel says——"

"Be quiet, you little fool! I'll let you have the money."

"——that the peas are small and few in the pod. Shall I go on picking?"

Mrs. Fennel glanced up from the accounts rendered.

"Try to find enough for lunch," she called pleasantly; then perceiving the proximity of her husband to Winnie—her nineteen-year-old lady-help-guest-maid kept companion—added less pleasantly: "Jack! I want you."

Jack moved out of the pea patch and went slowly up the garden path, fighting a losing battle against some deep, strong instinct that seemed to tell him that twenty pounds would shortly pass into his pass book, debit side.

Winnie O'Wynn went on picking peas. She smiled softly as she picked, and presently she began to sing—an airy trifle of Swinburne's, all about some butterflies somewhere:

Fly, butterflies, out to sea.
Frail, pale wings, for the winds to try.
Fly, butterflies, fly.

It came sweetly in through the window of the morning room, and both Fennel and his wife listened.

"Pretty, happy little thing," said Mrs. Fennel with a sigh. "She sings very prettily. 'Fly, butterflies. Frail, pale wings, flying out to sea.' Don't you see them, Jack?" Mrs. Fennel was literary and very artistic.

"Eh—oh, yes—I see them, certainly," said Jack Fennel.

But they were no butterflies that he saw flying out to sea. They were treasury notes, and, frail and pale though they might be, they were strong enough to fly forever out of his reach into that of Miss Winnie O'Wynn.

Jack Fennel was very much deceived in Winnie, but he really matters very little, for Miss O'Wynn, having satisfactorily achieved the hundred pounds which she had long been aiming for, left the village a few days later and settled down in that Mecca of her dreams—London.

For some months past Winnie had worked steadily toward that glittering destination. For she was possessed of an instinct that London was really the only place where one can get on quickly; and in addition to her instinct she possessed a very clear memory of the advice that her late father had left her—about the only thing he had left her when, apparently utterly discouraged by the very worst flat-racing season he had ever experienced, and with the valves of his heart gone almost completely out of action, he turned his face to the wall and left the flat racing to other gay plungers. He had been a younger son, cut off upon his marriage to the nursery governess of whom Winnie was an exquisite replica, and though he disliked the thought of leaving Winnie to look after herself, nevertheless the pang of regret was blunted by the knowledge that few girls were better capable of taking care of themselves. He had treated her very much as a pal since the death of her mother and during the few years preceding his own, and though he suffered from a strange and fatal incapacity to pick winners he was a shrewd, experienced and broad-minded man of the world.

"Remember, Win, old man," he had said during their last talk, "if ever you find yourself really seriously up against it, go to my people—the Quennings. They're not much of a crowd, but they have plenty of money and they can't do less than see you through. We've had a pretty good time, Win, during the last few years, but it's cost money and I don't think there's much left. Everything is more or less mortgaged, so take what you want while you can. The money lenders will be down on the place like wolves any day—and the creditors will make a fuss, for they will have a nasty shock. Your mother's jewelry is intact. Take that and—anything else you can get.

"I've no anxiety about your future; you're shrewd and you're extraordinarily pretty—your mother over again. Never lose your head, and remember that to a pretty woman wine is the most treacherous friend in the world. Remember that, Win. I've taught you that—never forget it. I'm leaving you to face a social system that isn't worth a fraction of what it used up in the making. You'll find that most people have hearts but are afraid to use 'em—which means that they might as well be without. Be careful of all men. They're wolfish—some because they can't help it, more because they don't want to. Be on your guard, therefore, against all men. Trust no woman. You will, of course. You're bound to. But she'll probably let you down.

"You will be able to stand that, however—if you have not trusted any man."

He paused, reflecting.

"Yes, I think you'll be all right, child. Don't forget what I've said. Ca' canny with wine, men and women. Trust nobody but yourself—until you have proved them. But be sure you have proved them.

You will be pursued—with that face—but I think you know how to handle pursuers. Be ruthless with them—they would be ruthless with you. And remember that my people, the Quennings, hate publicity above all things. That's your last weapon, Win, but you will probably never need it. If you do, use it for all it's worth. Be as merciless to them as they were to your mother."

Then pains had racked him and he had turned wearily.

"Now, kiss me, little

"A Lonely Little Girl Like Me Has to be So Careful—Like a Mouse Hiding Among the Corn-stalks Away From the Owls"

woman—and I'll join your mother." He spoke as though the mother were in the next room; and an hour later he had joined her.

Winnie had never forgotten his advice.

Pelham O'Wynn left even less behind him than he thought. And the money lenders had been so quick and capable that Winnie had barely time to get everything valuable out of their reach before they pounced. Had it not been for a neighboring young farmer who was a very willing slave to her she might have lost practically everything. But his horses were strong and instantly available, and there was room in his barns for much.

So that when, in due course, Winnie, with her hundred pounds in cash and her five hundred or so in jewels, found a cozy unfurnished flat in the neighborhood of Russell Square, it needed only a line to the agriculturist aforesaid to bring her furniture to her. He proposed to her, of course, was kindly refused, patted on the head and sent home to his mother.

And Winnie was alone in London.

She had worked busily all that day and was tired. So she cooked herself a small gray mullet, made tea, got bread and butter, opened a tin of peaches and dined in her kimono. Then she went to the couch, and lying comfortably reviewed her situation.

She considered it from all angles and was satisfied with it. She was going to get on. How, was not instantly apparent. She had the usual accomplishments but no special training. She was qualified for no particular work. She had a gift for dressing, and she was very pretty. But there are thousands of girls who have those advantages—which are by many considered highly risky advantages.

But Winnie O'Wynn had two other assets, which modified the risk. One was a clear-cut, cool, quiet courage that rendered her impervious to any kind of fear; the other was the possession of plenty of brains and few scruples. That, she decided, was what it all amounted to—her beauty and her brains versus the world.

Smiling, she loosened a strand of her heavy, reddish-gold hair.

"Winnie O'Wynn versus the earth!" she said. "Why, it's what poor daddy used to call a 'one-horse snip!'"

Then she spent half an hour over her hair, and having looked with a leisured lingering delight at the beautiful little night-dress—a scrap of a thing in pale-turquoise Georgette—oh, yes, very attractive—with the purchase of which she had celebrated her arrival in town, she slipped it on, and so to bed, to sleep instantly.

She looked like a child as she slept her dreamless sleep.

II

ONE of the first things that Winnie did was to see what London had to offer in the way of hats. She needed a hat—several hats—quite a lot of hats, she felt; but she also felt that she did not care to deplete her store of money by paying for hats. And that being so, it follows that she saw a very charming hat at the first milliner's before whose display she lingered—a dream in an odd new dark green. Very simple—the price four and a half simple guineas.

She studied it. Once she interrupted herself in order to drive away a well-dressed man who stopped at her side, peered at her face, and suggested that it would be an act of grace on her part if she would deign to bestow upon him the privilege of taking her to tea with him.

She looked at him, her eyes wide with wonder.

"No, thank you," she said, smiling. "You are very kind, but you are so old, and you look so jaded and worn. I am so sorry for you, and I think you ought to be resting quietly at home. I am going to dinner with my grandpapa—you are so like him, you know, and it would be rather tiring to take two meals with grandpapas. Besides—do forgive me—but I don't like the way you are dressed, nor the scent you use, nor the pointed toes of your boots and the shape of your hat. I am very sorry—and I hope you will find a nice old lady for tea."

He appeared slightly disconcerted, stared at the flower-like face under the trim little hat, frowned, hesitated and went away. She was a novelty to him—but not the kind of novelty he wished to cultivate.

"A Little Souvenir," She Said, Smiling. "Very Well. But It Is You Who are Kind—to Give Me So Nice a Present"

Another man went past, with a peculiar sidelong look—a younger, very well-groomed lounger, with bold eyes, clothed in beautifully cut navy blue. His pace slackened suddenly.

Winnie O'Wynn's face hardened ever so little.

"Daddy was right," she said. "What wolves they are. One has to defend oneself incessantly."

She stopped a crawling taxi.

"I engage you," she said with a look and smile and a gentle caressing touch of the arm that melted the black-a-vised tough at the wheel into a surprised grin. "You will wait here, won't you? I shall send out a parcel by the assistant to be put into your car, and I want you to take it at once to Mrs. O'Wynn, 28 Ady Street. You need not wait for me. Here are four shillings. If she is out leave it with the caretaker, Mrs. Bean."

"Right, miss," replied the petrol pirate.

She turned, resuming her study of the hat.

"Such a sweet thing, isn't it?" came a trickle of honey over her shoulder.

"Oh, perfect—but so expensive," she said absently.

"How kind it would be of you to accept it from me as a little souvenir," continued the even, persuasive voice.

She turned. It was the beautifully dressed lounger in navy blue.

"A little souvenir," she said, smiling. "Very well. But it is you who are kind—to give me so nice a present."

His eyes gleamed as they went into the shop, tried on and bought the hat.

"Will you put it into my taxi, please?" said Winnie to the assistant who brought it to her, packed.

"Certainly, madam."

The assistant disappeared while the benevolent gentleman handed over the necessary notes to pay.

When they left the shop the taxi was gone. Winnie glanced round swiftly, frowned for a second like one who makes a swift mental effort, then smiled full upon a big man who stood halfway across the street upon a traffic island—a big man, in city clothes, with a red, gloomy face.

He received her smile with a look of sheer amazement.

"Go! Go!" whispered Winnie urgently to the hat buyer.

"My husband—he would misunderstand and make a violent scene."

"But where—where can I see you?"

"I will telephone. Quick what is your number?"

"Ninety-nine Leeward. Ask for Captain Sinclair—dear!"

He moved away, raising his hat as the big man came up. But Winnie was smiling across the street as at someone behind the big man.

He perceived it, and a look of extraordinary sheepishness appeared upon his face. But he persevered feebly.

"Did you want me, madam? You—er—smiled ——."

"Sir!" said Winnie.

The red-faced man wilted like a dying dahlia. He was too far west to feel confident. Throgmorton Street was his favorite environment.

Winnie gave a faint shrug and called a taxi.

"What wolves men are!" she said, and had herself driven away with speed from such a highly objectionable place.

"One must fight them with their own weapons," she said.

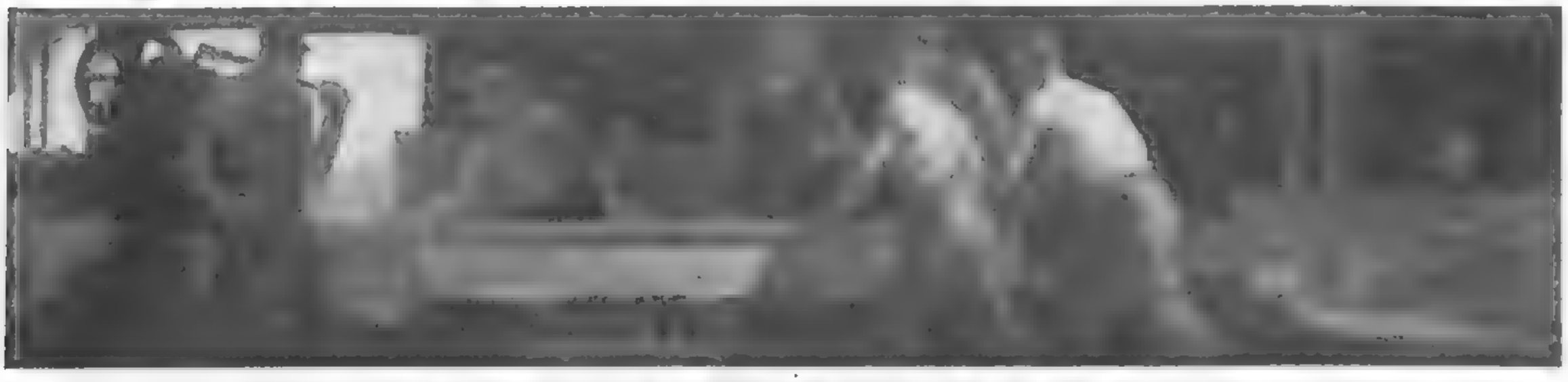
And the sweetness of the hat drove the telephone number out of her pretty head quite satisfactorily.

III

FROM all of which may be gleaned a tolerably clear idea of the lines along which Miss O'Wynn proposed to succeed in life. She was quick-witted. If the big red-visaged man had not been in evidence she would have thought of something else. She used the big man because he was obviously usable. She used the navy-blue-clad man

(Continued on Page 61)

Top Sergeants of Industry



By FORREST CRISSEY

DECORATIONS BY J. EASLEY

IN THESE days of hair-trigger labor dissensions it is pleasant to announce that there is at least one thing on which virtually all men in industry, from lowest to highest, are of one mind. It is perhaps the only point about which there is entire agreement. This is the strategic importance of the foreman. I have yet to find a worker in any plant who would not spontaneously respond to the toast: "The Foreman—the Top Sergeant of Industry." Nor have I been able to locate an employer who would not instantly react to that sentiment with enthusiasm.

All along the line there is a lively awakening to the fact that the first tidal wave of employee representation has had a tendency to submerge this key man of industry and obscure his peculiar relation to production. For some time there has been an unconscious inclination on the part of restless and troubled employers, eager to get on a better footing with their men, to allow their eyes to be entirely filled with the figure of the worker, the private of the industrial army.

This is not an implication that all employers have overlooked the foreman and left him out of their calculations. It is only fair to say that some of the employers who have given employee representation the most careful attention and the most elaborate development have also retained the keenest appreciation of the foreman's importance as the contact point between management and men; but it is also a fact that a considerable number of employers have been swept off their feet by the rush of sentiment for dealing direct with the workers, and have consequently lost their balance with respect to the foreman. There has been much spirited flirting with privates of the lathes and the drill presses, to the temporary neglect and embarrassment of the employer's Steady, the top sergeant of industry, the man who swings the lever of production.

The Man Who Gets Production

IN AN effort to get a clear and well-balanced perspective on this important problem of industrial readjustment I dropped in at the Arch Street office of the Pennsylvania State Employment Bureau for a talk with Kenneth M. Coolbaugh, who contrives to keep both feet firmly on the solid earth and a remarkably cool head, not to mention a pair of keenly observant and analytical eyes. An immense volume of labor comes under his observation and he has a personal contact with thousands of men and employers.

He was talking with a group of structural-iron workers who were temporarily idle because of a local shortage of materials. The spokesman of the group stated the case of his companions in these words: "I see you're looking for structural workers for the Pittsburgh district. We'll go and fill in the time until Philadelphia gets enough materials to keep her going again—that is, provided conditions are all right. What's the pay over in Pittsburgh, and who wants men there?"

He was told the wages offered and the name of the contracting firm. His response to this information was: "That's O. K. as far as it goes; but who's the foreman on the job?"

"I don't know that," replied Mr. Coolbaugh; "but I can find out if it's important."

"You bet it is!" came the quick response. "We gotta know before we stir a foot."

A long-distance connection with the Pittsburgh contractor's office was secured and Mr. Coolbaugh turned from the telephone and announced: "Tim Murphy and Jack Lencionni."

"Let's go!" interrupted one waiting man. "They're as square as they make 'em, and they know their business. I've worked under both. Big Murphy may be a little strong on the drive but he never handed any man a deal he didn't deserve."

When the men had gone I remarked to Mr. Coolbaugh: "It looks to me as if I'd had the question I came here to ask answered before I had a chance to put it."

"If you came," he responded, "to inquire about the figure that the foreman cuts in getting labor and turning out production you can find the answer here any hour of the day simply by listening to the talk that men hand us over the railing. I can summarize their attitude by saying that as a rule they have only two questions to ask: What is the pay? and Who is the foreman? Generally they show an indifference to all other considerations that must be mighty discouraging to the welfare artists and to all other varieties of specialists in human engineering that to-day figure so largely in the organization charts of big employers of labor.

"I haven't any desire to knock the welfare worker, the housing specialist or the recreation leader, but I have to confess that, judged by the questions that are shoved at us across these counters, they are not the factors that decide the average worker to seek employment with the employer who bills them as leading attractions. The character of the foreman under whom a man works is the big consideration; it is the element that holds a man in his place or decides him to look elsewhere for work.

"Now do not get the notion that I am hostile to good sound industrial-relations work as we find it to-day in many of the largest and best-managed plants in America. I am fairly familiar with that work and its results and wish to go on record as saying that I have only admiration for this type of constructive effort to bring management and workers closer together. I am not even pessimistic as to the future of this type of industrial-relations work which does not overlook or submerge the foreman but gives him the recognition that must be given him in any plan that makes good on the production score board. Only a Red or a confirmed cynic can fail to appreciate the advance that has been made along the line of improved industrial relations in the last ten—yes, the last five years.

"On the other hand, no amount of personal interest of the organized, machine-made type will make you or me or the man in the street work for or with a foreman, boss or immediate superior who delegates the human touch to another department of the big organization behind him. And this holds, no matter how well organized or efficient that department may be. In short, the man whose orders we carry out and to whom we are responsible stands to us as the company, as our employer.

"The foreman who knows his men after the whistle blows is, to my notion, the best and most important industrial-relations man in shoe leather. If his treatment satisfies us we are satisfied with the company; and if it doesn't satisfy us no amount of education, propaganda or soft soap from any other branch or representative of the company will make us satisfied with the company and its treatment.

"The secret of production is enthusiasm and loyalty on the part of the workers. The industry that does not get these elements into the minds of its men is simply marking time. All my experience and observation emphasize the conviction that the only way to get these elements into the systems of the workers is through the right sort of foreman. Or, if you choose, put the reverse English on this statement and say that a foreman who is not up on his job and who fails to reflect the fair, progressive and man-to-man attitude of the company which its industrial-relations department is especially organized to reflect can kill and annul all the efforts of that department, no matter how intelligent, well poised and sensible they may be.

"When you say that the foreman is the contact point between management and labor you make use of the most expressive and illuminating figure of speech that you could possibly employ. Let me use that comparison and say that a foreman who is not qualified by temperament, education and practical training for his position becomes a nonconductor at the contact point and stops the flow of the current right there.

"A strong industrial-relations department may recruit the best mechanics in Christendom, pay their transportation, house them in comfort, insure them and welfare them to a fare-ye-well—but the foreman alone determines whether the investment nets a profit or a loss. This is my conclusion formed from placing thousands of men in jobs and positions and in trying to see that they are rightly placed both from their own viewpoint and that of their employers. One of the best examples of what a foreman can do is afforded by a certain situation in the baseball world. To my notion it demonstrates that the foreman and not the president or any other administrative head is the management so far as the men are concerned. For years a certain National League team was the joke of the circuit. As a baseball magnate its president could not be called popular; in fact his men and the fans of his own city rated him at less than one-half of one per cent in popularity."

How Loyalty Counts

"BUT finally he secured as the manager of his team a man who had made a marvelous record with a competing team. This new manager, who was actually a baseball foreman, put the unpromising and unhonored team into such splendid shape that it won the championship.

"Then one of the most popular baseball magnates in America determined to take this baseball foreman away from the unpopular magnate, and finally succeeded in doing so. Up to this time, however, the team of the popular magnate had never won a championship. The fact that he was almost the idol of his players did not reflect itself in victories on the diamond. But when he paid the price and bought the wizard foreman his team made a brilliant leap into the championship class and held the center of the baseball stage in this country.

"In other words, the unpopularity of one magnate and the popularity of the other virtually had nothing to do with the success of their teams. The foreman was the determining factor. His ability to bring out the talent and enthusiasm of the players working under and with him was the thing that turned the trick. Consider this situation from another angle. No amount of interest—whether of the personal or the pay-roll sort—on the part of either of these magnates had been able to overcome incompetent foremanship on the ball field. To my sense this tells the whole story.

"In these days we hear a great deal of criticism by employers of a lack of loyalty on the part of their employees. Usually it is referred to as a lack of loyalty to the company. For some reason or other we hear mighty little about the employer's lack of loyalty to his men. It's a poor brand of loyalty that doesn't work both ways.

"Let me repeat that to the employee his foreman represents the company. No amount of camouflage or of sincere industrial-relations and welfare work will change the attitude of the employee in this respect. In other words, the only way by which the employer can command loyalty from his employees is to give them that leadership through his foreman which inspires loyalty. A worker will be just as loyal to the company that employs him as that company's foreman is to the men under his supervision. If the Old Man up in the front office expects more than that measure of loyalty he has another guess coming. For example, few men have ever commanded a more intense

loyalty than Theodore Roosevelt. There was a reason. This incident suggests it. Years ago a certain secretary to Mr. Roosevelt was chucked into a jail for the supposed infraction of some minor rule of propriety. As I recall it, he was drawn into a personal scrap and hit the other man first.

"In any event, he refused to disclose his identity, for the reason that he felt his predicament would embarrass his foreman. Finally a live-wire reporter discovered his identity and for two days the front pages of the big dailies were plastered with details of the exciting incident.

"But the ink on the first edition was scarcely dry when Mr. Roosevelt issued this characteristic statement: 'He has been my confidential secretary for ten years. He will remain in that capacity in undiminished confidence.'

"That was the act of a big foreman—one who never sent a man where he was afraid to go himself and who never asked a man to do a thing he was himself ashamed to do. That is the kind of foremanship which inspires loyalty, enthusiasm and production!

"The net of the whole foremanship matter is that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the strategic importance of the foreman and that any plan of industrial improvement that does not take this fact into consideration for all it is worth is figuring without the largest factor in the whole situation. Industrial-relations plans that place the most stress on the foreman, his character, his temperament, his education and his practical training, are the soundest and will yield the largest results. I confess that, for my part, I am inclined to form my judgment of the effectiveness of an industrial-relations plan largely by the recognition it gives the foreman and his education and development."

From Panama to Grand Rapids

A BIG furniture house at Grand Rapids, Michigan, lost most of its hand carvers by reason of their going into the service during the war. After the armistice was signed the company started in to rebuild its force of these fine and highly skilled workers. To this end they secured the temporary services of an industrial-relations expert who was in the service at one of the great plants.

At this time the furniture company was having strikes in about thirty-five plants. On the advice of the industrial-relations expert a man without any experience as a foreman was sent to deal with the situation. He tried to cure the strike disease by a system of forms—and of course he failed.

That gave the company about all the fine hired theory that it could stand at one dose, and therefore the management made a grab for someone of the other sort, who might possibly stop the gap. The choice fell on a man about forty-two years old who didn't know an industrial survey from a relief map. But he had been a mighty useful foreman under General Goethals at Panama. He didn't know much of anything outside of men and production. He was even shy of a telephone and never used one when he could avoid it.

When this man was told to see what he could do to mend the rather desperate situation he said to the president of the company: "All right. I'm going to give the men and the situation the once-over."

That sounded rather encouraging to the president, who had accumulated an earful of talk about industrial surveys.

This new man on the job was not long in discovering that the president of the company owned an old apartment building, ideally situated, that would accommodate about two hundred men. He put this work under way and then went through the plants and the shops looking for what he called second-generation men. By this he meant sons of the skilled workers who had come over from Holland years ago and had brought with them a fine pride in their skill as craftsmen. In all his search he failed to find one second-generation man. The sons of the old hand carvers had gone to the shipyards, where they could earn fifty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week instead of the wage of twenty-eight to thirty dollars with which their fathers had been well content. He found a few daughters of these old carvers, but no sons.

Incidentally he discovered that about the only thing that the company had ever done to interest its workers in the company was to charter a steamer and give them an annual picnic. The report which this man made to the president of the company was a characteristic foreman utterance:

"I don't know a thing about industrial relations and don't want to. All I know is men and how to make them like their jobs—and I don't know any too much about those subjects either. But I can tell you this: The men don't want what you call welfare work or picnics or sticks of striped candy; they want good fat pay envelopes and decent working conditions and fairly comfortable places to live in.

"If you give the men these things I think I can put an end to the strikes. We'll start by using that apartment building for the men."

And that is exactly what he did. You couldn't sell the best industrial-relations system on earth—and there are some mighty good ones, too—to that company now. Its president thinks his ex-foreman is a wonder and believes that the cure for industrial troubles is largely, if not wholly, in the hands of the foremen.

Here is another incident that illustrates what the right sort of foreman can do with a bunch of men. This incident occurred at a plant during the war, after operations there had been taken over by the United States Government.

The timekeeper's offices were pulled about from one place to another by tractors or crawlers. In other words, these offices had to follow the work.

A certain foreman who always had a sharp eye for the convenience of his men had them put a temporary bridge across a stream in order to save them from walking about half a mile.

But along came the protection-department inspector, who decided that the bridge was a hazard, and had it destroyed.

This foreman, who had charge of a large gang of messengers or dispatchers, went up in the air and declared: "You men waded out into the stream in hip boots and put up that bridge because it was needed to save time and leg work. I'm not going to see you thrown down. I'm going to back you to the limit if I have to carry this thing up to the works manager himself."

This is precisely what he did. And the works manager ordered the bridge restored. The men themselves rebuilt it.

To be sure, it was used only a very short time, but it would have been justified if it had done service for a day only, because it demonstrated to a big gang of mighty useful men that they had a foreman who would stand back of them and go the limit for them.

To get the right slant on the functions of the foreman it is well to remember that in the old days the small business man was all there was of management. He was superintendent, foreman and job boss—especially foreman. Then came the great expansion of industry and the consequent specialization of management. In the words of the efficiency expert, management became highly functionalized.

One of the first features of this specialization was the efficiency expert. In the opinion of the workers, not to speak of many others, the efficiency expert was a fine example of disagreeable interference. The attitude of the efficiency expert was to consider the worker as a machine and to treat him as such. In other words, the work of the efficiency expert had a distinct tendency to reduce human effort to a mechanical basis. To a large extent this effort took the joy and the pride out of craftsmanship, and there could be no doubt that it was also destructive of personal loyalty on the part of the men to the management.

It was not until the great pressure for production and the wild scramble for men began that the human side of the labor problem loomed up in its real proportions. And the commanding figure that this change of vision has brought into sharp relief is the foreman. A sudden realization came to the men in the high places of management that the foreman was the man who had to handle the human element of production—that most sensitive and difficult of all industrial elements. Management was also compelled to see that the average foreman, if he kept pace with the requirements of his position, had to do an amount of work and discharge a volume of responsibilities big enough to demand the best energies of two or three good men. For example, the foreman must not only deal with the human element of production, but he must also have executive charge of raw materials, of materials in process and of finished products.

"Management," observes a high and able official of the Du Pont Company, "is almost universally to blame for the fact that it has not itself realized the bigness of the foreman's job and that it has not shown the foreman himself how big his job is. As most foremen are picked workers who have been promoted from the ranks it is natural that they should be uneducated in many of the executive problems with which they must deal in their supervisory capacity. This is the big task of to-day—to supply that education. The man of forty to sixty years of age is not, save in exceptional cases, good material for a campaign of education. Time and effort expended in the education of the younger foremen are far more profitable."

Exterminating Carelessness

"MY OWN observation is that it is a waste of time to drill foremen in scientific management, accounting and all that kind of thing. Production is the religion of any good foreman. If I were in charge of any big plant my plan would be to get the foremen together in frequent and regular meetings, drive home to them on all occasions the fact that they have a big vital job and that unless they measure up to it production is going to suffer and be badly crippled. That is what we do here, and it works. Our foremen go to the mat together about the right and the wrong way to do everything that has to be done. The result is that the weak ones who have nothing to offer or who put forward impracticable or inefficient plans are soon weeded out.

"In the Du Pont Works each group of foremen meets for about an hour and a half each day. These groups number from fifteen to thirty men. The ideal size of the group is twenty-five men. In one of our plants we have a department supervisor who was a foreman at the time when we started in to give adequate attention to the development of our foremen. When he began attending those meetings his attitude was that of a reactionary of the old school. He didn't get warmed up to the spirit of the thing until he had attended half a dozen meetings. About that time the foremen in his group were mulling over the matter of shop carelessness, which is a highly important one. The leaders of the group were trying to impress upon the others the fact that men were given to two kinds of carelessness—the temporary sort, which could be cured; and the permanent kind, which is much harder to eradicate.

"At first Bill—which is not his right name—seemed to feel that this was rather a foolish distinction and that the whole subject didn't amount to much, after all. I recall that one of the best foremen in the group, in one of those meetings, made the point that no good mechanic would ever use a monkey wrench as a hammer. It was an unworkmanlike thing to do and he insisted that no man who was a natural workman could bear to indulge in that kind of tool substitution.

"Bill was disposed to scoff and poke fun at this proposition, but after a little he came round all right, and became one of the most conscientious and intelligent supporters of the theories and plans worked out in the foremen's group meetings that we had. The result was that he was promoted to the position of department supervisor.

(Continued on Page 106)

V FOR VIPER

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

EVERY town raises one conscientious man who remains manly enough in his goodness to be respected and referred to as our best citizen. Sometimes one of them has a tumble, and sometimes a woman causes it.

Port Jackson, on Lake Erie, had cast Elmer Dominick in the part of best citizen. He was born in a humble house on Carroll Street some thirty-five years ago, when the Board of Trade of Port Jackson was still certain that Jackson would become a rival of Chicago. This did not happen. There are forty thousand people in the city—census of 1920

In Elmer's early career the necessity of getting an education and a start in life without the loads of cigarette inhaling and ardent spirits that others who graduated from the high school began to carry, might have classed him as too angelic were it not for the fact that his skill with the manly art of self-defense was such that he was called "Rest-in-Peace Elmer." He did not shoot pool because he was studying mechanical engineering while he worked at the Jackson Machine and Grinder Company. Now he has a big house on exclusive Summit Avenue, which commands a view of the lake from twelve feet above sea level; and now he owns the Jackson Machine and Grinder Company and can employ several old friends who once could have spotted him five balls at Verbeck's Parlor. As Judge Cofroth said: "Life is like a full bottle; you can drink it all now or wait till you're thirsty." And when he had forgotten any of us remembered his first epigram the judge said at another time: "Life is a full bottle; better drink hearty while your thirst is good, because no one can say when fate will knock it outer your hand."

"An Economy Campaign Is One That Gets No Contributions From Anybody But the Candidate"

However, Elmer's tastes of life's elixir had been sparse. A millionaire bachelor who had not grown fastest at the waist, he had lost himself in the machinery business daytimes and in books at night. He brought a widowed aunt from Denver to keep house, spent several weeks every year in New York, and tarpon fishing in Florida, was president of the bank and the Board of Trade, founded a recreation ground for the industrial population of Jackson, was trustee of the Carroll Memorial Church, wore horn-rimmed glasses, remained in appearance a tall spare person, with long-fingered strong hands, a grave mouth, eyes full of blue laughter. Someone has said that he gave forth a suggestion of a young clean-shaven English lord who had gone astray in this young, corrupt, naughty and flourishing American city.

He was a good man whose sense of humor saved him by a hair. And the girls who knew his financial rating wondered what ailed him.

One of these girls got him into his big scrape, and nearly landed her fish. It was Annabel Swift—the one who induced him to run for the Senate; but the other woman played even a greater part than she.

Annabel was just as good as he was. The Swifts had come from Boston in 1892, the year Annabel was born, and considered themselves as having favored Port Jackson quite a little in both matters. The daughter had grown up rather lanky, to be sure, with spindly legs and an offensive ability to get the highest marks in school with the air of one who does not care how the comparison will affect the others. Her mother later sent her to Paris; the family could just afford that kind of thing. After all it was in the nature of an investment; there was an unexpressed hope in the hearts of all the Swifts, including Annabel, that she would marry a good provider.

Annabel returned to Port Jackson a regular mantrap. She was really quite beautiful in a chilly, marbled way, had learned to talk with her hands, was poised and aloof. Inside, however, she remained unchanged. She was still an icy Annabel looking out for the only child of the Swifts. Outside she had become something of a luress. She appeared to be one who longed secretly for a great wild love, whereas in fact she longed only for such worldly things as breakfasts in bed, butlers, staterooms de luxe and abstract respectability. She was regular in church; referred often to the protection of her reputation when she played bridge at the Saturday Circle, though her reputation was never in any danger; read the weekly reviews to sharpen her conversation, and did the necessary things to improve the poor and vicious. But she wore the lowest-cut back that Port Jackson had ever seen! She was a mantrap of the worst kind—a metallic contraption, baited luxuriously.

In spite of all this Elmer Dominick would not have fallen had it not been that he was suffering from a worthy disease.

Said Elmer with a dry smile at his lip corners, "This disease catches a lot of successful men. I do not mean that I am particularly successful, but here I am, for instance, approaching forty and completely wearied of making money. I could go on. I could amalgamate several machinery companies and live on Park Avenue in New York. But that does not siren me at all."

"You are far too big for that," said Annabel, gazing into his face with a masterpiece of intensity.

He said again, "This disease is ambition's second planting. American rich men are just beginning to suffer an epidemic of it. After a pile has been squirreled away they begin to see how stupid it is to end up as a mere business man. Then what? I tell you, it's a puzzle. About all that's left is starting charities, being trustees, elephant hunting, owning a newspaper, going to the devil, becoming a diplomat or learning to play the bazoo.

"Look at me! A great hunk of ambition, and nothing to waste it on!"

"Politics," said Annabel archly.

They had gone out for the afternoon in Elmer's cruising motor boat with a basket that Annabel had insisted she must bring, secretly harboring the time-established idea that a part of love comes from the stomach.

"Politics!" he exclaimed. "Listen, Annabel, I'm considered to be a conservative, wise, thoughtful man. Politics! Well, I would rather join the circus or shoot up Port Jackson. I'd rather go over Niagara in a barrel than make a speech; and though I have some ideas of what ought to be done in public life I've enough gray hairs round my ears not to get into that scrape. You are no old schoolmate of mine, to suggest that to me!"

Annabel wished that she had never gone to school with him. It is a great disadvantage for any girl to have gone to school with the man in particular. Somehow there is truth in the fact that good old playmates and neighbors have the bloom off, and that the friends-from-childhood status is a good deal more of a vegetable than a flower.

"I want you to go into politics," she said, exercising to the full that note of proprietorship which often works so well. "Elmer, we need you in public life. We ought to have you run for state senator from Port Jackson."

Dominick's exclamation would be understandable to anyone who lives in that section of the state or in the capital.

A peculiar situation existing for many years has created extraordinary power for the senator from the Third District. The state is always doubtful; Port Jackson is always doubtful. Often the senator from Port Jackson holds the balance of power in the legislature; often he becomes the boss of the state, just as Lew Vaughn was almost the boss of the state because of the fact that he had won the Third District election two years before and was a good practical fellow, mean to his enemies, kind to his friends. As a result of all this the election of a state senator

in Jackson is more important than the election of a President, rougher than the election of a mayor.

"If nominated, I would not run; if elected, I would not serve," said Elmer. "I would rather see myself in my own coffin!"

The next day Annabel went to the chairman of the Republican committee, Judson Corse, the attorney.

"I've been talking to Elmer Dominick," she said. "He's crazy to run for state senator."

"How do you know?" exclaimed the other, leaping up from behind law books and papers.

"It's a woman's intuition."

"I'll bet he went to some pains to tell you that he wouldn't," said Old Corse.

"That is right," admitted Miss Swift. "I don't see how you knew."

"Not by woman's intuition," said he. "It bites all men the same way.

"Count always upon three things, Miss Swift, when it comes to the Paul Reveres in politics! They always deny that they want to ride; they always think they have lost up to the last moment; and at the last moment they always think they're elected even if they haven't a Chinaman's chance."

"Well," said Annabel, "all I ask is that if his name is presented as a nominee I shall carry the news. He and I—are—working together."

"Well, do you know, Miss Swift, you've hit an idea! Who'd have thought it? Our best citizen! And he'd shake down the wherewithal, too. Strange nobody had the notion he'd run. We're in a fix to beat Vaughn. Great idea. I'll make Elmer the People's Candidate!"

"Is that the way people's candidates are made?" she inquired.

"Sure!" Judson Corse replied. "When the people want Smith and Jones to oppose each other we pick out Brown and Robinson, and the people can vote for them or nobody. About all that's left to the political bosses is that little privilege."

"Thank you," said Annabel. "I shall tell Elmer that he can run—that you will see him. He is a good man—respectable and able—and I take a great interest in his future."

The moment her back was turned Old Corse called up the capital and got the state chairman. He said, "You know Dominick?"

"Yes."

"Shall we run him in the Third District?"

"Why not?" came the reply. "We can't win anyway, and his pocketbook will keep the boys from starving until we can give 'em offices again."

Corse said—perhaps because evening was approaching: "Good night!" Otherwise this phrase was merely the political term used in connection with progressive amateurs—like Elmer Dominick.

Of course Annabel had been quite right; Elmer agreed to become the candidate.

"I shall be delighted if I am defeated," he said. They all say that.

The Port Jackson Democrat and Ledger, owned by Lew Vaughn's brother-in-law, began to give Elmer attention the first day after he had been nominated. One of the secret prides harbored by Dominick had been that his record was clean; that error was now exposed to him. From time to time he had acquired various pieces of real estate in Port Jackson, and always he turned them over to real-estate agents for management. The Democrat and Ledger discovered that a parcel of this property on Erie Street was given over to tenement houses cut up into such small quarters for families of the poor that the income of rent per square foot of space was equal to the rents in the First National Bank Building.

"Reform Candidate Dominick a Rent Profiteer" the headlines put it.

A week later the Democrat printed in its Sunday edition a photograph of a check that Elmer had given, according to custom, to the Rev. Miles Standish Henry, the pastor of the African Methodist Church, for the annual harvest festival. There was an editorial written, holding up to scorn this attempt to "corrupt the colored electorate by furtive gifts." Somehow the story that the women had a finger in his choosing leaked out, and the evening paper began to call him Dominated Dominick.

Ten days after the campaign began a labor-union leader, an old friend of Lew Vaughn's, arrived in town; never before in eighteen years of contact and ownership of the Jackson Machine and Grinder Works had Elmer ever had labor troubles, but now a strike was called. Eighteen men out of eighteen hundred responded, but the Democrat said, "Wage Slaves of Dominick Plant Walk Out in Body."

He had never been a drinker, but the hospitality of his home on Summit Avenue sometimes had included a little mild claret for out-of-town company. Now that prohibition had come some of this claret was left in his cellars. A Federal agent, a friend of Lew Vaughn's, came to Port Jackson to conduct an investigation as to when this "Lucullan supply," as Vaughn called it in his speeches, had been purchased. The pastor of the Lake Front Mission preached a sermon against the rich who break the laws of their country. He mentioned no names, so that there could be no libel law invoked. This pastor's son, it happened, was a friend of Lew Vaughn; he had been extracted from the penitentiary by Vaughn's influence.

Dominick was a retiring personality by nature. He could not accept with relish the wide publicity given by an interview with his discharged butler, that he always wore silk underclothing. The friendly Port Jackson Eagle, the Republican paper, did not please him especially by its story of how on each anniversary of his mother's death he had gone down to the railroad yards, picked up a tramp, and given him carfare to go back to his old home where the light still burned in the window. Of course it had happened once, but the tramp had never written, as he had promised; and anyhow the story sounded a little sickish. Then again when the Eagle published the ancient photograph of his birthplace on Carroll Street it astounded him to see how his own father's mouth stood open like an idiot's, and what a brat he himself had been when he stood on the little porch that day when he was three. As he looked at this proof of his humble origin he felt the way soapy water tastes.

One day Annabel brought him a newspaper published in the state capital. It had printed an interview purporting to apologize for his bachelorhood, and stated that it had always been his intention to marry a working girl.

"How absurd!" said Miss Swift. "How disgusting! You never said that, did you?" She spoke anxiously.

"No," replied Elmer, looking up helplessly from his desk at his campaign headquarters.

(Continued on Page 114)

"I am a Madman to Get Myself Into This Fix," Dominick Told Her. "Who are You—Coming Like This Out of Nowhere?"

COURT LIFE IN VIENNA

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

MY EARLY years in Vienna were spent very quietly, though the legation almost always contained a group of interesting people to whom I was allowed to listen in my free hours. But for three winters I had few of these, and was kept very busy by a series of lessons which filled the days.

After an early breakfast my brother departed to his *Theresianium*, and Fräulein Mitzi appeared and put me at work by nine o'clock on lessons I hated — geography, arithmetic, German grammar, and so on — all in German. Fräulein herself was pretty and charming, typically Viennese, with her blue eyes, golden hair and slender graceful figure. She was but twenty and had just obtained her teacher's diploma, so she felt she must show herself serious as a teacher and would look very severe over any mistakes in my preparations. Otherwise she was as gay as any of her people, and won me completely with her bright smile and quick chatter. I owed her much, for she taught well, and in the three seasons I was in her hands I was given a thorough foundation of useful subjects and a knowledge of German, its grammar and literature such as very few girls not of the country are ever supplied with. It is not Fräulein Mitzi's fault that as soon as she let go her careless pupil promptly forgot most of the teachings! She spent the mornings with me.

After luncheon, arrived Mademoiselle Bridée, who for many years taught French to the children of the diplomatic corps and had an established and well-deserved reputation. She had all the Frenchwoman's wit and ability, and her lessons as well as her conversation were most attractive. She managed by her own enthusiasm to instill into a generally lazy mind a desire to learn her language and the history and literature of her homeland, and she carried me far enough over the difficulties of these subjects to leave me with a wish to continue. Whether I owe it to her or to the beauty of other associations which followed as I grew into womanhood, I have kept through life the intense enjoyment in French books with which Mademoiselle Bridée launched me from the schoolroom. Her quiet severe face as it lighted up over some brilliant passage rises before my eyes even after many years, when some particularly elegant phrase or sonorous rhythm strikes my fancy. Mademoiselle Bridée not only taught me French but she often walked with me; and she chaperoned me at some of the little gatherings of young girls to which I was invited by daughters of my father's colleagues or by the young Austrians I met and made friends with.

The Royal Villa Where Karl and Zita as Archduke and Archduchess Lived in Vienna

Dancing Lessons at the Palace

A THIRD and very interesting teacher gave me drawing and painting, a Countess Pötting, who at that time had quite a local reputation and exhibited and sold her work at good prices. She was a quaint type with short curly hair, spectacles, a sharp tongue and wit, and with Bohemian affectations; and the hours spent in her studio were entertaining and interesting, though she never managed to make me half so talented as she herself was. Still, the time with her was not wasted, for she at least cultivated in her pupils a taste for the beautiful and a joy in color and line.

I took no English lessons in Vienna — unless one counts the advantage I had in pleasant hours when my father read to me many of the classics of English and American literature. Thackeray, Dickens, Scott, Irving and a lot of others were served me, with his comments to heighten their effect on my young brain, and perhaps these hours he made free for my pleasure and instruction were among the most valuable of all my studies.

We were a great deal with our parents, for through the spring and autumn their evenings were free except when their informal dinners to traveling compatriots filled the legation salons. During the height of the winter season we usually went for an hour or two with them in the late afternoons to skate. My parents had both been very good at this sport in their youth, and they took it up again with much enjoyment as a change from their office work or housekeeping cares. My brother and I took lessons, and though I never managed to compare with my elders I liked the gay crowd on the ice and the exercise in the cold air extremely.

One year I had dancing lessons with some little girls at the palace of the Hungarian representative to the Austrian court. Hungary underscored its independence of the sister empire by sending this representative to live in state in Vienna. The palace was vast, dark, ancient and splendid. The representative of the King of Hungary to the Austrian Emperor was equally magnificent and interesting. Mr. Sogueny, whose family had been too proud to accept a title from any modern sovereign's hands, made just claim to one of the oldest and greatest records in Hungary. Sogueny was very brilliant, agreeable and distinguished in brain, manner and looks, apparently also possessing the pride and fire typical of his race. He impressed me very much with his swift graceful movements, his swarthy skin and intense blue-gray eyes; and though his black hair stood up straight in cultivated disorder on top of his head, giving him to my mind a ferocious look, he seemed the quintessence of perfection in his dress, and was a most affectionate and gentle father to his three daughters, Camilla, Maria and Lili, who were my friends.

In court dress the Hungarian created a thrill of admiration as he passed. A costume of dull black velvet, embroidered in glossy black silk, and cut on the picturesque lines of fashions three or four centuries old, enhanced his own somber beauty. A note of barbaric splendor was added by remarkable turquoise buttons down the front of his doublet and by a scimitar Oriental in workmanship and ornamented with the same jewels. When this was admired he said proudly that one of his ancestors had captured it from an infidel and that the bauble had been in the family since the Turkish wars. To judge by the beauty of the blade and mountings it had armed a great man among the followers of the Caliph long before that time.

Madame Sogueny was a very gentle sweet woman and came often to look on at our dancing class — a quaint sight, I fancy, in the large ballroom, from which the white covers on chairs and chandeliers were not removed for these informal gatherings. Nothing but the beautiful floor with its hand-laid designs in different hardwoods, done in the time of Maria Theresa, testified to the covered beauty round us. The light was dim and on the row of small chairs sat six governesses chatting in subdued tones, while they knitted stockings or crocheted coarse white lace. They were entirely uninterested in our lessons with the famous ballet master of the imperial opera who, in spite of his light toes, was gaining flesh. He was a great artist and a great teacher as well, and he took as much pains over his six small pupils as if we were to be stars in the ballet firmament. He taught us not only to waltz and polka, but the "czardas" of Hungary and various other national dances. I had always loved dancing with an enthusiasm indefatigable, and to young supple bodies and legs even complicated steps offered no difficulties, especially under the inspiration of Monsieur Caron. So we hopped and swayed, six girls together — three Sogueny sisters and a young compatriot of theirs, with two foreigners — Mary Cantacuzène, the Russian, who was to be my cousin some day, and I myself, the American. And following the dancing hour our evening ended in gay chatter about a small table, where tea and milk, sirup in water, and small cakes, with bread and jam, were served to us and to our serious governesses.

A year later, as I was going on sixteen, my mother arranged a larger class of boys and girls of the diplomatic corps, to dance at the legation on Saturday evenings. Young Turks, Dutch, Russians, English, French and Spanish came with mothers and fathers to these early parties, and by degrees a number of secretaries and attachés won their way into taking dancing lessons, till the latter grew far beyond the original intention of the organizer. However, they were delightful gatherings and helped me to know the young colleagues who would number among my partners when I was old enough to make my bow at court.

By this time, however, my parents and I also were feeling very much at home in the beautiful Austrian capital. I had learned to speak German like the natives and to enjoy the whole atmosphere of the place, and I never had a feeling that any of the old customs were disagreeably strange. They had so much of historic interest and artistic value that they sank deep into one's love of beauty and made impressions never to be effaced.

Especially two great ceremonies which occurred yearly made a deep impression on me. I grew to appreciate their religious meanings as well as their beauty and splendor of color. One was a pageant through the streets of the old capital and was called the Corpus Christi Procession. It occurred a few days before or after Trinity Sunday, and in the soft June heat the ancient city looked its best. At a certain point on the route in one of the squares, where architecture of façades and a perfect chef d'œuvre of a fountain made exactly the background required, a stand was erected for such diplomats and foreigners as cared to view the scene.

Colorful Medieval Ceremonies

EARLY in the morning we took our seats there and waited. Opposite our stand was placed a small temporary chapel, very handsome with its canopy of crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed in gold and fitted with an altar and the flowers and vessels, missals and crucifix necessary to the service, which for a little would break the progress of the solemn march. Soon — for all functions in Vienna were very prompt — a hush fell over the company assembled in the square, and one looked about as at a scene of the Middle Ages, which really it was in all respects save our incongruous clothes. The perfect blue of the sky against which the roof lines of red or green or brown tiles silhouetted themselves made a delightful effect, as did the balconies and windows in which women and girls in bright gowns were seated with quiet religious faces; the gentle murmur of the fountain; the gay velvet of the chapel; and our own red stand, together with a strip of carpet in the same rich color rolled out over sand which was spread to soften the cobblestones along the route. On the sand and over the carpet were scattered twigs and green leaves, symbolic of the holiday and adding their note of color.

A procession approached us solemnly through the sunshine, and it was quite impossible even to name the participants in this magnificent throng, more medieval even than its frame. There were choir boys and incense bearers in scarlet with white lace, prelates in robes of black and gold and purple, bishops and archbishops in full regalia, the first among them marching in state under a red-and-gold canopy, carrying high the Host on a covered tray, so all might see and cross themselves devoutly as the holy heart of the pageant passed them by. There was no music but the slow lovely chant of the young choristers — and solemnly the group came to a standstill in front of the wee chapel while a short service was said. Then the march was resumed and went on through the winding streets to one of the cathedrals.

As the procession halted and the personages in it took their places it was to be seen that back of the prelates following the canopy, and his bared head bowed in the hot

sun, walked His Majesty the Emperor. None was a more attentive son of the church than he, and his simple sincerity and faith were evident in the example he set the archdukes of his family and the members of his court. He was in full uniform and carried a great candle in his left hand, together with his headgear. On the latter floated a long plume in green. With his right hand he devoutly made the sign of the cross at proper intervals. In a body the archdukes were a fine-looking group. Old Charles Louis, the Emperor's brother, looked older and less fit than the Sovereign, whose junior he really was by several years; he moved slowly and without Francis Joseph's quick compactness. His three sons came next in line. Francis Ferdinand, the new heir since Rudolph's death, was tightly buttoned in an unbecoming uniform, large and heavy, with sandy hair and mustache and dull eyes. No wonder the people offered less enthusiasm to him than to his brilliant cousin, who was an heir after their own hearts, for all his failings. The handsome reprobate Otto came next. His conduct was the town's talk, and he was soon to die from the dissipations to which he gave himself. In this group was a third brother, an overgrown youth with amiable expression, called Ferdinand.

Then there was old Archduke Albert, a heroic figure of several wars, with body slightly bent by age, but a proud spirit which still carried him through long ceremonies. He was pointed out to me by my father as the most distinguished in reputation of the imperial family, and later at court I met him, when he made a charming impression of amiability and told me how he had known my grandfather during the latter's visit to Austria. He had white hair, very little of it, closely clipped, a closely clipped white beard and mustache as well: he was frailer or more shriveled than the Emperor, and his eyes behind his spectacles looked old and strained but not dull. He owned the most positive example of the Hapsburger lip, and it was a rather dreadful feature to contemplate.

A Knight of the Round Table

ALBERT was rich and had a palace, one of the handsomest in Vienna, which stood up well above the surrounding buildings on an eminence, and there he lived with his sister, the charming old Archduchess Elisabeth, mother of the then queen regent of Spain. Surrounded by many souvenirs of their past, this old fraternal pair led a contented life and enjoyed doing good to their people as well as fulfilling the round of duties, religious and civic, which fell to them. The Emperor was fond of both and they had a unique situation at court, whenever they chose to appear, which was very rarely. Generally they saw a variety of interesting people within the walls of their own palace, where their dinners brought together a small collection of choice spirits, the light repast of perfect food and rare vintages, followed by fine music, providing an excuse for conversation

There were several other male members of the Hapsburg family in the procession of the Corpus Christi feast day, but only one face more worth notice, and that was the Archduke Eugene. He was admittedly the most splendid figure in the Austrian court, towering by nearly a head in height above the many tall men of the aristocracy and bearing his well-proportioned figure most gracefully. Finely featured, his beauty was, however, even more a matter of expression and high breeding. The color of his eyes or the shape of his nose was of no consequence, but one kept an indelible impression of his fitness to represent a thousand years or more of imperial traditions, and in spite of comparative youth his dignity was as great as his simplicity. To meet him was the ambition of almost all the women, and when the introduction was over and a few polite sentences had been exchanged the incident was closed once and for all in nine cases out of ten. Eugene's occupations were of a serious nature and he gave himself up to them completely. He had joined the Order of St. John and I never saw him appear in any gathering save religious or state ceremonies—and then in the full robes of his order. The sweeping plumed hat of Rubens' time, made all in black, became his small head with its short cropped curls, while his long white cloth cape with its black Maltese cross over the heart, together with boots and gauntlets and other garments of the same period, was well worn. This costume stood out in the mass of bright colors at the court, yet all theatrical effect was counteracted by the glowing earnestness of eyes and unconscious pride of carriage. Those belonged to some knight of the Round Table, and held even a stranger in respect.

I do not remember seeing the Archduke Eugene at a court ball. He never danced, and at these functions my interest was centered completely in the young officers or diplomats who best understood Strauss' rhythm—but in the Corpus Christi Procession the religious uniform of St. John's and its wearer caught and held one's wonder. This was so at the foot-washing ceremony, too, where somehow he seemed to be the central figure in a group of picked men.

This quaint ceremony, with its beautiful tradition of the humility of power and riches toward poverty, was probably invented by some Renaissance Pope to humble some son of the church, be he emperor or king, before the authority of the Holy Father in Rome. For many centuries in the beautiful frame of the old Hofburg Palace it had occurred quite regularly one morning in Holy Week. In memory of Christ's washing of the apostles' feet, each year brought repetition. A small gallery was erected for the diplomatic corps, whose members came at an early hour, the men in uniform, the women all in black. The great room, softly lighted, looked very beautiful. Finely proportioned, decorated as in old days only it could be done, when real artists made a life work of such ornamentation, its carvings and gilt touched lovingly and beautifully by time, the background was worthy of the ceremony which was soon to take place there. In front of our gallery a raised dais, knee-high, stood covered with dark red, and on this twelve seats with a long table covered in white linen just found room. Only a few chamberlains stood about. They made us welcome and showed us to our places, and resumed their whispering among themselves.

The Rite of Foot-Washing

IN THE distance one heard vague chants from the imperial chapel, where mass was being celebrated. The service finished, and we heard the voices approaching from a distance through the halls. Then, as usual, handsome Count Hunyady, grand marshal of the court, appeared from nowhere, and stood in an imposing posture before the double door at the extreme end of the room just opposite to us. From a side entrance a strange group appeared: twelve old men—the "oldest and poorest beggars" in Vienna—were brought in. They were white-haired and childish of face, and looked just right in the costumes they wore, cut on long straight lines in some dark soft material with capes covering their shoulders, and broad-brimmed soft hats upon their heads. Linen collars, startlingly white, were turned down about their necks.

I am sure Rubens, or Vandyke at latest, designed those clothes for the beggars of a Holy Roman Emperor. Anyhow, as they were helped up the two or three steps of their platform and seated themselves painfully, it was easy to see the old fellows were pleased with their finery; and they smoothed it or the tablecloths with satisfied looks, and nodded and signed to one another contentedly. They must have all been over eighty and some looked much more. Finally they gazed in silent admuration at the room, which doubtless to them was the realization of a fairy tale oft told, and they leaned back in their twelve seats and finally concentrated their attention on the door dominated by the splendor of Count Hunyady's person.

(Continued on Page 49)

The Imperial Theater, Vienna

The Great American Husband

After the Glory Had Passed They Faced Each Other With Shining Eyes. "I Shall Never Forget That," Said George Quietly

By Rebecca Hooper Eastman

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

ALLIDA woke with a frightened gasp, stared crazily about and sank back in her neat twin bed, relieved. She was not fainting away in a packed, smothering vestibule train; she was not leaving New York on a hectic, hot Friday before a holiday, but she would be at twelve o'clock, noon. Now it was only six in the morning—daylight-saving time—and a cool wind swept through the bedroom, which was large and pleasant, especially for an apartment. The size of the bedrooms was one of the reasons why the George Booths really ought not to afford their apartment.

In the other bed George still slumbered comfortably. Raising herself on one elbow, Allida contemplated George. He was good to look at, even if he was so absolutely obvious that she always knew—or thought she did—exactly what was going on under his reddish-brown thatch. It is, however, unwise to take even an obvious person for granted. In thinking that she knew George from A to Z, Allida forgot that the human mind is something that never stands still, and that things we least suspect often go on behind the most familiar faces.

After having surveyed George without enthusiasm, Allida sank back on her little embroidered pillow and began to dread the morning. Her maid, a high-salaried person from Italy named Pellegrina, had departed the night before for her week-end in the country. Allida's pet dressmaker would appear at nine to make a frantic attempt to finish a new frock which was essential to Allida's well-being over the holiday. The laundress was coming to-day instead of Monday, and would be cross because she had to get her own lunch. And Allida simply must dash to the shops and get a new sport suit of some sort. The children must have some new socks. Hairpins! Why was it that there was always aplenty until suddenly there weren't any? If Allida Booth lost one more hairpin she couldn't appear in public! Yes, the minute she got up she would have to rush like mad to get off, and she ought to be up now! What a hard time women had! George was lucky. He could lie there and read the paper all the morning, if he chose, while she rushed.

George turned over, and as he did so Allida closed her eyes and pretended to be asleep. George was small comfort when she had such a morning ahead. Always suggesting that she omit necessary things, like buying a new sport suit, and getting in her way to rave over the fun they were going to have, when she felt as if she would never live to have it!

Yes, the morning would be hideous. When, by the usual miracle, they made the station, they would board the densely packed train with no Pullmans, and with cheap people eating things out of paper bags and speaking every language but English. By the time they made the six-hour trip to the Audreys', Allida would feel about as well groomed as a Russian huckster from the pushcart section. The Audreys' latest expensive car would be waiting, and James the immaculate and his perfectly poised Polly would greet them with smiles and drive them to their immense cool house in the midst of its parklike grounds. Here the two little Booths would be turned over to the nurses and governesses of the Audrey children, and Allida herself would sit exclaiming over everything in sight and wishing she had brought along more clothes.

"Half past six!" chimed the little French clock on the dressing table, and Allida affected to waken and notice George.

"Hello!" remarked George jovially. He was always most cheerful when there was the least cause. "Suppose we can make the eight o'clock instead of the twelve?"

For once one of George Booth's suggestions found favor with his lady.

"And avoid that mob!" cried Allida, making her first dash to turn on the water for a bath. Good-by, sport suit, so indispensable! Farewell, new gown, which the dressmaker must finish or perish! "Our whole *future* depends on one hairpin, George! Anything to get out of New York before the League of Nations starts!"

Four rapid baths, four hasty toilets, four quickly packed bags, during which operation George displayed front-line coolness and decision, telephones and notes to tradesmen and the dressmaker and washwoman, and then they were off for the Subway, the children stumbling awkwardly ahead and blinking unnaturally after having been rudely roused from dreams. George had transformed himself into a dray horse by carrying more luggage than at first seemed humanly possible, and Allida did elegance for the party by wearing her afternoon-tea manner, some very smart gloves and her new diamond pin. She carried the smallest bag, which bore her monogram in gold. At last they were ensconced in the train at seven o'clock, Eastern standard time, and were eating breakfast from little lunch boxes which George had bought in passing. Besides sandwiches and cake, each box contained fruit and olives. Not one of George's family thought of thanking him for the breakfast he put into their hands. Allida, who discarded her afternoon-tea manner as she entered the day coach, pecked at the makeshift breakfast contemptuously, and talked darkly of the headache which she was sure to have because there was no coffee.

There are two varieties of day coaches—the red plush and the green plush. This one was green plush. Every time the almost-empty train stopped a few people got in with great bunches of fresh flowers with the dew still on them, which they thrust into the racks on either side of the car. With the air fresh with fragrance, and the eye charmed with color, the comfortably filled coaches sped through the early morning like a festive special train, decorated for a great occasion. Allida drew in sweet cool breaths gratefully, but didn't mention her pleasure to George. The next time he looked at her she said she was now sure about the headache, because it already had begun. And he knew by her expression that she was thinking of the subject which they could no longer discuss.

It is absurd to admit it, but neither George Booth nor his wife could mention the word automobile to each other and keep their tempers. What had begun as an amiable discussion had turned into a fight. On the ground that they were cheaper to start with, less expensive to run, less trouble to keep clean and that you could go anywhere with them, George Booth had set his heart on a touring car. Allida, of course, held out for a sedan. You could keep clean in a sedan. Nobody who was anybody rode in touring cars any more. And as for driving about in the winter in a touring car, with its horrid wet-weather rubber curtains to keep the cold out, Allida refused to do it. At last George announced that unless he bought a touring car he would buy no car at all, and Allida declared that she would ride in nothing but a sedan. This was the ultimatum.

"And by the way, who is this Mrs. Ogden that the Audreys are always quoting?" continued Allida in a fretful tone, just as if they had been arguing about the car aloud.

"Dunno, except that Jimmy says she's got all the men up there going round in circles."

"Is she pretty?"

"Dunno, dear."

"Why, didn't you ask Jim?"

"Wasn't interested. Through with the woman game! All alike!"

"If you had any imagination, George, you would never say that women are all alike."

"Guess I'll go forward and have a smoke," remarked George callously.

Allida shrugged her shoulders as he departed. How annoying it would be if this Mrs. Ogden really did turn out to be a siren! Allida herself always wanted the center of the stage, and the rôle of audience was beyond her. Anyway, Mrs. Ogden probably had no handsomer pin than the

circle of diamonds Allida clutched at constantly to see if it was still there. How she had had to tease George for that pin!

"What shall we do, mummy?" inquired George Booth, Jr.

"Do? Mercy me, I hope you don't expect to be amused on a railroad train! Look out the window and count the cows or something."

How tiresome it was to sit here endlessly with the children! No chance of dodging into the smoker for her! The more tired children got, the noisier they were and the more they wriggled.

At Berlin, Connecticut, a Polack lady and eight gradated copies of herself swarmed into the train, and out of all the empty places selected seats across the aisle from Allida. As soon as they were seated the litter of little Polacks began to climb about and eat chocolate. When Allida glared at them the mother smiled at her. This smile so infuriated Mrs. George Booth, at home to her friends on first Mondays, that she collected her family and bags and moved into the next car. Lucky George! Not much vacation for her, though!

When they at last reached their station everyone but George was completely frazzled. The bad temper and boredom of his family dashed against his good nature as harmlessly as water dashes against a rock. Having washed in railroad ice water and put on a suspicion of make-up, Allida felt that she made a fairly good impression on the Audreys as she descended from the train with her most brilliant smile. She saw that Polly noticed the new pin at once.

"We'll take the kiddies up to the house, and then we'll get right out on the links," said Jim, who adored his rôle of genial host.

As they sped through the main street of the town Jim waved his hand emphatically to a girl who was driving a rather shabby touring car.

"Who's that?" inquired George eagerly.

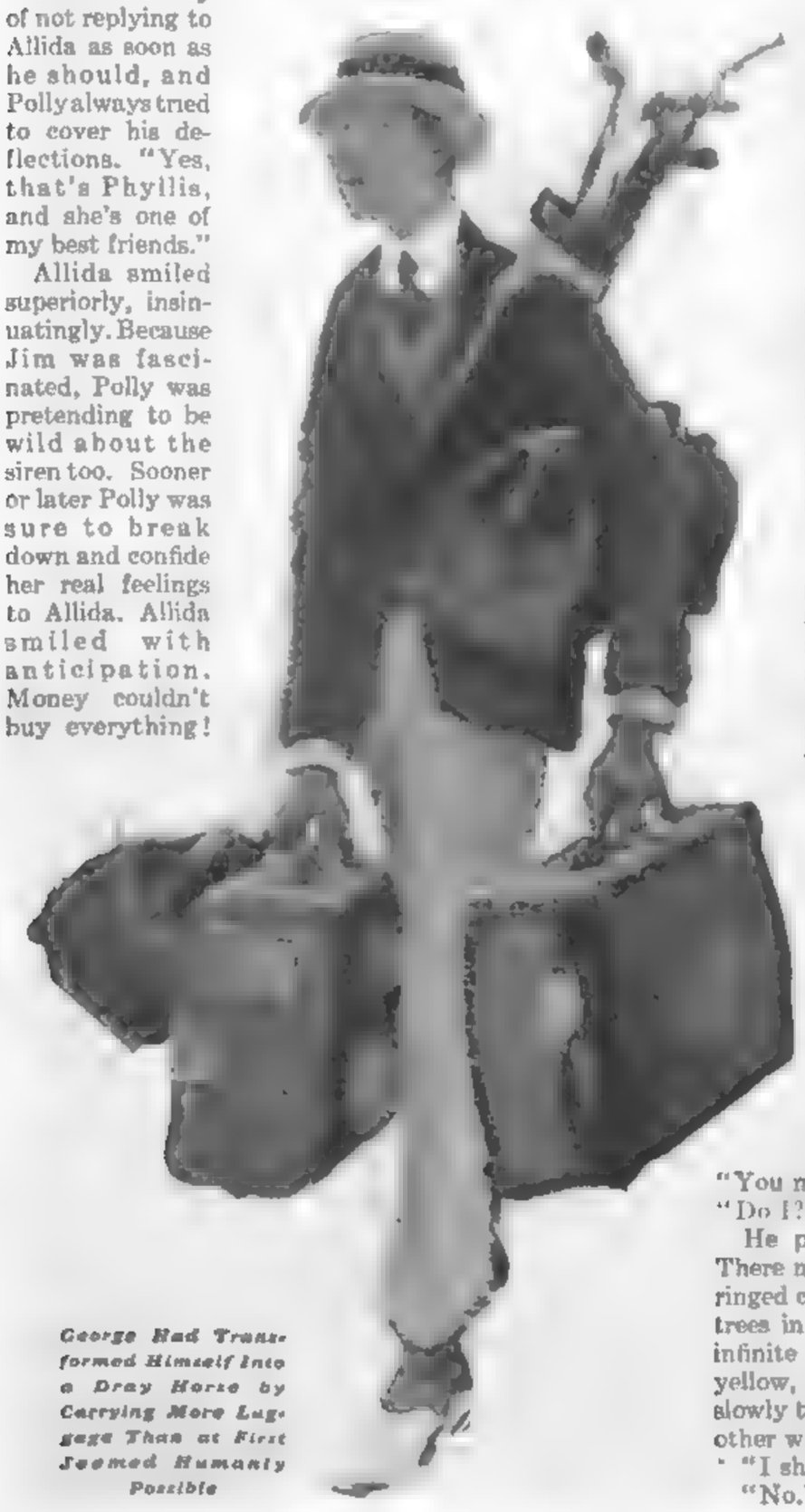
"Mrs. Ogden. One I told you about. Phyllis. She's on her way to the country club. Wait till you meet her!"

"You don't mean to say that that almost-fat woman in the touring car was Mrs. Ogden?" queried Allida of Jim in her best society tones. She always talked down to Jim.

"Oh, yes," answered Polly, with quick enthusiasm.

Jim had a way of not replying to Allida as soon as he should, and Polly always tried to cover his deflections. "Yes, that's Phyllis, and she's one of my best friends."

Allida smiled superiorly, insinuatingly. Because Jim was fascinated, Polly was pretending to be wild about the siren too. Sooner or later Polly was sure to break down and confide her real feelings to Allida. Allida smiled with anticipation. Money couldn't buy everything!



George Had Transformed Himself Into a Dray Horse by Carrying More Luggage Than at First Seemed Humanly Possible

"She's on Her Way to Take a French Lesson From a Young Officer Who Was Wounded. He is Handsome, But His Accent is Atrocious"

In less than half an hour Allida was seated in a new gown on the country-club piazza sipping iced coffee with whipped cream on top and holding wonderful hands at auction. Far in the distance Jim and George, two white dots, followed by two small brown dots, caddies, roamed occasionally into view as they went over bunkers or climbed hills. The bridge game was close, and Allida was winning. She felt excited and at the same time rested. She forgot George; she forgot her craving for a sedan; she even forgot Mrs. Ogden. When an uncommonly lovely sunset caught her eye she leaned back and yielded herself to the brief exaltation produced by the gorgeous color and the purpling majestic hills.

At the same moment, under a gnarled oak, George, who was one up on the last hole, was being presented to Phyllis Ogden. Mrs. Ogden had played seventeen holes with one of her husband's friends, but had given out at the eighteenth, and her partner had gone to the clubhouse to bring her something cool. After George and Jim had tied the last hole they subsided on the grass at Mrs. Ogden's feet to help her watch the sunset.

George studied Phyllis Ogden carefully. Though he knew that he liked her, he couldn't for the life of him tell why. She wasn't half so pretty as Allida, and she didn't seem flirtatious. There was no danger of suddenly catching the corner of her eye fixed on you. No, he couldn't put his hand on any positive quality. To be sure, Phyllis Ogden didn't seem nervous, and she didn't twitch, like most of the women he knew. At last he decided that he liked her because she let him look at her just as long and curiously as he liked, without apparently being aware of it. Yet the instant he finished his appraisal she smiled gently down into his eyes as if she thought he was the nicest person she had met in years. Dillon, her partner, arrived with ginger ale, and told Jim that he was wanted at the clubhouse as a member of the supper committee. So the two men departed, leaving George and Mrs. Ogden to their own devices.

"Was the trip up from New York very awful?"

"Most of it was great. It was a clean new green-plush day coach, and nearly everyone had a great bouquet of flowers. There's something about a day coach that rouses a passion for oranges; and after we'd all had one, and the fragrance of the flowers and the spicy smell of oranges were all mixed together, white-jacketed boys came through with boxes of ice cream. Then it got just like a party, with the flowers everywhere and everybody eating ice cream. Mrs. Booth says I get so much out of nothing that people think I'm simple. But I've found that most of the real joy in life comes in ways you don't plan for. When you take your old shoes to a cobbler—why, you're likely to have all sorts of adventures, going and coming! Yes, the trip was wonderful! Even when the foreigners began to crowd in it only made it seem more picturesque. Just north of Greenfield I did pine to strangle a few babies. But I seem to be doing all the talking. You'll never dare ask me another polite question."

"You make me wish I had been there!"

"Do I?"

He pulled out his cigarettes and lazily lighted one. There never had been such a sunset. It was like a many-ringed circus. Over back of them, behind the young apple trees in the east, were the softest pinks and blues. The infinite dome was green, violet, crimson and the palest yellow, and the west itself was burnished gold, turning slowly to rose. After the glory had passed they faced each other with shining eyes.

"I shall never forget that," said George quietly.

"No."

If they had known each other for years, they couldn't have felt more in tune than they did at that revealing moment. There was no need of any words between them.

"Where's George?" asked Allida crisply as Jim appeared out of the sunset.

"Left him back there under the oak with Phyllis Ogden."

"You did?"

"Sure!"

Jim grinned teasingly at his guest. Allida was good to look at, but she was so superior that he often wondered how George stood it.

Allida rose with a jerk and began to pace the piazza. Of course everything was all right, and would be all right, and there was no reason why she should so suddenly be possessed of a frantic desire to rush down over the sweet green grass under the fading sky and seize George round the neck in a stifling embrace of ownership, and at the same time kick Mrs. Ogden violently with her pretty new white buckskin sport shoes. Those things, unfortunately, weren't done. And yet what was George doing down there under an oak tree with the acknowledged belle of the place? George was no flirt; ladies desiring an affair usually chose a more promising partner.

"Why is it that everyone raves so about this Mrs. Ogden?" Allida inquired of a girl whom she had just vanquished at bridge.

"I wish you could tell me. My husband is crazy about her, and I'd be jealous, except that all the other men are mad over her and I like her so much myself. Every time I give a luncheon I think of Phyllis Ogden first. She's a mystery—that's all."

Just then Phyllis Ogden and George sauntered slowly into sight, their eyes on the ground, deep in earnest conversation. Allida noted jealously that the silent George was doing most of the talking. As if entirely unconscious of her popularity, Mrs. Ogden went upstairs to tidy up, and came down just as dinner was served. Immediately there was a dash in her direction on the part of the men, and George was one of the two winners. After Phyllis had

(Concluded on Page 59)

ARE YOU RICH OR POOR?

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATIONS BY DOUGLAS RYAN

THE attraction of this article must lie not in the subject's novelty but in its perennial interest. The idea of discussing riches and poverty is no exclusive beat on my part. The Bible mentions the subject not infrequently, and it is a safe guess that even the ancient Hebrews were not the first to recognize its human interest.

No economist of note has failed to write a book on the distribution of wealth; and if any preacher, college president, labor leader, socialist, Wall Street publicity man, banker turned publicist, luncheon and dinner orator, essayist, editorial writer or other variety of author, either popular or unpopular, has overlooked this one best bet for a fiery, learned and becoming homily, he is simply not in the running at all.

In a previous article I attempted to describe the motives which lead men to accumulate large fortunes and to continue to work after they have made or inherited such fortunes. That was in reply to a question from a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, who said that he was curious to know why Rockefeller, Morgan and the other "big moneyed men who own or control, directly or indirectly, all the money in the United States, and consequently our lives, want this amount of money and this control." It is my present purpose, like that of so many other writers before me, to try to discover whether this statement is relatively true—that is, do a few men own or control all, or most, of the money or wealth in this country?

The False Prophecy of Marx

THE question, it has just been remarked, is not a new one. But it is always in the news. It never lacks timeliness. As this is written the papers publish a statement that there are 20,000 millionaires in the country; an unknown old codger, living alone on an immense estate, has just died leaving a fortune said to exceed $50,000,000. Provocative incidents are never lacking to make people ask and attempt to answer the eternal question of who owns most of the wealth.

There is no doubt, of course, that the war has made tremendous changes in wealth distribution, and may cause even greater future changes. The actual economic conditions are radically different from those of a few years ago, and the point of view, perhaps, is even more altered. This is certainly the right time to put the question.

For it is probable that any system of society and industry is just in morals and defensible in fact only if there is a wide distribution of wealth. If the private ownership of land in England and France should be seriously questioned one might suppose that the many millions of French landowners would have an easier time to defend their possessions than the few thousand English proprietors. What use is a country, anyway, unless the masses have a stake in it?

Of course it takes a pretty crimson type of socialist to argue for an immediate equal division of all property and wealth. That sort of thing, or even its serious attempt, seems to bring only an equality of misery and poverty. The immediate or very early dividing up of property, wealth, profits, and the like, is the Keely motor of economics, its most pathetic chimera, mirage, fallacy. It is well known that if all the great and moderate-sized fortunes or incomes in this or any other country were suddenly seized and divided up the masses of people wouldn't be enough better off to notice it. You can't take a going machine, smash it into bits and expect it to turn out products.

But though only ignorance or a diseased and depraved fanaticism can see any advantage in smashing the machine and dividing its useless parts among the many, it is absolutely necessary that an ever greater number of persons should have an ownership stake in the going machine. We know there is too much poverty at one extreme and too much wealth at the other. Pretty nearly everyone admits that a few men own or control too much money or wealth. But the real question is whether conditions are growing better or worse. Is it true that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer? Do Rockefeller and Morgan—or the few men of whom they are types—tend to an ever more powerful hold on the ownership or control of money or wealth?

Now it is a somewhat curious fact that a great many people who do not consider themselves socialists, and have very little idea of what socialism means, are thorough believers in the idea that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer; also, that Rockefeller and Morgan own the country. But such a belief, of course, strikes very close to the essence of socialist theory. Occasionally in their theoretical discussions the socialists put this idea in much more highbrow language, but usually and for different purposes they express the thought in decidedly more violent terms. It may best be stated in the words of Karl Marx, their great apostle, who predicted the "growth of a mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation and exploitation" of the workers.

He prophesied the wiping out of the middle classes, the swallowing up into one great pauperized proletariat of all but a few immensely powerful capitalists and their retainers. In time these two classes, the big capitalists and the workers or proletariat, would face each other for a final clash or cataclysm, and the capitalists would be wiped out.

Marx began to predict the growing misery, oppression, slavery, degradation and exploitation of the workers more than fifty years ago, and socialists have clung to this theory in one shifting form or another ever since. "The workers under capitalism," says one rather emotional socialist, "are deprived of access to the God-created sources of wealth, which are necessary to the existence of human beings." But the striking fact is that the tendency has been all the other way.

There is no social fact in the history of the last half century better established than the growth of the middle classes and the decentralization of wealth rather than its centralization, or the increase in general material welfare, freedom and opportunity for human development. Karl Marx was a German, and just about the time he enunciated his doctrines Prussia began to levy an income tax the records of which show a steady increase in the middle classes ever since 1853.

It is true that the rich have in the main grown richer, but the poor have become better off and vast numbers of them have gone over into an ever-increasing middle class instead of the middle class being shoved down into a hopeless proletariat.

Now it is a significant fact that Russia, the only really important country where socialism has been tried out on a large scale, is one in which the masses of people have remained relatively miserable. It is quite true that the Lenine brand of socialism did not come about in the least through the causes which socialists had always expected would bring their system into being. It seems to have been due to intense war weariness and exhaustion, along with a final reaction against centuries of political oppression, rather than to capitalist development in any sense.

But the fact remains that there has been no such diffusion of wealth and no such huge middle-class development in Russia as in England, France, Germany, and more especially in this country. Russia was and is a misery product.

An increasing number of historians and other students regard Bolshevism as a vast Asiatic fanaticism, a migration westward of Asiatic hordes bent upon conquest, exactly like the followers of Mohammed, who swept into Europe in early times and threatened to engulf Western culture and civilization; the movement is likened to the epidemics from the East which have nearly conquered Europe at various times. These students hold that Bolshevism has merely adopted a few of the catch phrases of Marx to fool the workers in other countries; that the movement is not essentially economic at all, but solely a new form of frenzied fanaticism, such as Islam was in its day.

The Automobile Test

BUT whatever the true nature of Bolshevism may be, the fact remains that its leaders talk enthusiastically for all the socialist has held dear, and most socialists of other countries yearn longingly toward Bolshevism. It is of the utmost significance, therefore, that this great movement should take hold in precisely the place where the vast masses of people, scores of millions of them, have been sunk for centuries, and right up to the present time, in a slough of poverty, degradation, misery, oppression and practical slavery.

Let us travel now to the other extreme, the United States of America, and observe the degree of pauperization, the "mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation and exploitation" of the workers, which Marx predicted for the capitalistic countries. He may not have had this country in mind specifically. We were young and unimportant at that time, but his followers have not wholly overlooked these United States, and it cannot be denied that this is a capitalistic country.

There are in this country about 8,000,000 automobiles, of which something over 6,000,000 are used for passenger or pleasure purposes. On an average of five to a family, or five to a car—and often more than that ride in them—we get about 30,000,000 people who have a stake in a form of wealth which has added immeasurably to the convenience, comfort, zest in life and luxury of the people. Both from the great numbers of persons who own cars and the appearance of many of them it is obvious that this form of wealth is not confined to what the socialists call the classes as opposed to the masses.

Certainly no one in his senses would accuse the occupants of many automobiles of being aristocrats either in appearance or manners. The simple, literal fact is that

automobiles are owned and enjoyed by tremendous sections of every conceivable class and group of our population.

It needs no statistical evidence to prove to any American who has ever looked at a country road or city street in the last five or ten years that a large proportion of all automobile owners are members of the laboring and smaller farming classes. Several million workingmen and farmers along with their families have acquired exactly the same advantage in the matter of locomotion as that possessed by the millionaire.

In the Seventh Federal Reserve District, that of Chicago, there are 1,652,045 motor vehicles and 1,250,000 wage earners. No one knows, naturally, how many of these cars belong to wage earners, but even after eliminating commercial cars and those belonging to members of other groups, who, of course, are far less numerous than the wage earners, it is fairly evident from such figures, as well as from common observation, that Rockefeller and Morgan and their like are not the only persons who enjoy this exceedingly important form of wealth.

It is no exaggeration to say that the automobile alone has given millions of men the feeling of being capitalists, though these men toil with their hands and the socialists would like to class them as proletarians. A man may work in a factory on week days, but if he can take a spin Sunday afternoon he enjoys the same satisfaction in owning a car as the owner of the factory does.

Something like 20,000,000 separate Liberty Bonds of varying amounts, from fifty dollars to $100,000 units, are owned by citizens of this country. Of course there is an immense amount of duplication here, because there were several issues and many persons bought more than one bond each time, but there can be no doubt that a vast number of people in addition to those commonly supposed to be rich, or even well-to-do, made purchases. In one of the twelve Federal Reserve districts alone nearly 11,000,000 pieces of fifty dollars and $100 were placed, though the total population, including minor children and inmates of institutions, is only 13,000,000. Nor does this number of bonds include any of the larger units.

The Wide Distribution of Wealth

ABOUT 4,000,000 individuals make returns under the Federal income tax. It is said that only about 2,000,000 pay any tax to speak of, but when it is considered that because of deductions the average home-owning head of a family is able to have and spend an income of about $3000 a year without paying any income tax whatever, it is evident that what might be called the middle classes in respect to income are indeed numerous.

Besides, it is notorious that any number of persons having sufficient incomes to live decently and in reasonable comfort, especially in the rural districts, do not make any return. In particular cases, such as the return to Europe of former immigrants, it is comparatively simple to investigate, and large sums have been recovered in this way from laborers who had not been suspected of being in the income-tax class at all.

Depositors in national, state and savings banks number, roughly, 30,000,000 to 35,000,000; life-insurance policies in force are approximately 13,000,000—more than 8,000,000 some years ago after eliminating duplications of persons who owned more than one policy—and dwellings owned by occupants number approximately 10,000,000, about half being on farms.

There are many millions of owners of stocks and bonds other than Liberty Bonds. No estimate even is possible of the number of stock and bond holders. Eliminating duplications of those who own stock in more than one railroad and taking no account of bondholders, numbering perhaps 2,000,000, or the scores of millions of persons affected indirectly through savings banks and life-insurance holdings, there are about 600,000 different owners of steam railway shares alone. If there is one fact that has been thoroughly established in the last few years it is the tremendous pace with which ownership of corporation bonds and shares is being diffused among an ever-widening circle of investors, including the employees of the corporations.

This particular subject will be discussed in greater detail farther on in this article. Suffice it to say now that new investors in very recent years probably run up into the millions—not considering Liberty Bond holders. It must be remembered that, like the owner of an automobile, a house, a farm or a life-insurance policy, the owner of stocks and bonds is often the head of a family, and that consequently the number must be multiplied several times to find how large a percentage of the total population have a stake in the form of wealth under discussion.

More than thirty years ago a great British chancellor, Viscount Goschen, after examining the income-tax returns and various lists of company shareholders, remarked that "While people are crying out for an artificial reconstruction of society on a socialist basis a sort of silent socialism is actually in progress."

But evolutionary changes of this character, no matter how fundamental, are too slow and noiseless to attract much interest or attention. They have not the advantage of Marxian socialism of being a blank check on happiness which anyone can fill out at his own sweet will without knowing or caring where the funds are to come from. But what Viscount Goschen noticed in the eighties is far more noteworthy to-day. As the stock of corporations goes into the hands of tens and hundreds of thousands, and soon perhaps of millions, of small owners, including the workers, we have a sort of automatic socialism, progressing step by step, anticipating and rendering unnecessary the artificial and patented brands.

No development of modern industry has given rise to such dissension among socialists or tortuous reasoning and heavily labored explanations on their part as the resistless growth of the army of investors and what socialists call middle-class incomes. Not only must they admit that large-scale industry, with its big corporate units, has resulted in a diffusion rather than a concentration of ownership; but they are obliged to admit, naturally, the existence of an ever-growing army of teachers, engineers, architects, physicians, lawyers, employees of municipal, state and Federal governments, statisticians, accountants, and other techniciana, foremen, agents, salesmen, and the like, who are neither proletarians nor great capitalists.

Indeed, the attempt to make people believe that society consists of only a few billionaires at one end and a pauperized proletariat at the other, becomes each day more of a fraudulent exaggeration for the purpose of arousing passions or a mere automatic mumbling of an empty and outworn formula.

Forced to bolster up his theories with any means at hand the socialist is driven into saying that what he has in mind is relative, not absolute, misery; that the gap, the chasm, between Mr. Rockefeller and, let us say, a bricklayer becomes greater, even if the bricklayer is infinitely better off than was his own grandfather or than he himself was five or ten years ago. Men are contented or discontented not in comparison with their grandfathers or with their former selves, but as compared with their neighbors here and now.

The bricklayer may have a perfectly good house to live in, plenty of nourishing food, good clothes, a small automobile to ride in, money enough to go to the movies, and so forth, but he can't have quite so large a house as Rockefeller nor so many automobiles. Therefore, he is miserable and pauperized. I have spent several summers in relatively simple but to me delightful cottages in charming spots on the Rhode Island coast. But—and here's the rub—thirty miles beyond lay Newport, where the rich live in their palaces. Therefore, I am miserable, oppressed, pauperized, exploited and enslaved. Bosh! Also, Rot!

Words such as "misery," "oppression," "exploitation" and "enslavement" are, as Dr. Oscar D. Skelton, a keen student of these subjects, has pointed out, sheer terms which cannot be twisted into meaning "less luxury," or to fit the situation of a man whose well-being has increased twofold while another's has increased threefold.

The Rising Standard of Living

"BUT," replies the socialist, "granting all this well-being you speak of, the people get it through income or revenue, not from wealth, and it is wealth that gives power and control. It is the very rich who organize and dominate corporations, no matter how many hundreds of thousands of small investors may draw down nice dividends from them.

"We may admit that your bricklayer has enough income to buy all the gasoline he needs for his small car, and that there is plenty of gasoline for sale. But don't forget that it is Rockefeller who has title to all this stock in gasoline-producing companies. When we speak of misery what we really mean is not a man plunged in misery, but one who has no chance of acquiring economic independence"—whatever that may mean.

Such an argument does not get very far with the practical, hard-headed American people. For, after all, what men really try to get wealth for in the vast majority of cases is to secure material well-being. What people live on is wages, salaries, incomes—not power or control over large corporations. People eat bread, meat, sugar, potatoes, and wear wool and cotton. They don't eat factory titles or wear legal ownership of railroad trains.

Mr. Rockefeller may have too much, but the really big question is not whether he has somewhat more or less than he ought to have, but whether the great masses of the people are progressively getting more comfort and more happiness. Taking a few millions or even all his wealth away from Mr. Rockefeller cannot alter the great fundamental question of whether the standard of living of the masses is steadily rising or falling.

Can there be any real question but that the material well-being of the people is increasing, not only steadily but rapidly? In each wage dispute that comes up the labor protagonists present to the judges a minimum standard of living below which the unions say they will refuse to accept an award. With each case standards or budgets creep up a little. Formerly they contained only necessaries and a few comforts; now they always include sums for amusement, recreation, education, savings, and the like. More and more organized labor seems able to secure its demands. Higher and ever higher moves the standard, the budget, the scale.

(Continued on Page 65)

Rewards and Furies

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

"Hundred Pounds, Eh? A Hundred Pounds Wouldn't Come Amiss Wi' Me!"

THE tall, lanky gamekeeper, looking like a man in armor in his panoply of leather and corduroy, trudged homeward along the path through the little wood. He was going toward his supper, so when the limp, sly dog at his heels slackened speed and stiffened warily he merely growled an order and held on his way. From behind the bush where he crouched the man with a price on his head watched him go, and remained crouching till the noise of his footsteps was no longer audible. Then, stooping among the undergrowth and dragging a foot as though it were lame, he made his way to the edge of the wood where a bank sloped down to the road.

Stealthily, squatting among the last of the greenery, he peered forth. To right and left the road was empty. Save for where, dotted among high-hedged fields, early lights shone in farmhouse windows, he had the spring evening to himself, pale and brief and benign. He showed to the dregs of the sunset, as he surveyed that wide prospect of quiet land, a face like a ruin. The filth that grimed it, the ragged, week-old beard and the uneven bristle of reddish mustache could not hide or disguise the fear and hate that lived in it as in their native place. He was a biggish man, somewhere in the early thirties; and in that environment of pasture, wood and plowland even the foul wreck of his clothes and Apache wariness of his every movement conveyed the smirch and stigma of cities and slums.

Across the road a strip of common land bordered the fields, dotted with bushes of gorse and briar. The alert little eyes of the man in the wood scanned it expertly and came to rest upon a certain point of it. Faint in the dying light of the day, a tiny waft of smoke was rising from behind the bushes. With a final glance to right and left along the road, he slid down the bank, hobbled across and went limping and stooping through the bushes.

So it happened that the man who sat tending the tin pot upon his little fire of twigs in a hollow among the briars was aware of him first as a figure that seemed to materialize out of the night and the stillness, an apparition sudden and horrid. He did not start or exclaim, but sat staring up at it with eyes wide and astonished in a brown, simple face.

"Got anything t'eat?" demanded the man with a price on his head in a voice that croaked and quavered.

The other continued to stare.

"I didn't 'ear you comin'," he said slowly.

His voice had the accent of rural Kent. It went with his face and the general fashion of him as aptly as the music of old songs goes with the words.

The newcomer made an impatient movement.

"I seen your smoke as I was goin' along," he said, "an' I come over. Say, got anything t' eat? I'm just about starved."

"There's this 'ere," answered the man by the fire. "It's near ready now. An' there's a bit o' bread, an' I got a bottle o' beer."

He had not ceased to stare at the other. The latter, upon his words, uttered a sound like a groan and let himself down on the ground by the fire.

"Give us 'old o' that beer—an' a bit o' bread to begin on," he rasped. "D'ye 'ear? Give us 'old!"

His cruel and hungry face threatened and challenged. He was bigger than the quiet man beside him, who still watched him with steady eyes.

"Pass it over—d'ye 'ear? Or else I'll ——"

"There's only one bottle," said the owner of it equably, and produced it from an open bundle at his side.

The newcomer made a noise like a strangled laugh, snatched at it and lifted it to his mouth. When he lowered it after his first avid draught it was more than half empty.

"Oh, Lord!" he said then. "Beer—I was fair perishin' for something better'n ditch water. Six days I've 'ad of it—I couldn't ha' done another. Well, any'ow ——"

He made to raise the bottle to his lips again. The quiet man put out a hand as though to stop him. This time he laughed openly, jeeringly, tyrannously.

"Yus, you try it!" he mocked. He lifted the bottle and drank noisily, then flung it from him into the bushes. "Tha's the kind o' man I am," he vaunted. "Now come on wi' that 'ere grub!"

The other looked at him with a touch of wonder coloring his even placidity, but he made no demur. He lifted the tin pot from the little fire, poured a generous half of the stew it contained into a second pot and passed it to his strange guest. The latter took it with the same snatching motion with which he had seized the bottle, and fell to eating with a sort of violence of sheer animal gusto. The quiet man, above his own share of the food, watched him absorbedly.

The night darkened over them. Ere they were finished with their meal they sat together as in a small chamber of firelight hollowed out of the gloom.

The man with a price on his head rolled the empty tin from him and lay back on his elbow with a gusty sigh.

"I c'd eat the whole lot four times over," he said. "Still ——"

From some recess of his rags he produced the stump of a clay pipe. The other, without waiting to be asked, passed along a paper packet of tobacco, and then found his own pipe. Presently both were smoking, lying on either side of the fire against the steep banks that inclosed the hollow. The newcomer's narrow eyes roved over his companion's bundles.

"Bin lookin' for work?" he inquired.

"Yes," said the quiet man. "But I'm makin' for home now. Bin away four months. Nestley's where I live, an' I'm gettin' back there. I got—I got a 'ome there."

The instant's hesitation with which he spoke the last sentence was not a halt of embarrassment. A gentle and innocent frankness was in all his tone and look. It was rather as if he dwelt at length upon words which had for him a special meaning. The other grunted, but looked up with a quick interest.

"Yes," went on the quiet man. "Daw's my name—Simon Daw. Stonemason by trade, I am; an' when the quarries shut down I 'eard there was work to be 'ad at Dover—Admiralty work on the 'arbor. So I took an' tramped it down to Dover. You see, my wife's an ailin' woman, an' I wasn't wishful to be earnin' nothin' for longer'n I could 'elp."

"You married?" queried the other.

"Yes," said the stonemason. "Married a year, I am. An' a good girl she's bin to me—only ailin' with her chest. Well, there wasn't no job at Dover, so I tramped along west'ard, findin' odd spells o' work 'ere an' there—unloadin' bricks, diggin' a silo an' a bit o' navvying. I sent 'er all the money I could, an' she wrote that she'd got a bit o' washin' to do and was 'oldin' out all right. But, you see, with that chest she's got, she ain't strong enough for the washtub."

He paused. The other man made no comment, but lay on his elbow looking at him across the fire as though in deep thought.

"An' you?" continued Simon Daw. "Where you makin' for?"

"Me?" said the other slowly. "Me? Well—" he halted, then went on as though he had taken a sudden resolution. "I want to git to London," he said. "Nestley's on the London road, ain't it? You see"—he lowered his voice to a harsh whisper—"I'm in a bit o' trouble. A bloke robbed me, an'—an' there was a fight—an' I 'it him—an' I 'it a p'liceman too. See? One of 'em 'ad 'is jaw broke an' the other 'is nose. So now they're after me, an' I got to keep out o' the way. See?"

After a moment Simon Daw nodded.

"Don't blame ye—if the feller was robbin' ye! London, eh? But you're lame o' one foot, ain't ye?"

"Fell off a bank," explained the other quickly. "Knocked me ankle out."

"Ah!" exclaimed Daw sympathetically. "Bes' thing you can do is to come to Nestley along o' me an' 'ave a rest. There's market carts from there to London every night."

"You got a 'ouse o' your own?" demanded the man with a price on his head. "An' 'ow about yer wife? Those blasted wimmen —— "

"I got a cottage o' me own, o' course," put in Daw. His pleasant rustic voice hardened. "An' if you're feared as my wife's a blasted woman, nobody ain't forcin' you to come along."

In all his compliance and yielding to the man's aggression there had been no sign either of fear or resentment, but now for the first time the rough fiber of him was manifest.

"I wasn't meanin' nothin'," growled his companion. "I'll come, o' course. Glad to git the chanst. Er—Smith's my name—Jack Smith. When d'yer reckon we'll get there?"

"Day after to-morrow, if we keep goin'," answered Daw. He knocked out his pipe on his boot heel and turned to his scattered bundles. "I got a blanket 'ere," he said. "You can wrop it round ye if ye'd like."

"Give it 'ere!" commanded Smith, and took it with his usual snatch.

He lay beside the fire, still smoking, his face turned to where Daw, huddled beside the bank, seemed to slumber as calmly as he spoke and looked. He grinned once or twice to himself. His senses were at rest. The days and nights through which he had hungered and shivered and been sick with fear seemed to have joined the order of things past and done with—luck had come back to him. The tale of himself which he had told to Daw struck him as a masterpiece of subtlety, and with his pride in it went a cruel contempt for the man who had accepted it.

"Fight—'it a p'liceman!" he grinned to himself, while only the still red eye of the fire beheld the obscene triumph on his countenance.

Then he ceased to grin, for with his relish of the fiction had come back a jarring recollection of the truth. The silent house at the end of a village to which he had forced an entry; the dark room to which, over floor boards that creaked with each step, he had made his way; the door that opened suddenly behind him as he picked at a locked drawer, and the figure of the old woman, candle in hand, who stood aghast on the threshold; her shriek as he plunged at her, and the sudden end of the shriek as he hewed her down with the steel jimmy in his hand; his blundering failure in the dark to find his exit, and the outcries and footsteps as the house woke about him; the faces

on the stairs, paper-white in the candle flames, that had peered at him as he tore a door open and charged out, to be badly bitten about the ankle by a dog in the yard! All this returned to him. He had not even dared to return to where he had left his few belongings, for the village had roused, and on all hands, as he slipped through the dark, as though the world had joined in a chorus to denounce him, the word "murder" was cried aloud.

So many had seen him that his face had become his death warrant. Only in his native slums was there safety for him, and meanwhile he dared not pass through a village. Therefore he could not know that in the little shop where Simon Daw had bought the food they had just eaten a handbill in black and red was posted above the counter. Words stood out from the body of it in strong eye-arresting type. The first of these that gathered readers about it like birds round crumbs was "Murder." And there was a lower line that read: "£100 Reward."

"Come far?" the shopkeeper had asked amiably of the stonemason. "Seen that?" and he jerked a thumb at the handbill. And Simon Daw, wrinkling his calm brows studiously, had read it from beginning to end. "Height about five feet nine inches; strongly built; was clean shaven when last seen; probably walks with a limp or has marks of recent dog bite," and all the rest of it.

"Hunderd pounds, eh?" he remarked mildly when he had finished, doling out the coppers for his purchase. "A hunderd pounds wouldn't come amiss wi' me!"

And he had departed through the mild and domesticated lands of which he was a part and product, trudging in search of a camping place with the gait and tranquillity of one who wends homeward from the day's work.

Twice in the night he rose and replenished the fire and brushed it compactly together; and each time, when the dry gorse stems flared up, he stood and looked down at the unconscious face of his sleeping companion; and still his own was calm, untroubled by the need for judgments and decisions.

The chill of the dawn woke them. Smith, groaning curses and with foul choking noises in his throat, sat up and dragged the blanket about his shoulders. Daw was superintending a pot of water which he had set to boil upon the fire.

"We eat all the grub last night," he said, looking round. "But I got a drop o' tea 'ere. I'll get a bit o' bread when we're goin' through the next village."

Smith had snarled and commenced to curse the tea. He stopped suddenly.

"I ain't goin' through no village," he said. "Didn' you 'ear what I told you las' night? Think I want ter git copped?"

"Ah! Then how ——"

"You'll go inter the village an' get the stuff—see?" he directed harshly. "An' you'll leave yer bundles wi' me; then I'll be sure as you'll come back. An' then we'll get over the 'edge an' go round the bloomin' village."

Daw nodded, unperturbed.

"All right," he said. "It's makin' the way longer, that's all."

And even so, when some three miles along the road they came about a bend to the view of a village, was the matter taken in hand. Smith halted.

"Well, 'ere's yer village," he said. "An' 'ere's where you'll find me when you comes back wi' that grub. An' 'ere! 'Ow much money you got?"

Daw was laying his bundle on the grass beside Smith. He lifted his eyes to the other's sour and evil face.

"I got enough to feed us till we gets to Nestley," he answered.

"'Ow much?" snarled Smith. "J'ear—'ow much you got?"

He made a move as though to rise and attack. Daw did not hurry a single one of his easy and deliberate motions or shrink an inch from his violence.

"Don't be afeard," he replied soothingly. "We shan't 'ave to go 'ungry."

"'Ungry!" cried Smith. "'Oo's talking of 'ungry? I want a drink—that's what I want—an' not beer neither. Gin—j'ear? You bring back 'arf a quartern o' gin with yer, 'r else I'll ——"

The rest of the threat was in the sidewise drag of the mouth and the bestial ferocity of the ruined face. Daw heard him unmoved. "I'll see," he said equably, and walked away toward the village.

He made his purchase of bread and bacon at a pleasant little shop and sauntered forth to look about him. There had been no handbill there, but presently he came to a cottage, its tiny garden gay with crocuses, where a plaster of new and old notices was pasted upon the tarred fence. A fat policeman, unbuttoned and helmetless, lounged smoking in the doorway and eyed him stolidly as he approached. It was obviously the home of the local constable. Conspicuous by its newness among the notices on the fence was the bill he sought. He nodded affably to the policeman, who ignored him with official hauteur, and read it through again.

"It's him," he said. "It's him! A hunderd pounds reward!"

The fat policeman snorted and withdrew from the irreverent eye of this member of the public. Simon Daw marked mildly the closing of the door behind him, and presently fumbled in his pockets and drew forth a crumpled and blotted letter. He had exactly the manner of a man who verifies his facts before proceeding to act upon them. He read from the scrawl silently, but with lips that shaped the words: "The doctor he told mother as 'ow the medicine I needed weren't got from chemists' shops, but out o' banks. I don't know what he meant, but 'e offered for to write to a charity 'ome, where I'd 'ave rest and doctorin'. But I won't go, Sim, not now you're comin' 'ome, and I'd rather die of coughin' than live by charity, my own dear Sim."

Simon Daw nodded; he had his facts clear. He gazed doubtfully at the closed door of the official residence. He, law-abiding and clear of conscience, had yet the distrust of his class and kind for the police. If he led the fat policeman to make the arrest, who would get the health-buying hundred pounds? Whereas at Nestley there were those who would see justice done him. He turned and walked away. As he passed the inn he stopped.

"Gin!" he reminded himself. "'E wanted gin! Well, the Lord knows 'e's earnin' it!" And he entered the bar.

A quarter of an hour later, when he reached the bend of the road where he had left Smith, he had reason to congratulate himself at not having brought the fat policeman, for that traveling companion was nowhere in sight. As he stood perplexed, however, a grimed and evil face grinned at him through a gap in the hedge, and Smith came scrambling through.

"In case of accidents," he explained meaningly. "'Case you was to bring somebody back with you—see? D'ye get that gin?"

"Where's the bundles I left 'ere?" inquired Daw.

"Damn the bundles! They're through the 'edge there. An' now, what abaht that gin?"

"We better get through too then," said Daw.

Ignoring Smith's clenched fist and the warlike slouch of the shoulders, he stepped to the gap and edged through. Behind, Smith vomited blasphemies and followed at his heels. The bundles lay safe on the grass of the orchard within.

"An' now," said Daw, when he had made sure of their safety, "'ere's your gin. You can 'ave it all—I don't touch it meself. But you better keep 'arf for to-night."

He drew a small bottle from his coat pocket. Smith snatched like a snake striking and took it.

"T'-night!" he jeered. "I'll 'ave another 'arf quartern to-night!"

He drank and tossed the empty bottle aside. The effect of the draught was to transfigure him. Hitherto, for all his harshness and violence, there had been in him an undernote of fear and weakness. The strong spirit relit dead

(Continued on Page 99)

"Oh, Sim," She Sighed, "I Bin Waitin' an' Hopin' for Ye to Come 'ome!"

SEED OF THE SUN

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XII

SUNSET found them rolling pleasantly into the dike country along the smooth levee road. To Anna it was a miracle, so different was the character of landscape from that whereon her own farm land stretched. That was the wonder of California! Hundreds of little principalities like this, each with its own marked individuality, collected into an empire under the bland spell of the Pacific.

Dunc Leacy had brought his sister with him when he called for the ladies at the Brand farmhouse. Miss Marietta Leacy was a rawboned maiden of forty, witty and capable, as the modern spinster so often is. In her angular way she resembled Duncan; but it was obviously another case of Nature's injustice in permitting a whim of heredity to throw all the beauty of the family to the male side. Anna's Eastern-bred soul was gratified by the feeling that Miss Leacy was a lady born and sophisticated in the world of manners.

Dunc and Marietta loved each other with the rough-and-ready devotion peculiar to brother and sister.

"Do you wonder that I call her boss?" asked Dunc with a grin at Anna.

"Hyperbole pure and simple," sniffed the boss. "If ever there was a beaten and driven female in the world I'm it. Tending your furnace, cooking your meals, milking your cow, brushing your hair and reading Henry Adams to you when you're tired."

"I leave it to you," said Dunc, turning his florid face toward the Brand sisters. "Isn't she talking like a suffragette?"

"There he sits maligning his own flesh and blood!" declared Marietta, pretending great anger. "He's always teasing me to register and vote for some silly man or other. And that's his revenge on me for remaining purely feminine."

"Woman's place in the home! She's a cave woman," Dunc explained, and looked to see how that would affect his sister.

"Well, if I didn't stay in your home," upspoke the maiden lady, "I shouldn't care to know what it would become."

"I'll hand that to you, boss," admitted Dunc affectionately, and added: "I hate to spread the family reputation. But Marietta's the best fore-and-aft, up-and-down little housekeeper on the island, bar none and challenge all comers."

They shot across the drawbridge and turned into the Island Boulevard, which wound its way high above the pear trees, whose candelabra were already beginning to bend a little under the weight of pendent green pearls. A miniature colonial house, neat and perfect as a toy, stood on a hillock. Roses climbed its trellises, geraniums flamed at its base, and down the gentle slope a carpet of ice plant lay radiant with pinkish bloom.

"We all live the cafeteria life out here," explained Miss Leacy as she unlocked the front door and let them into a pretty redwood-paneled room. "We haven't any servant problems for the simple reason that we haven't any servants. Dunc, it's cold as a barn in here. Run out and bring in some wood."

"You see," he said, turning toward his guests as if for corroboration.

"You're going to let us help, aren't you?" suggested Anna.

"Oh, will you? We've got to make a million sandwiches and whip up some mayonnaise."

The Brand sisters, their sleeves rolled up, were almost immediately busy in the spotless kitchen of the spotless house. Zudie cut thin slices from loaves of sandwich bread, while Anna set up a great clatter with a spoon and bowl.

The Sick Woman's Eyes Were Still Lowered, Her Face Immovable as She Said: "I Have Grown Older, But I Do Not Think He Will Care"

Marietta Leacy, her large-boned body encased in a gingham bungalow apron, was everywhere, managing everything.

"Spiced ham!" exclaimed Anna, her mouth watering at sight of the tender joint being eased into an oven of the electric range.

"Sugar cured," smiled Miss Leacy. "I hate to give myself over to the prevalent California vice—which is boasting—but I must say that our state raises the divinest hogs!"

She was lifting lid after lid from pots and skillets on the top of the stove.

"Chile con carne," she said, sniffing into the depths. Then she passed over and peered down into a deeper vessel. "Frijoles in olive oil. Do you hate Mexican cooking the way some people do?"

"I adore it!" cried Zudie. "It burns your mouth so deliciously—a sort of pleasant agony, like falling in love."

"You speak from experience?" asked Miss Leacy, stirring busily at a juvenile saucepan.

"The experience of thistledown!" declared Anna.

Marietta's rugged face, bending over her work, was still and thoughtful for a moment.

"This house," she said at last, as if bent upon her own topic, "isn't any bigger than a pint of cider. A farmer used to live here, but Dunc had it remodeled in 1913—before the war, when labor was plenty. He breaks out every now and then with a plan to build something imposing on the English style, with a porte-cochère, servants' quarters, baronial hall downstairs and everything on a large scale. Dunc simply can't think in retail."

"He looks at things in a big way," Anna found herself saying.

"He's a pretty big man," said Marietta, and went on stirring.

Her face seemed to soften with the praise. Always Dunc! How much of her heart, unclaimed by husband or children of her own, had been given to fostering a brother's greatness!

"Speaking of fire," drawled Dunc Leacy, having stamped through the kitchen with a huge armful of wood and dumped it noisily upon the hearthstones beyond, "speaking of fire, who's done anything about mixing the punch?"

"Oh, glory!" shouted Zudie at mention of the forbidden word.

"He keeps the keys to the cellar," explained Marietta, as though confiding the secret to her saucepan. "He doesn't so much as let a dog smell of the door. He moans in his sleep for fear the prohibition officer will set fire to the house and take away his kegs. I wonder what he'll do when it's all gone?"

"That'll be about 1942," admitted Dunc, swinging a bunch of keys on the end of a chain.

"Then he'll be moving to France and teaching the farmers how to gather grapes by machinery," Marietta told the saucepan.

"There's no reason why that couldn't be done," retorted the farmer engineer as he retreated toward the cellar door.

Later on, when they were setting small tables in the living room and bringing in chairs from the porch and bedroom, Dunc Leacy asked Anna, "Do you like to dance?"

"I used to," said she.

"We're so out of practice that our knees creak," complained Zudie. "But I'll dance if it kills me."

"It'll kill you all right," promised Marietta, "when you hear Bill Huniker making night hideous with that old clarinet of his. Dunc at the piano is even worse."

"You'll never hear anybody's knees creak when once we get started," grinned Dunc.

And this was no idle boast, as events proved when evening waned into midnight.

The country gentlemen of the delta came trooping in with their wives and fiancées at the hungry hour of seven. Superficially they appeared to be any members of any golf club, rejoicing informally. Everybody was on intimate terms with everybody else, and in all the men there seemed to be that spirit of young adventure which gave charm to Dunc Leacy. Many of them had been college mates. Some of the families had intermarried; and that others were looking forward to such a happy consolidation was evidenced by Bill Huniker's younger brother, who devoted his evening to the golden-haired daughter of a prosperous pear orchardist from up the river.

Dunc Leacy's romance seemed to be progressing also. She was a vivacious little brunette from up Oroville way. Her father Anna heard from surrounding gossip, was an olive grower. Her name was Sallie Bowen, and it was impossible to deny her prettiness. While Dunc stood at the sideboard slicing sugar-cured ham she was always at his side, pretending to help while she adored him with her Spanish eyes. Anna wondered if the girl was as pretty as

Zudie, and her protective instinct for the little sister caused her to sigh and wish that Zudie could fall in love with as fine a man as Leacy.

After the ham slicing Dunc came over to Anna's table and took the next chair. Sallie had a seat on his other side. The girl from Oroville was no great talker—or did Dunc's attentions to Anna pique her to the point of silence? Her expressive eyes were always caressing him, and once or twice they exchanged glances. Anna concluded that Leacy was something of a philanderer. He was obviously a reigning favorite with the ladies. But he kept up a running fire of banter with the men round his table.

"Killed any Japs this week, Artie?" he sang out, addressing a plump young man who seated himself beside Zudie with a second helping of everything on the bill.

"Don't mention 'em!" he growled, reddening with rage. "I'm through—get me?—through! I'm playing Hindus now, and getting a day's work out of 'em too."

"Artie had a gang of Japs walk out on him last week," explained Dunc as soon as he found time to occupy the vacant chair at Anna's side. "He got so sore that I thought he was going to declare war right away."

"Is there any danger?" asked Anna, scared at the thought.

"Of war?"

Dunc and his belligerent friend Artie grinned at the thought.

"My dear lady," said Artie, after a mouthful of chile con carne, "the war is on right now. I don't mean machine guns and battleships and tin Kellys. The hard-thinking, intellectual old gentlemen running the Japanese Government don't want any more of that sort of rough stuff. They'll never run amuck the way the Kaiser did and bleed themselves to death with a fool military program. All this newspaper talk is merely a smoke barrage to keep our minds off what Japan is really putting over."

"Artie was an officer in our Siberian job," interjected Dunc.

"Well, what are they putting over?" asked Anna, seeing here another aspect of the deep-rooted California race prejudice.

"Peaceful war. The conquest of the world by agriculture, commerce, immigration, secret treaties, counterfeit labels, soft words, hard bargains and the Japanese genius for teamwork. To accommodate their little expedition into Siberia I saw them build barracks that looked big enough to put up half the imperial army. What for? To send in more troops and fight it out? Not on your life! Pretty soon the Japanese troops will fade away and those comfortable barracks will be full of farmers, tradesmen and mechanics. Shan-tung all over again. They're the greatest real-estate men in the world. They took Shan-tung for the good of humanity, and they're keeping it for the good of Japan. I don't blame them. If I were a Jap I'd do the same. There's standing room only in Japan and the race needs elbowroom."

Artie's editorial was cut short by the call of Dunc's boss.

"Some of you strong men come help roll up this rug!"

A half dozen athletes leaped to her service and the floor was cleared for dancing. Dunc Leacy, rolling up his sleeves, squared himself on the piano stool and came crashing down on the keys. Miss Bowen, unable to have a part in his new work, lingered and adored a moment by the piano before she was whirled away against the shoulder of an urgent young man.

Bill Huniker's clarinet, just as Dunc had threatened, was the star of the occasion. No sooner had its gawky owner, puff-cheeked and gnome-eyed as the Pied Piper, pursed his lips over the reeds than the instrument shrieked like some wild creature at death's door.

"For the love of Mike, Bill!" pleaded his wife.

"I can't help it," declared Bill. "I found the baby driving nails with it. It'll be all right when we warm up."

They warmed right heartily and without more ado. Dunc Leacy, revealing a fine skill at ragtime, rattled the keys to the jaunty cadence of You'll Be Surprised. The awful squalls and explosions of Bill Huniker's instrument added a certain barbaric excitement to the tune.

"It's perfect jazz!" cried Zudie as she found herself clasped against the expansive chest of the ex-officer from Siberia.

Anna shared in the excitement when a big-muscled planter came over and claimed her for the dance. The room was populous with couples, whirling and executing fancy steps to the cadence of Dunc's orchestra. A young produce broker from New York, suaver and paler faced than the others, cut in and whirled her away again.

Here was life! Anna Bly danced and danced until her feet were tired. She went at it with all the enthusiasm of a worldly woman who had been robbed of the pleasure that had been food and drink to her. And it was for Zudie that she was happiest, for the little sister's cheeks were like peonies, her eyes a-sparkle as she went from admirer to admirer. How was Zudie to endure the solitude of a farm much longer?

At last Dunc Leacy's hands came down on the keys with a crash.

"Aw, say," he roared, "don't you people ever get tired?"

"I don't," declared Bill Huniker, emitting a death toot from his damaged instrument.

"If somebody will choke Bill," volunteered Miss Leacy, "I'll play."

Whereupon there ensued a strenuous session of Bill-choking. Enthusiastic volunteers sprang upon his lanky form from all sides. But Bill Huniker proved a most difficult subject for the amateur garroters. At last, however, they bore him down by superior force of numbers. The black-eyed girl from Oroville got his clarinet away from him and Mrs. Huniker hid it in the kitchen.

The dance went on to Miss Leacy's energetic thumping upon the keyboard.

"I'm hot as ginger," complained Dunc after he had tried a dance with Anna and proved to his satisfaction and hers that he needed instruction. "If you don't mind my starting in where I left off at two o'clock this morning let's go outside and talk."

As they moved toward the veranda Anna had an impression of dangerous black eyes following their retreat. But the girl from Oroville was dancing with Bill Huniker.

They found a seat outside amidst striped cushions on the comfortable box hammock.

"I suppose you're thinking," he began, "that we do this every night. Well, we don't. But it all goes to prove that the farmer nowadays has something to do after dark."

"Where but in California," asked Anna, "could you find a farm party like this going full tilt in the midst of the fields?"

"Speaking in praise or censure?" he quizzed her with his Anglo-Saxon eyes

Continued on Page 123

"The Oriental Wireless Telephone is a Very Efficient Thing. It Works Under Tables, Through Walls, Over Housetops. As Far South as Fresno I Heard Them Mention You"

THERE GOES THE GROOM

XI

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

THE next morning George was not at breakfast. "Where is he, Uncle Foster?" queried Annabel, who as usual appeared fresh and fragrant as a flower with the dew on it. "Where's poor old George?"

"How should I know?" I temporized. "Perhaps he's in bed; perhaps he's drowned himself in the ocean. I am his guardian, to be sure, but after all he is of age and I am not responsible for his appearance at every meal."

"Don't be silly," said Annabel. "You know perfectly well where he is."

"I never denied I did. Eat your hominy, there's a good girl."

"I'd rather throw it in your stubborn face," said she. "Think what a nice mess it would make of your mustache."

"Annabel," I said, "you look radiant this morning. That green dress becomes you admirably."

"It is nice," she agreed. "Uncle Foster, where is George?"

"Bathing," I answered.

"Bathing? Bathing where? Bathing in what?"

"In a bathing suit, I presume," I said.

Annabel said "Ah," and nodded her head slowly three times. Then she added: "I see."

Mrs. Jenks, at the mention of the words "bathing suit," looked up brightly from her hominy.

"Not that they all wear 'em in these parts," she remarked. "The wanton hussy! And no stockings ever on her legs either."

"To whom do you refer, Mrs. Jenks?" asked Annabel.

Mrs. Jenks eyed her ferociously for an instant. Then she recommenced on her hominy, but between mouthfuls she observed in her deep bass voice: "And what's more, you hate her yourself—like poison—you know you do! Don't say you don't!"

Annabel laughed noncommittally, but Hector Ramsen was visibly distressed.

"My dear lady ——" he began.

"Oh, you!" interrupted Mrs. Jenks. "We all know you, Hector Ramsen, and we know your feelings on the subject. Of course if you want to come to Sun Harbor every Sunday it's none of my business. I mind my business and I dress properly. When I had charms to hide I hid 'em. I was modest—a violet. My husband, who's now under the sod, would tell you that if he was alive to-day."

"Times have changed, Mrs. Jenks," said Mary with a wise sigh. "The young things run wild nowadays."

At that moment George came into the dining room, glowing, radiating health and clamoring for food.

"Good morning, everybody," said he. "I'm hungry. Wonderful swim and a bully sunrise. That's the proper way to begin the day. Morning, Mrs. Jenks. I hope you slept well."

"I did not," said Mrs. Jenks. "I never do."

"How does she look in her bathing suit, George?" asked Annabel carelessly and making a point of buttering her bread with accuracy. "Is she satisfactory?"

"What?" said George.

Annabel glanced up and repeated her question.

"Oh," said George, "very satisfactory."

"She has straight legs at least," admitted Mrs. Jenks.

"I'll say so!" George agreed cheerfully, and tackled the hominy. The admiral grunted with displeasure. He was very chivalrous at bottom, was the admiral, and he had taken a fancy to Deborah.

"Nice table talk," he said. "Can't any of you think of anything decent to say? You remind me of tired business men at the Winter Garden; and you, Mrs. Jenks, you're the worst of all. Perhaps you're the tiredest."

"Your Nephew Says That Professor Ramsen Can Teach Me All the Dead Languages He Wants, But That He Himself Will Teach Me a New Live One"

"Hark to Farragut!" said Mrs. Jenks. "Who ever shocked a sailor? I'll have my pancakes now, Bessie."

However, the admiral's protest prevailed, for the conversation turned to less intimate matters than Deborah's legs.

The admiral and Victor Ramsen were contemplating hiring a catboat and going for a sail and Mary instantly suggested that she accompany them. I think she would have sailed into the black abyss of hell rather than visit the Peters again. She was as scandalized by Deborah as Mrs. Jenks, or perhaps both pretended to be scandalized. The admiral and Ramsen were forced, however reluctantly, to accept her companionship, so that left only Annabel, Hector, George and myself.

Personally I was eager to have a private chat with George. I was curious to hear how he and Deborah had passed the early morning—what impression she had made on him by daylight; how she had looked; how she had conversed. But I was thwarted in this desire by my nephew, who captured Annabel and bound her hand and foot for the morning.

"A long walk," said George. "We will explore."

Shortly after their departure Hector announced that he was going to drop in on Professor Peters to leave him a book he had promised him. No, I must not bother to come along. He would be gone only a few minutes. The book, I noted, was Plautus' Asinaria.

And so I was left to myself. I went to my room to fetch down Les Misérables. I had reached Page 769 and hoped to finish the book within the year. Taking a decrepit wood-and-straw rocker from the veranda, I placed it under the horse-chestnut trees and plunged once more into the heart-rending agonies of Jean Valjean. Just as Thenardier seemed to have the poor fellow in his power there appeared before me Mrs. Jenks in felt slippers and supported by a cane. Despairing of being left unmolested, I rose and offered her my chair, which she accepted with a bass rumble that might have been thanks.

She settled herself slowly and with a great deal of sighing, groaning and muttering. Her shaking, bony hands clasped themselves over her cane and she regarded me inquisitorially from small, watery, red eyes. She wore on her head, I remember, a little black Victorian bonnet which had once been trimmed with jet but to which only a few of the shining bits still clung. This was tied with ribbons under her scrawny chin. A figure, you would say, to rouse sympathy, pity, compassion. But she didn't. She roused, rather, fear. I felt like Macbeth among the witches.

"Young man," she began—and I wonder if she knew what a tactful opening she had chosen—"young man, we're alone."

I despondently agreed that we were.

She leaned toward me and lowered her voice to what I expect she considered a whisper.

"I'm her grandmother," she said in a tone which she might have adopted to say, "I'm an infanticide."

I was not, however, greatly disturbed. This doubtless disappointed her, for she eyed me in silence, malevolently. "I'm Deborah Peters' grandmother," she said. "That makes you jump—thought it would."

She was right; I suppose I had jumped.

"No one knows it," she continued—"no one knows it but Joshua Peters and myself and now you; leastwise no one else above the sod. There's plenty being eaten by worms who knows it."

I was startled at first—of course I was startled—but upon second thought I was convinced that she was raving. I have heard much saner women than she was make as outlandish and as untruthful statements; younger women too, in possession of all their wits and all their teeth.

"My dear Mrs. Jenks ——" I began soothingly. But she was not to be soothed.

"Young man," she interrupted severely, "I'm not your dear Mrs. Jenks and never was. I'm only one man's dear Mrs. Jenks and he's in heaven, and a more courtly gentleman never lived. He wooed me like a Romeo, you might say, and swept me off my feet like a Lochinvar. He was very passionate, but always the gentleman."

"I don't doubt it—I don't doubt it at all, madam," I protested. "What I was about to ask was why, if you are Deborah Peters' grandmother, you should so dislike her and her father?"

"Dislike 'em!" she echoed. "I don't dislike 'em—I hate 'em!"

"Just so," I continued—"but why?"

"He's no blood of mine," she said—"that fat-bellied little snipe with his spindly legs. He drove me out of the house me, the mother of his own wife and the grandmother of his child. He won't let me near my own granddaughter. Yes, that's the truth. Not for twenty years now have I had so much as a word with her, and then she couldn't talk. So I hate him, and when I hate I get flashes of fire in my head, which is very uncomfortable. And I hate her too, because she's a shameless hussy and runs about naked. That's what comes of having no women to bring you up decent. But I'll put 'em in their place some day—both of 'em. You wait, young man, and see if I don't! Him and his poison gases—I'll poison gas him!"

She was so fierce that I was veritably alarmed. She was like some old Cassandra spouting maledictions. I wondered just how much of what she had said I could believe. Very little, perhaps, but she left me in no doubt as to the ill will that she bore toward Professor Peters and his daughter. Whether she would or could display her malevolence in a practical form was another question and, I feared, a very grave one.

Women at best are irresponsible creatures, with neither knowledge of the law nor respect for it. If they were as strong as men I am convinced that they would be constantly committing assault and battery on them, and of course they always would be acquitted by a sentimental male jury. We men do not stick together where a woman is concerned. We put very severe laws on the statutes to protect our weak sisters and then, when they themselves transgress, a gallant jury closes its tearful eyes and says, "Poor little thing, she has suffered so much that she is excusable." Indeed the point has been reached in this free and glorious land where women may murder with impunity, certain not only of an acquittal but of a benediction. And God help us, we are giving them the vote!

The above lament may seem to be a digression, but it is not. It expresses more or less accurately my thoughts and my forebodings after hearkening to Mrs. Jenks' hymn of hate. I felt that she had murder in her eye and that given the opportunity—she would wreak what she would consider a sublime vengeance on the poor professor and perhaps on his daughter. In so doing she would doubtless consider herself the instrument of God. I believe that is what all decent murderers claim to be.

I wondered if it was my duty to inform Professor Peters of the danger that hung, like that well-known sword, suspended over his head by a thread. Doubtless he would consider such a warning an unwarranted piece of presumption on my part; doubtless he was fully aware of the presence of Mrs. Jenks in the neighborhood and was fully acquainted with her disposition toward him and his daughter. But nevertheless, when a man is completely surrounded by deadly poison gas, when he dabbles in it by day and dreams of it by night, he affords his enemies an admirable opportunity to do him injury.

"Mrs. Jenks," I said at length, "may I be permitted to ask why you have seen fit to honor me with your confidence?"

She did not answer immediately but sat staring at me, and I thought I detected a smile—or better, a widening of the mouth—on her face. Finally she emitted a noise that surpasses my powers of description and to which no orthography could do justice. It was neither a laugh nor a clearing of the throat, but it resembled both. That it was intended for the former I could judge by that triumphant sparkle that appears in the eyes of old age when it achieves a laugh.

"Why?" she said. "Why? The babe wants to know why? Well, I'll tell him. To begin with, I want you to understand, young man, that I've got eyes and I keep 'em open, not that it's much pleasure keeping 'em open these days, for most of the womenfolk you see are shameful to look at and most of the menfolk are ugly and no hair on their faces—or their heads for that matter. I'm one as always admired whiskers on a man, like my dear husband used to wear. No, don't you start to twisting that mustache of yours. It ain't ample."

Just as I thought that her thousand-track mind had strayed to Track One Thousand and One she leaned forward, shook her cane at me and cried: "You're trying to marry that poor handsome nephew of yours to Deborah Peters! Don't deny it—you know you are!"

I was too startled to deny anything.

"Well, I won't have it!" she continued. "I won't have it! He's far too good for the wanton—the beautiful boy that he is—and he don't want to marry. I can see that well enough. It's only you old fools that's picking on him and throwing him into her perditious arms. What should a young thing like him want with a wife, I'd like to know the innocent baby? Wait till he learns what women are before you go forcing one on him. Let him make a few of 'em suffer before one of 'em makes him miserable for life. Let him be a Don What-d'you-call-him for a time. That's what my dear, dead husband was, and a better mate no woman ever had"

She paused only when her breath gave out.

"Mrs. Jenks," I said severely, "you're a vicious, immoral old woman."

She shook her head impatiently and made an osculant sound with her lips and tongue.

"It's you that's vicious," she said—"you and your loonytic friends. There's not one of you that don't want Deborah Peters for himself, and if you don't believe me ask Hector Ramsen."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Jenks," I said haughtily, "I am going to leave you in search of a little fresh air." And I stalked indignantly away. The nasty old woman!

XII

I DETERMINED after some earnest deliberation to say nothing to Professor Peters about my unpleasant interview with his mother-in-law. But I did decide to approach Hector Ramsen on the subject. I bided my time, seeking a suitable occasion. For several days none presented itself; Hector, as I noted, passing a great part of his time at the Peters' house, whether in the company of the professor or of Deborah or of both I could not be sure. Of one thing at least I was certain—that Deborah, when she was not with Hector, was with George. She was not often alone those days.

George took to his part of young lover suspiciously kindly, evincing all the outward and visible signs of the great passion in its glorious and uncritical infancy. He talked of nothing or nobody but Deborah; he glowed in relating her charms; he praised God for having created such physical and spiritual perfection—and especially was he rhapsodic in the presence of Annabel or of Hector Ramsen. This amused Annabel. What effect it had on Hector I was not able to judge.

As I have said, it was several days before I found an opportunity for a talk with Hector, and even then I fear

(Continued on Page 84)

All Great Artists—Especially Foreign Ones—Like to Have Their Hands Kissed. I Knew That Better Than George

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 23, 1920

Cashing In

THE bomb that burst in Wall Street in September was heard all over the country. The thoughtless, the heedless and the foolish—all those whose attention can be secured only by a loud noise—stopped to listen and to ask: "What's happened? What's the matter?"

Nothing new or surprising has happened—nothing that has not been happening for some years now. We are cashing in on thoughtlessness, heedlessness and foolishness—and there are too many red chips in our stack.

For two years bombs have been bursting all round us, undermining industry and attacking the foundations of the Government itself. The New York explosion killed a handful of innocent working people and destroyed a small amount of property. Those other bombs have killed their thousands and have wiped out hundreds of millions of the country's working capital. These shocked and questioning citizens, having ears, but very little above them, heard the noise in Wall Street, but failed to hear and to grasp the significance of the explosions that preceded it—the striking, the profiteering, the slacking, the grabbing, the boring from within and the hell-raising from without.

Now we are cashing in on our ignorance and indifference, on the demagogism and bolshevism that have grown out of them, on our failure to do our duty as voters and citizens. We have been too busy with our business to explain it, to defend it and to save it; too wrapped up in enjoying the pleasures, the opportunities and the liberties that America has given us to fight for them.

As a result, we have a generation of anti-American propaganda to counteract; a vast number of subtle fallacies that are being accepted as axioms to expose; a mass of lies that have almost become vested interests to nail; a propaganda of hate and destruction to meet with a counter-propaganda of truth.

To assume even theoretical perfection for any human system is the sheerest nonsense. As opposed to the bad, the worse and the worst of socialism, communism and anarchy, there can be only a good, a better and a best. Judged solely by results, for the pink, red and crimson systems are all in operation in different parts of the world, government on the American plan—even though the service could be vastly improved—is that good, better and best. But it can never be one hundred per cent good with a fifty per cent leadership and voters who are ninety-nine per cent interested in other things.

Business is the blood and the brawn of every nation. Science works unceasingly to serve it and statesmanship to find new fields for its expansion, though too often blindly and stupidly, through physical conquest, mandates, protectorates and spheres of influence. Contending systems of government are at root contending systems of business. Discarding verdure and verbiage, flowers of speech and dead cats of denunciation, we find this basic proposition: A has worked, saved, managed and acquired goods and land. B wants goods and land, but he is unwilling or unable to work, save and manage for them, to secure them by a combination of skill and self-denial. So he demands that the government be changed to fit his deficiencies. If all the silk shirts and other forms of foolishness into which the high wages of the past five years have been put were now in the savings banks the laboring man could buy a tremendous stake in the land and the industry of the country. But he who lacks the brains to deny himself and to save when times are easy lacks the brains to keep a business going, especially when times are hard. It is much simpler to make a success than to keep one.

The country's business is what the malcontent is really after, and he believes that his prosperity is assured if he can take it over. So his attacks, no matter what guise or disguise they assume, are really on our business system.

Naturally in an affair like business, that has its roots in the fundamental struggle for existence, that from its very nature engages so many elemental human instincts and passions, there are plenty of weak spots, plenty of opportunities for just criticism, plenty of openings for destructive attack. Considering the absolutely unchangeable motives and instincts that must always be at the base of business, we have less reason to wonder that there are some rotten spots in the system, some rascals prospering unduly under it, than that on the whole it is so sound, so clean, so honestly and honorably conducted. There are many blind, greedy, dishonest and incompetent men in business to-day, but they are not half so blind, greedy, dishonest and incompetent as the red leaders who would displace them.

Because so many people will believe anything bad that they are told, because so many will believe anything that carries with it a promise of unearned gain to themselves, because the world is so given to generalizing from particular instances, American business, that has on the whole functioned admirably, that should have the intelligent approval of the people for the wide prosperity that it has brought to the nation and their discriminating disapproval of the bad that is in it, has been indiscriminately abused, blackguarded, hampered and held up.

Because from time to time some men at the head of big businesses have proved crooked we have allowed the enemies of our social order to charge, and we have half believed, that all big business men are crooked. Because in the past some of our railroad systems have been looted we have rather generally credited the continuing lie that looting is the sport of railroad kings. Because Wall Street is the address of some unscrupulous speculators and dishonest promoters we have half accepted the fiction that all Wall Street men are unscrupulous and dishonest. Because some of our legislators have been corner-grocery orators of parochial mind and small-change experience, who never before were able to earn so much money as they receive in office, and do not believe that anyone else could earn more honestly; because they understand little of the intricacies of commerce, and suspect and distrust everything that they cannot understand, we have come to believe that size is sin and that what we cannot do is necessarily wrong or dishonest.

Starting in a small way a generation ago, this propaganda has been spread through radical parties and papers, through pinks and reds, and a lot of the stuff has stuck, not only in the minds of the ignorant but also in the minds of those who should, and alas too often do, know better. The demagogue has found that we are all willing to attribute our failures to the machinations of the "money trust" and our inability to make good in bigger jobs to the plottings of "the system," so in every sentence he builds up his bogies and calls on the people to knock them down; the radical labor leader has found in trouble making between employer and employee a source of continuing place and power, and so he tries to keep the pot boiling over; the timid politician who wants to hold his job has found that the way to hold it is to tell the voters what he thinks they want to hear. Corporation baiting has become the easiest way to an easy life, with the best baiter hooking the biggest fish.

There is plenty of corruption and waste in business, but the good—and it preponderates—should not be restrained along with the bad. Big business and little business, farmers and storekeepers, white-collar men and silk-shirt mechanics, average out about the same in human nature. But the tendency toward sound methods is, if anything, more pronounced in big than in little business, because the former is under closer observation, is more stringently regulated and stands to lose more for its sins.

This long campaign of selection, suppression and misrepresentation contributed to the making of the Wall Street bomb. The red and pink press, in greater or less degree, deliberately or unwittingly helped along the work. The average business man does not see the radical press or the mass of red publications—leaflets, pamphlets and books. He does not know that tons of literature, printed in every known language, are circulating daily through shops, mines, camps and homes, picturing him as a thief and an oppressor of the poor, and America as a land of slaves and slave drivers. The wording of this stuff is clever and careful when it has to go through the mails, but the meaning and the intent are there. The man in the street has been told, but only half believes, that the red borers are busy in factories and mines and homes, working noiselessly and tirelessly to make trouble between capital and labor—any kind of trouble, for hate is the first lesson in red education.

Nothing was neglected that might contribute its mite to the making of the bomb. The red leader is by nature an opportunist, because everything that stirs up discontent, strikes and class hatred makes for his ends. He is glad to have those who will not see red see pink; those who will not stand for communism espouse socialism; those who will not swallow socialism demand government ownership; those who believe in private ownership taught to parrot phrases like: The rich are growing richer and the poor, poorer; there's no justice for the poor man; the corporations own the Government; the workers are wage slaves; and so on, though not a single one of these statements will stand analysis. The doctrinaires, the exponents of theoretical perfection, who have led theoretical lives, whose idealism ignores the proved facts and unbeatable rules of life, are often through their very sincerity able allies of the forces of disorder. There is no ignorance so profound as the secondhand experience of the cloistered man, no knowledge that is so much revised by practice as that taught in his books.

We are cashing in, too, on our immigration policy—our carelessness as to whom and how many we let in, and our indifference as to where they go and what they do, once they are in. We have a tremendous job on our hands to Americanize those who are here—a generation or two of hard work ahead of us. Then what of these new hordes? Is there really any good reason for us to bring them in to help us exploit our rapidly diminishing resources, to pump out our oil reserves faster, so that we can buy more automobiles to burn more gas? To cut down the last forest to make more lumber to house more undigestible citizens? To speed up to get out more ore to smelt so that we can build more ships to bring over more men to work in the steel mills? Why not develop what is left of our country slowly, sanely, safely and solidly?

In the haste to get rich quick, business overreaches itself and works toward its own destruction. Heretofore, one great source of our strength, one great bulwark of our nation, has been our vast store of undeveloped resources, our wide spaces of unsettled country. In the crowded manufacturing nations of Europe man lives under artificial conditions and with the basic processes and limitations of business obscured. Here we have always been close to first causes, getting out the raw material of civilization and seeing and learning at first hand the foundations and the inexorable rules of business. Most native-born Americans who made their own way developed a saving quality that we called horse sense. It was based on a personal knowledge of first principles. The fallacies of the red, the false premises on which they are based, have no chance with one who is endowed with this quality. But it becomes scarcer as men crowd into the cities and dilute their old Americanism with the new Europeanism.

Something is wrong, insists the man who is looking for a remedy—and who has one all ready to spring. Something is wrong and something always will be wrong. Radical systems are wrong because they are based on wrongs—wrongs that nothing can correct, because they are wrongs of distribution—not of wealth, though there are wrongs in that, but wrongs of distribution by Nature, of unequal apportionment of brains, muscle and moral fiber. The American system of government is based on rights—the right to equal justice, equal opportunity, and the right to work honestly for anything you want.

Government is not perfect, business is not perfect, but both are better than their detractors credit them with being, both better than anything their detractors could achieve. We need stronger leadership—leadership that is neither radical nor reactionary, but moderate. One trouble with leadership, not only in America but the world over, is that the men who have the best organizing and managerial brains rarely occupy important posts in public life. Statesmen and diplomats, whose first concern must be with trade, are seldom business men. They are almost invariably members of the professional classes—elements that should be in the picture, but not the whole show.

Business must fight its enemies, but it must fight with clean hands. War must be waged not only on the enemies without but on the enemies within its ranks, whose greed, unfairness or dishonesty furnishes the radicals with their texts against all business. Then the demagogues, the red press and the whole crew of bomb makers can be shown up and cleaned out.

With all its faults, business has more to be proud of than to apologize for. But it has been on the defensive so long that it has almost come to believe that there is something immoral about building up a prosperous enterprise, something that is not quite what it should be about trade, something almost indecent about a big business. A loud-mouthed minority of demagogues, ignoramuses and reds have cowed business, crippled it and put it on the defensive. It is now cashing in on its past cowardice. It still has plenty of chips left, but unless it takes the offensive it will cash in for keeps—busted.

Coolidge—Political Mystery

An Authorized Interview With Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, Republican Nominee for Vice President

By A. R. PINCI

DECORATION BY DOUGLAS RYAN

"OUR country must reconstruct itself." These five words constitute the fundamental slogan of Governor Calvin Coolidge, spoken for my benefit in the course of an interview which he granted me in Boston. It is not a slogan that will affect the nerve controlling the voter's handclapping proclivities. As a political slogan it is something new, something different. But as Governor Coolidge, genuine New Englander that he is, wants men to think rather than to applaud, the mysterious political aura which has been attributed to him thins out.

For that reason, to understand the most inscrutable candidate of the day involves no difficulties, provided the 1920 voter is ready to do some thinking and to listen to some naked truths instead of polished trivialities. I consider his slogan, therefore, a most eloquent campaign gem, in the light of the interview that followed, during which I understood that the Republican nominee for Vice President is less concerned with the discussion of the League of Nations than he is with the American workingman's lot; that the millennium is not to be achieved, if at all, through theories; and that better educational facilities, better organization among the farmers, home-owning against tenancy, will do more to get the United States out of what has begun to seem a rut than any suggested treaty panacea. Withal, he considers every item, but he is careful not to apportion to it more importance than it merits.

Restoration of Confidence

"THERE never was so much work for us to do in America," Governor Coolidge warned, "as at the present time. We must feel our way from day to day, because the times are troubled. The people are restless, but this ferment may be eliminated."

"How?" I asked.

"By permitting the organism of government to grow. And our Government must govern. The commitments of the nation, at home and abroad, must be met; the public security must be maintained; the various departments must be strengthened." As though anticipating the question I was about to propound he added: "But do not misunderstand me. It is a time to conserve; it is a time to retrench rather than to reform. Above all, it is a time to stabilize the administration of the present laws rather than to seek new legislation.

"Emphasize the fact," Governor Coolidge added, "that conservation does not mean recession—not by Republican standards anyhow."

Governor Coolidge received me in his private executive office in the State House, Boston. It was my first meeting with him, though I had made arrangements to cover this interview months before his nomination, and it was granted accordingly.

I was confronted with a man of slight build, nervously alive beneath a well-controlled bearing, very cordial despite the tendency of his features to assume a slightly forbidding aspect, plainly revealed by certain photographs. His smile did not linger, but his naturally good humor was easily sensed by me and I felt entirely at ease. He invited me to sit down, and as he resumed his seat he puffed away at a cigar that looked like a stogy but did not smell like one.

What about Calvin Coolidge? His popularity has disconcerted politicians, as did Theodore Roosevelt's after the Philadelphia convention of 1900. How, why and where did Coolidge get all those votes last year, some from Democrats who will consistently vote for him but against any other Republican? Will his same sheer, invisible force duplicate his feat of 1919 in a national sense this year?

With these things in mind I chatted with Governor Coolidge.

"Relief is needed," Governor Coolidge explained, "and it remains for a national Republican policy to restore those conditions of confidence and prosperity under which our advance began and under which it can be resumed."

"Do you think it will?"

"Of course it will," was the governor's quick reply as he gazed at the beautiful shield of the state of Massachusetts upon the opposite wall, its bright colors resplendent in a flood of sunshine. "Two years ago the country turned to a broad and liberal statesmanship which will recognize no sectionalism and which will restore to the people the conduct of their own business. Our Government, as the Republicans view it, belongs to the people. A party in power, victorious in war, was defeated at the polls; the last election represented the American fighting spirit to be free."

"How do you regard the progress of this campaign?" I asked.

"I have been interested in the state of the public mind," the nominee replied. "It leads to what seems an unmistakable conclusion that everybody is tired of the present Administration. The country is not only weary of but exhausted by and disgusted with all doctrinaires and all visionaries. Restoration will be sought not by desertion of its ideals but by turning to the substantial and practical. It may take years to restore conditions to the old-time Republican efficiency, but in due course it will be done."

"Do you consider that sentiment strictly as a partisan feeling or not?"

"No, not at all. This conviction is not confined to the members of any one party. It is, in fact, a public sentiment which finds expression on all sides and among the former adherents of all political creeds."

As a rule a candidate for elective office finds it easy to explain why the opposition's vote is disintegrating, and that mere statement would not mean very much, even made by Governor Coolidge, unless one bears in mind a very pertinent fact—that last year he was elected with a 124,000 plurality over his opponent.

Moreover, partisanship is not one of Coolidge's strong points, as I learned from what he explained.

"Campaigns are carried on for something far more important than personal or party success," he said. "There is a broad distinction between party organization and bigoted partisanship. The former is an appeal to the people; the latter is an appeal to the class generally described as professional politicians. Parties represent the people, not the individual. The work of the Republican Party has not been confined to the trade of electing candidates, but to holding up high ideals by sound platforms and by wise nominations, and by those means it has chosen to administer ever to the domain of the public welfare.

"The people expect their offices administered in a broad and tolerant spirit, and they have a right to expect from officeholders of different parties such cooperation as will make this possible. Public office is for public business, not for personal bickerings."

"There are reports of ticket splits," I suggested, "with the possibility that the party may not be victorious all along the line, and that congressional and state tickets will not be uniformly Republican or Democratic, as the case may be."

"There is need of a strong Congress this year," Governor Coolidge asserted. "It is not enough that representatives and senators are considered Republicans, but they must be so in fact, and known to be so to all men. Remember, representative government does represent, and a careless and indifferent representative is the result of a careless and indifferent electorate. The people who select a representative to get what he can for his district will probably find a man not unwilling to get what he can for himself."

"But the voters—are they thinking about that?"

The Party of Construction

"YES, they are this year. Good government cannot be found on the bargain counter, and so"—here Governor Coolidge stressed the words—"I do not believe that a party will find many votes in the mere promise of low taxes and vanishing expenditures. It is a promise that cannot be maintained. To pose as the apostles of retrenchment and reform is not difficult, but the promise must be such that it can be maintained, but not at the cost of good government."

"The nineteenth amendment ought to help," I remarked.

"Well," Governor Coolidge said, "here in Massachusetts we have provided for the registration of women voters. Equal suffrage has existed in Massachusetts heretofore only to a limited extent, but the last session of the General Court wisely provided by law for the registration of women; so as soon as it was reported that the Secretary of State had issued the proclamation declaring that the nineteenth amendment was ratified and that equal suffrage was granted we prepared every possible facility, so that the great body of the commonwealth's womanhood may qualify itself to discharge the duties of citizenship. By increasing the number of registrars wherever possible and by adding to the number of locations for registration we hope that the registration will be complete."

"What do you think is the paramount asset of the Republican Party?" I asked.

"That we have always been a party not of negation but of construction. We shall not change now."

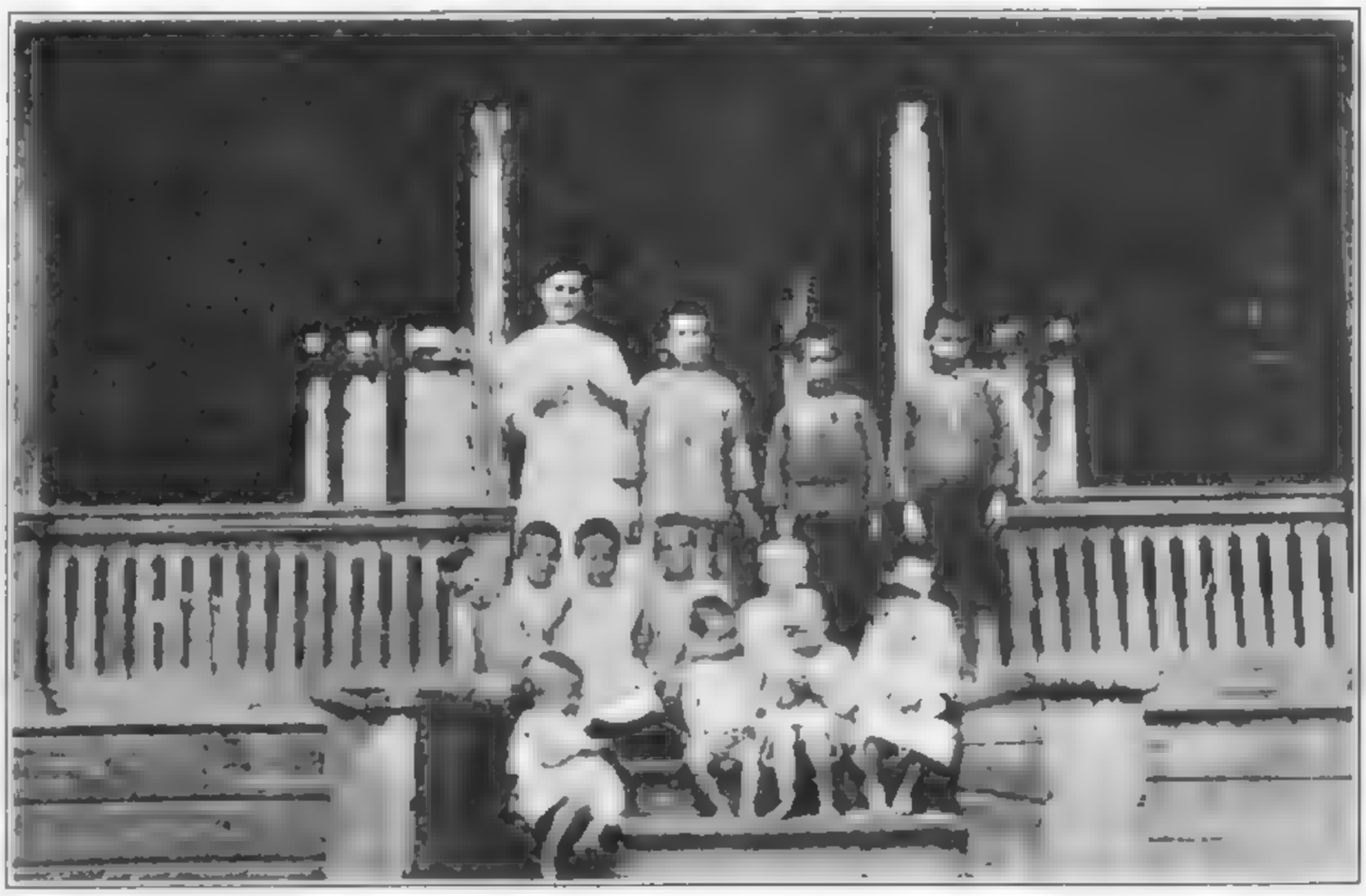
"You spoke of the people being in a ferment," I remarked, "and it would be interesting to get your idea of it; to what do you attribute existing restlessness?"

Governor Coolidge gazed at his diminishing cigar before replying. *(Continued on Page 31)*

The Situation in Soviet Russia

By Rear Admiral Michael I. Smirnoff

Former Chief of Staff of the Black Sea Fleet and Secretary of the Navy in the Omsk Government



Refugee Children at the American Red Cross Orphanage, Omsk

MORE than two and one-half years have elapsed since Russia went into the hands of the Bolsheviki. Russia is now governed by a comparatively small group of people, who obtained power only by force and by playing on the lowest sentiments of the population. They keep this power by means of such terrorizing that by comparison the terror of the great French Revolution seems to be mild.

The Bolsheviki demolished Russia, destroyed her national unity, ruined trade, industry, transportation and means of communication, and led to a state of starvation a country which previously had been the granary of Europe. But worst of all, they destroyed the morality of a great people. The whole civilized world has condemned the barbarity which now reigns in Russia. The old allies of Russia assisted the constructive elements of the population in their struggle with Bolsheviki. It appeared that Admiral Kolchak and General Denikin would soon overthrow the soviet power in Russia and establish a reign of right and justice in its stead. But these hopes were not realized. The Bolsheviki are still in power, and nobody can predict the end of their reign.

What is the reason for their stability? Why were all the efforts of the Russian national elements unsuccessful? Everybody in Russia knows that Kolchak was not a reactionist, but that he wished sincerely to lead the country to freedom, and that he was a great patriot. In spite of this he failed. In order to answer these questions it is necessary to examine the Russian situation before the revolution, and the historical march of events preceding the fall of Russia into the hands of the Bolsheviki.

The masses of the Russian people consisted of poor peasants who owned small pieces of land scarcely sufficient for their subsistence. The peasants were poorly educated, the majority of them illiterate, many generations being brought up according to traditions of devotion to the Czar's reign and the orthodox faith. Their conception of the Czar's power and their religion did not extend beyond the sentiment of fear of God and Czar.

Limitations of the Intelligentzia

THE imperial government made use of the religion as a means to govern the people. The Czar was the head of the church. The ideas of the peasants were limited by extreme anxiety as to how to keep up their existence, how to get food, and money to buy the necessities of life. Broad ideas of patriotism and national interest were not developed among them. It is not my intention to explain in this article the reasons for the undevelopment of the people, as they are very complicated and are of historical origin. I desire only to show the position of the peasantry before the Russian revolution in 1917.

The next class of Russian population consisted of workmen. This class was not numerous. It contained only about one and one-half per cent of the population of Russia. The workmen were more developed mentally than the peasants. The majority of them were very assiduous and good. Their leaders understood the interests of the Russian nation, and were patriotic. Socialistic ideas and the propaganda of internationalism had no great success among them.

The minority of the Russian population consisted of big landowners, capitalists and government functionaries. The number of the large landowners gradually diminished, and at the beginning of the revolution the amount of cultivated land belonging to them was very small. The governmental land policy of the last decades was gradually to transfer the land into the hands of the peasants and to support only those large landowners whose estates would serve as examples of intensive land cultivation. The former large landowners gradually entered the ranks of manufacturers or government functionaries. The real and good land policy in Russia consisted not in the partition of the large landed property but in the improvement of the cultivation of land by the small owners, the peasants. The idea of the partition of the land served only as a means of the socialistic propaganda.

The class of manufacturers in Russia had the same merit and the same defects as in all other countries. The government functionaries in Russia made a separate class of the population. The sons of a government functionary usually became functionaries also. They retained hereditary traditions. The majority of them were assiduous, honest, well educated, patriotic; in all, they were good bureaucrats. But they had one great defect: Being from their infancy torn away from the real life of the people, they did not understand the needs of the population. That was the reason why the population considered the government's functionaries as their enemies. I have spent many years of my life in foreign countries, and am familiar with the conditions of administration abroad, and I cannot say that the Russian Government's functionaries were either less honest or less educated than the same body elsewhere.

The educated people of Russia, called in Russia "the intelligentzia," had the following characteristics: They were idealists and dreamers, very well developed, broadly educated, but they had a meager conception of real life. An ordinary Russian could explain to you the most complicated philosophical theories, could converse about Chinese literature and the ideas of Indian magic, but he could not understand the simplest things of real life; and when he got in touch with them he was like a child.

The reason for this is due to the wrong system of education. They taught theory in schools, but did not pay any attention to the requirements of life. Practical science was not spread among the masses of people. In schools they did not pay any attention to sports, and tried to develop the brain, but not the character. The educated Russian had idealistic aspirations toward the reconstruction of society on the foundations of equality and brotherhood. He did not reckon with the necessity of slow historical process, but tried to do so by revolutionary methods, which brought misfortune not only to the leaders of the movement but to the people as well.

These were the principal traits of character of the Russian people at the beginning of the revolution. The revolution started during the third year of the Great War, when all forces of the people were overstrained and exhausted, when Russia had lost many millions of her best young sons. The war was not carried on successfully. The population, mostly the educated classes, were dissatisfied with the government, accusing it of inability to organize the forces of the people for the successful prosecution of war. They demanded that the present system of government be changed in order to use more energetic measures for carrying on the war.

All sorts of rumors were spread among the population, and they believed them. For example, they accused the Emperor and Empress of intentions to conclude a separate peace with Germany.

Though this rumor had absolutely no foundation, the people commonly believed it, and dislike of the imperial family increased.

The revolution started in Petrograd in March, 1917. A small group of workmen and the soldiers of the reserve battalion of the Volinsky Guard Regiment made a street demonstration against the government. They were joined by some other dissatisfied elements. The government lost its head; it did not take adequate measures to stop the mutiny and protect itself. It was overturned without any difficulty and with very little bloodshed, which proved its extreme weakness. The revolution was called bloodless. In the beginning the revolution aimed to change the governmental system, but not reconstruct the social relations. The necessity for this change had, as the popular explanation, the more energetic prosecution of the war. The revolution had a high patriotic and national character. The supreme power in the country was taken by the temporary committee of the members of the State Duma—Parliament. This step was followed shortly by the formation of a new Council of Ministers. Supreme power was transferred to them. This new cabinet was composed mostly of members of the State Duma. There was not a single bureaucrat among them. They persuaded Emperor Nicholas II to abdicate—for the good of the country.

German Spies in the Council

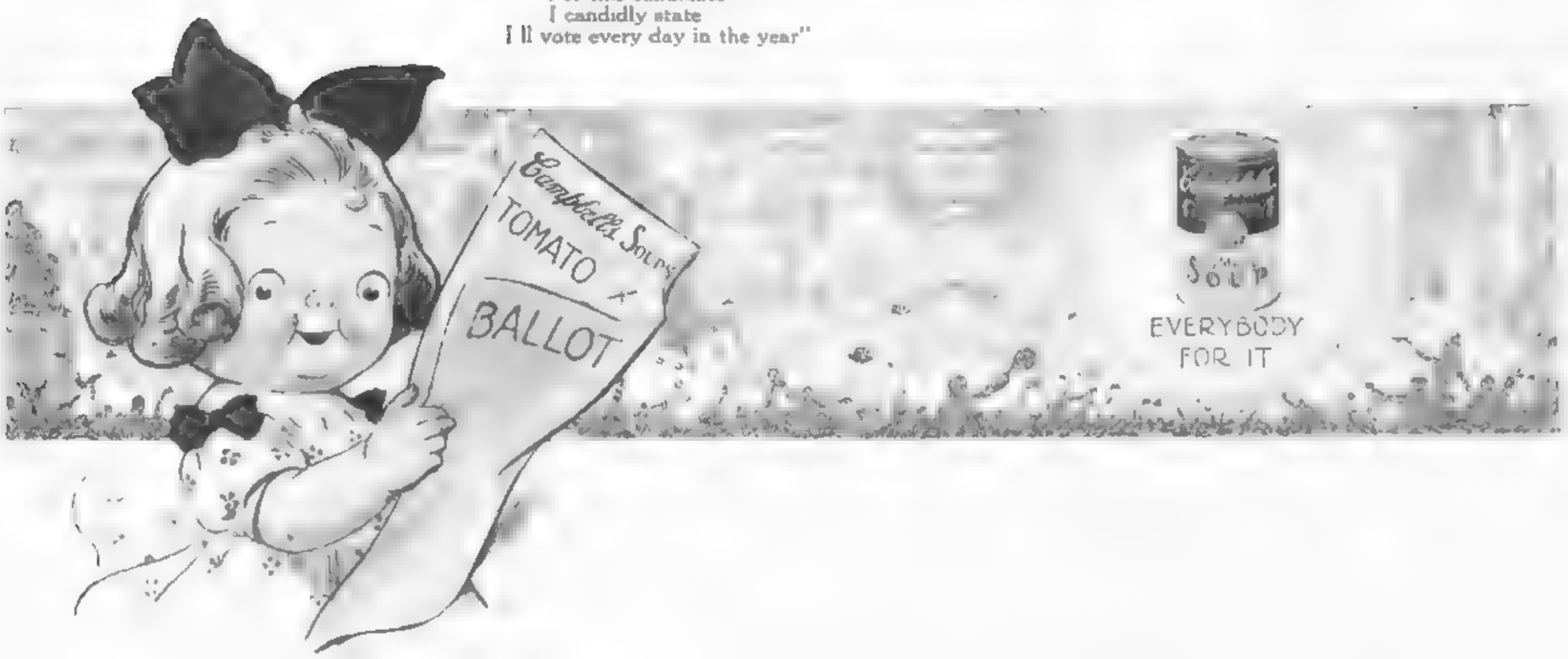
ALMOST simultaneously the Soviet of Soldiers and Workmen deputies was formed in Petrograd. Among its members was a very small number of soldiers and workmen, but it was composed mostly of politicians—members of two political parties—social democrats and social revolutionaries. Nobody had elected them or authorized them to represent the soldiers and workmen's interests. They declared themselves to be their representatives. The majority of them were very pronounced specimens of the Russian intelligentzia—idealists and dreamers, who tried to reconstruct the social life of the people on the new foundations, not taking into consideration the necessities of war or the real conditions of life. There is no doubt that there was in this council not a small number of German agents and spies.

The members of this council began the agitation against the new government and against the war with Germany. They also started the agitation in the army and navy against the officers. They distributed among the troops their famous Order Number 1, which introduced the scheme of the new organization in the army and navy, abolishing the appointment of officers by their superiors and establishing the selection of the chiefs by their subordinates. This order abolished also the saluting of the superiors by the inferiors in the army. It had a pernicious influence in the army and navy, and discipline was shattered. The soviet declared that it recognized the authority of the provisional government only so far as it followed the soviet's advice. The provisional government lost its influence in the army, and the power in reality fell into the hands of the Petrograd soviet.

The soviet proclaimed complete freedom of speech and of the press. Everybody was allowed to carry on propaganda against the war, against the Allied countries, against the provisional government, for peace with Germany, and so on. The German agents and spies took full advantage of this. Their propaganda had great success among the

(Continued on Page 30)

"Here is the ticket, it's clear
Which stands for a league of good cheer
For this candidate
I candidly state
I ll vote every day in the year"



The winning ticket

Campbell's Tomato Soup wins not only on its delicious flavor but on its wholesome quality and healthfulness.

It is one of the most valuable health promoters you can have on your table.

The pure juice of vine-ripened tomatoes and the other choice ingredients with which we make it are nourishing in themselves, and they also help to tone and regulate all the body processes which build up health and good condition.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, the usual way, its energy-yield is fifty per cent greater than that of milk.

Good soup once a day at least is a health rule which no one can afford to overlook.

Do not leave it to chance. Order a dozen of this appetizing soup at a time and have it handy.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 28)

undeveloped and uneducated masses of the Russian people. It was clear to every educated and patriotic Russian that the war was lost and the country was on its way to ruin. At first there was in the soviet a very small number of Bolsheviki, and the beginning of the destruction of the army and navy and the ruin of the country was made by the so-called moderate socialists. They were followed by the Bolsheviki, who started their perilous propaganda.

Their ideas were very clear, and easily influenced the uneducated people. They said: "You see those palaces and buildings belonging to the rich people? Take them; they belong to you! You see those large estates—divide them among yourselves! How many of your friends were killed during the war? But you do not need the war—the war was started by the capitalists in order to enrich themselves and to exploit you. Stop the war at once, and go make peace with the German soldiers."

Such simple speeches influenced the lower classes, and unity among different classes of the population ceased to exist. The soldiers were unwilling to fight any more and became opposed to those who tried to compel them to do so. They opposed the provisional government and were ready to recognize any authority which would end the war. This the Bolsheviki promised them. The simple-minded Russian peasants and soldiers trusted in their promises.

They reasoned in the following way: "Why have war? Why expose ourselves to danger of death? Russia is free, and we are going to become rich by dividing the land. The Czar's government could not give it to us; the provisional government forces us to fight; but the Bolsheviki are going to bring us peace immediately, and will give us riches."

Socialistic ideas were not familiar to the Russian peasants and workmen. Ideas of the struggle with capitalists, the nationalization of industry and social revolution meant nothing to them. They had only two desires—not to be exposed to danger of death and to become rich. They followed those who promised them this.

Peasants Robbed of Representation

THEREFORE the success of the Bolshevik revolution. The Bolsheviki promised the people free self-government, wealth, everlasting peace, and so on. Let us see how they fulfilled their promises.

The organization of the soviets was started in the early period of the revolution. The provisional government had not recognized them as an official government institution, but in reality was compelled to follow their advice.

The Bolsheviki preached "All power to the soviets." With this motto they overthrew the provisional government in November, 1917, and authority was transferred to the hands of the soviets.

At first the Bolsheviki declared that the soviets would govern the country until the All-Russian Constituent Assembly was formed. But when it began to be clear that a very small number of their supporters were selected as members they dissolved the assembly, and Lenine declared a new principle: "Long live the soviet power! Down with the parliamentarianism. The soviet organization must be instituted as a new form of self-government, as the union of the administrative and legislative powers."

So the soviets have legislative functions. They proclaim decrees and administrative functions—they govern the country.

At first the members of the soviets were selected without any regulations. Then in July, 1918, the fifth Congress of Soviets voted the Constitution of the Russian Socialistic Federative Republic. According to this law the following soviets were established:

Town and village soviets, village district soviets and their executive committees, town district soviets and their executive committees, provincial soviets and their executive committees, territorial soviets and their executive committees and the All-Russian Congress and its executive committee.

The right of voting and of being elected belongs to persons of both sexes who have reached eighteen years of age, of all religions, nationalities and without restriction of residence. The elective right belongs only to those who get their substance by their own work and do not employ hired labor; to soldiers of the soviet red army and to the sailors of the soviet navy. The persons who live on the income of their capital or their business, use hired labor, even for maintenance of their apartments, the tradesmen and the trade agents, the monks and priests, and so on, are deprived of their voting rights. So all persons belonging to the so-called bourgeoisie have no elective rights and do not share the soviet power. Members of the soviets are elected directly only into the village and town soviets. Members of the other soviets are elected out of the members of the village and the town soviets.

The regulations for voting are so constituted that the workmen have a representation more than three times that of the peasants. Eighty per cent of the Russian population consists of the peasants.

Among the peasants there are very few who sympathize with Bolshevik ideas. All Russian peasants are small proprietors and oppose the communists. This is the reason why the electoral law gives more votes to the workmen than to the peasants. Even among the workmen there are very few Bolsheviki or their sympathizers.

But the soviets consist almost exclusively of the Bolsheviki, the reason being that they force the population to elect their supporters. The following figures taken from the official Bolshevik documents give the number of Bolsheviki and their supporters in different parts of Russia. According to their census, not more than one-half per cent of the population are registered as members of the communistic party.

For example, in Ryazan province in 1919 there were five thousand five hundred and ninety-four members of this party and one thousand eight hundred and nine sympathizers out of two million population. In Moscow province there were only five thousand members of the party. In Kaluga province, three thousand eight hundred and sixty-one communists and one thousand five hundred and sixty-two sympathizers. In the city of Petrograd there were twelve thousand members.

There were many occasions when local soviets were dissolved or a part of their members were excluded for the reason that they did not share the communistic ideas. For example, in 1919 the Kronstadt soviet was broken off because the majority of its members did not sympathize with the Bolsheviki. In Voronezh the province soviet excluded all the non-Bolshevik members. There are many other similar examples from other parts of Russia.

This proves that free election does not exist in Russia, and the Bolshevik promises to the people were not fulfilled at all.

The socialization of factories was a complete failure. Many descriptions and statistical data concerning the situation of Russian industry were published in America and England, and they are so convincing and give such full and detailed information that it is not necessary to add anything in order to show the complete destruction of industry made by the Bolsheviki. But the report of Mr. A. Rykov, chairman of the Supreme Council of National Economy, made in January, 1920, brought from soviet Russia by Mr. Gregory Alexinsky, is so full and gives so striking a picture of the state of industry in Russia that I dare to repeat in this article some extracts from it.

Mr. Rykov is a Bolshevik himself, and would rather show the situation of industry better than it really is. Rykov says that in 1918 they had nationalized eleven hundred and twenty-five factories and mills, and toward the close of 1919 about four thousand.

"That means," the report goes on, "that nearly the whole industry has been transferred to the state, to the soviet organizations, and that the industry of private owners, of manufacturers, has been done away with. Of these four thousand establishments only two thousand are working at present. All the rest are closed and idle. The number of workmen, by a rough estimate, is about one million. Thus you can see that both in point of number of workmen employed, as well as in point of numbers of still working establishments, the manufacturing industry is also in the throes of a crisis."

Industry Paralyzed

TWO of the main branches of industry, the metallurgical and textile industries, at the beginning of 1920 were in the following position: Out of eleven hundred and ninety-one metallurgical plants six hundred and fourteen had been nationalized. All plants had been given permits to obtain, in 1919, forty million poods—one pood equals thirty-six pounds—of metals, which, according to Rykov's figures, is only about thirty per cent of the total need of the country; but even of this thirty per cent only half has been utilized. In other words, the requirement of metals by Russian industry for 1919 was actually satisfied only to the extent of fifteen per cent. The supplies of metal ready for the soviet power were as follows: Twenty-five million black metals and up to five million poods colored; up to six million poods of nails and about three million poods of other articles.

"This," says Rykov, "is less than one-quarter of the need that must be satisfied in order to sustain at least a minimum of our industrial life. General machinery construction in 1919 was only thirty per cent as compared with 1913.

"These figures, thirty to forty per cent, prevail in the main branches of industry. This means that in economic respect, in the matter of supplying the population with footwear, clothing, metals, and in agricultural productions, soviet Russia is living only one-third as well as Russia lived before the war. This is able to continue one or more years. During this time, in this period, we have used up the old supplies, having subsisted on that which was left over from the preceding epoch of Russian history. But these supplies are becoming exhausted, and we are daily and hourly approaching closer and closer to the final crisis in these branches of industry.

"If you will consider the output of our nationalized textile industry you will obtain only ten per cent of the normal output. Out of one hundred and sixty-four thousand looms only eleven per cent were at work in 1919, and of seven million spindles only seven per cent. In the beginning of 1919 there were supplies of yarn amounting to seven hundred and twenty thousand poods, but in the beginning of 1920 there were only four hundred and sixty-seven thousand poods. During the period from January to March, 1919, soviet Russia produced one hundred to two hundred thousand poods of textiles a month, but from September to November only twenty-five to sixty-eight thousand poods, so that in this respect there has been an almost complete stoppage of the entire textile industry of the central territory, which was the most important in our textile industry, taking the third place after England and Germany, being inferior to the former, but competing with the latter."

Bolshevik Admissions of Failure

I DO not think that anything more is needed to complete the picture of Russian industry given by the competent and prominent Bolshevik, Rykov. These were the results of the socialization of industry. Evidently the productivity of industry had fallen, but had the standard of life of the workman risen? The following figures give the answer to this question: The normal rate of wages, as expressed in depreciated currency, presents an enormous increase. From thirty to sixty dollars a month in 1914, the average wages amounted to four hundred dollars in 1918 and fifteen hundred dollars in 1919. But while wages increase ten times the cost of foodstuffs increases a hundred times. Wages are paid with paper money, and the purchasing price of it falls a great deal faster than wages can be raised. So the position of the workmen is far from being improved.

The soviet government started by transferring the management of the factories to the workmen's committees, and it produced a very bad effect on production. The workmen did not work properly. Now the soviet government is trying to abolish this system and again to adopt the one-man management. It introduces very severe measures and punishments to compel the workmen to work. The majority of them oppose the soviet rule—they are not Bolsheviki. Only the poorest, the uneducated and the inexperienced support them.

It is a very peculiar thing that there is a shortage of labor in soviet Russia. Only one-half the factories are working, and they have not the necessary number of workmen. Bolshevik leaders state that the shortage of labor is so great that even the munition factories experience the greatest difficulties in finding the required number of workmen. They explain that the reason for the shortage of labor is because many workmen have left their factories for some other occupation. Some of them went to the country for agricultural work; others joined the red army, where the job is easier and the wages higher.

The Bolshevik Mr. Tomsky, chairman of the Central Council of Trade Unions, reported to the soviet authorities at the beginning of 1920 as follows:

"What has become of the labor forces of the industrial protectorate? If in the capitalistic society a shortage of labor means the most intensive activity of industry, in our case this has been caused by conditions which are unique and unprecedented in capitalistic economic experience: we observe an exodus of laborers from industrial centers, caused by poor living conditions. Those hundreds of skilled laborers who are at present lacking the most elementary and minimum requirements of industry have gone partly to the country, to labor communes, soviet farms, producers' associations; while another part, a very considerable one, serves in the army. But the proletariat also leaks away to join the ranks of petty profiteers and barter traders, we are ashamed and sorry to confess. All of this again is the result of the one fundamental cause—the very critical food situation in the cities, and in general the hard conditions of life for the industrial proletariat."

Thus the soviets destroyed the industry of Russia and made the living conditions of the workmen worse than they ever were.

The state of the railways in soviet Russia is desperate The Bolsheviki proclaimed railways for the railway workmen. At first they established workmen's committees for the management of the railways and supplanted single-man power by committee rule. The result was the complete disorganization of the railways.

One of the Bolshevik official reports says: "The position of our railways is so bad that a complete catastrophe is near. There is a menace of complete stoppage of traffic. The principal causes—the diminishing of production and of labor and the shortage of fuel, iron, and so on."

Rykov gives the following figures on the railway situation: "Before the war the percentage of disabled locomotives, even in the worst of times, never rose above fifteen per cent. At the present time, however, we have fifty-nine and one-half per cent of disabled locomotives—that

(Continued on Page 153)

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STYLEPLUS — *The big name in clothes*

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Fuel Facts

THE passing of the summer brings us face to face with the fuel outlook for the coming winter. Even during the warm months that have just passed, when there was no nip of frost to remind us that coal and oil are chief among the items classed as life's essentials, there were distinct rumblings indicating possible fuel troubles during the winter months to come.

It is only human nature for the public to leave the settlement of vital industrial disputes to the individuals directly concerned, so long as the effects of such controversies do not disturb the general comfort and well-being of the people at large. That is just what has happened in recent months. Behind the scenes the nation's fuel problem has been boiling, and Mister Citizen, in the meantime, has been so busy with his summer joys that he has lived happily forgetful of the wrath of winter and the annual worries concerning a shortage of coal.

Loading Coal in a Bituminous Mine. This and Other Machines are Helping the Coal Operators Meet the Serious Situation That Confronts Them

A small part of our population, however, has been looking ahead to the bleaker days when coal bins must be filled if health and industry are to be preserved. Some of these men, declaring that breakers are ahead, have cried out for the reappointment of a national fuel administrator. Coal-mining men, supported by the railroad officials, both of which groups shared the experience of close Federal supervision during the months of war, have opposed any such action, stating that there is no occasion to revert to wartime practices. John D. A. Morrow, vice president of the National Coal Association, who helped Doctor Garfield tide the nation over its coal crisis in 1918, and who is perhaps better informed in American fuel matters than any other individual, spent a while with me the other day, and in conversation covered the situation about as follows:

"The causes of our bituminous-coal troubles during the last summer are easily understood. They are a passing phase of our recovery from war conditions, and need patience more than anything else. Our troubles have come as a result of the coal strike of last fall, the switchmen's strike of this spring, and the country's shortage of transportation facilities resulting from the war. The coal year in the United States begins April first, and on that date last spring the coal in the bins of consumers—or, in other words, the nation's working coal capital—was only about 23,000,000 tons. This was approximately 12,000,000 tons below normal, and was chiefly due to the coal miners' strike which occurred late in 1919. It is also true that stocks of coal were especially low in the northeastern quarters of the United States when the new year started in April, and consumers generally had little or no coal in reserve to tide them over irregularities in shipment. Then the switchmen's strike came along, not only interfering with shipments from the mines but preventing consumers from obtaining their usual supplies of coal to store for the coming winter.

"The mines in the Appalachian fields, from the Tennessee-Kentucky line north into Pennsylvania, furnish the bulk of the bituminous coal used in New York and New England. The Appalachian region also provides all the bituminous coal that is now sent into Canada. Consumers require shipments of at least 28,000,000 tons monthly from these mines. During the winter all this output is consumed as fast as it is produced. During the summertime the current consumption drops to approximately 24,000,000 tons a month. The remaining shipments, amounting to from 4,000,000 to 6,000,000 tons a month, are normally used to build up stocks of coal against the coming winter in New England, Canada and in our Northwestern States. The Northwestern States and Canada must obtain yearly from 25,000,000 to 28,000,000 tons of coal during the summer months by shipment up the Great Lakes.

"The strike of the railroad switchmen on April first reduced shipments from these important Appalachian mines from the required 28,000,000 tons monthly to 22,700,000 in April and 23,400,000 in May. Thus current shipments were not equal to current consumption, and instead of laying up stocks, consumers found themselves obtaining coal on a hand-to-mouth basis, while their already scant stocks dwindled still further. By June fifteenth shipments up the Great Lakes were 5,000,000 tons behind normal, and Canada and New England were likewise seriously in arrears.

"Recognizing that transportation deficiencies were the cause of the trouble, the coal producers, through their national association, and the railways, through the Association of Railway Executives, recommended to the Interstate Commerce Commission that the coal mines be preferred in the distribution of open-top cars over other users of such cars, in order to permit increased shipments from the mines. It was shown that there were enough mines developed, with sufficient employees to provide all the coal needed, but the mines in many fields were able to ship coal on only three or four days out of the week, because no railroad cars were available on the remaining days.

"The Interstate Commerce Commission, as a result of these representations, issued an order effective June twenty-first giving the mines the increased car supply. Then the coal operators and the railway executives recommended two other orders by the Interstate Commerce Commission, to force the necessary movement of coal to Lake Erie ports for transhipment up the Great Lakes and to Atlantic ports for shipment to New England. These orders were also issued, and coal is now moving under both orders up to schedule. At the same time the increased shipments from the mines made possible by the greater supply of cars have not only taken care of current consumption but have permitted many consumers to accumulate large stocks of coal for winter use.

"Before this action was taken it was urged that exports of bituminous coal should be prohibited. To this proposal the coal operators objected, pointing out that most of the coal being exported could not be used in any other way, and that it was unfair to prevent the development of a foreign trade in coal. The coal men further stated that such procedure would almost certainly lead to serious objection from foreign nations dependent upon us for coal. As a matter of fact our fuel exports overseas now are only about twice what they were before the war, and are less than five per cent of our total output of bituminous coal. There is an opportunity for the development of an important export trade in coal with Europe and South America which will be of direct help in the expansion and retention of our foreign trade in manufactured products. The coal that we ship to foreign nations will furnish the bulk cargo from American ports, which will aid our manufacturers in obtaining lower car freight rates on their exports, just as formerly British coal exports floated England's great foreign trade in manufactured articles at low ocean rates."

It is evident from the foregoing brief summary by Mr. Morrow that urgent measures had to be taken during recent summer months if we were to avoid a fuel calamity this winter. There is no denying the fact that many industries were seriously hampered by the regulations that were issued giving transportation priority to coal shipments. In many sections of the country, and particularly in the East, the housing shortage is so acute that conditions are serious, and it was indeed unfortunate that railroad orders had to be issued hindering the shipment of building materials. But fuel is even more essential than new houses, and it is plain that there was no alternative for the action taken. Always it seems that our most serious situations can be traced directly to the evil effects of industrial strikes. Surely the public as a whole will some day realize the utter futility of trying to settle industrial disputes by curtailing the output of essential industries. The suffering that innocent people must bear as the result of such action is cruel and needless.

The coal industry in recent months unfortunately has provided the stage for a scene in shoe-string speculation that has been harmful in its every phase. During the past year the leading governments of the world have tied up all shipping by restrictions. Coal dealers in Europe and South America sold the coal markets of the world short. At the same time the dealers in the foreign countries sold shipping short. For example, let me assume a coal merchant in Italy. This man, we will say, knew he could buy coal in America for four or five dollars a ton. The same coal was selling in his markets for twenty-five to thirty dollars a ton. Ocean freights from the United States

(Concluded on Page 34)

"No car", says The Motor of London, "is perfect, and none ever will be; but the Model 59 Cadillac approaches that ideal as closely as any other car on the market *regardless of price or size*".

Extract from an editorial article published August 4, 1920, in The Motor, the National Motor Car Journal of Great Britain.

This remarkable tribute from a nation which never lightly bestows approval, but in a spirit of sportsmanship always admits and admires a superior achievement, releases us, we feel, from a reticence which has always governed our references to the Cadillac.

The truth of the matter is that we have never expressed to the American people our own deep and innermost convictions concerning the Cadillac.

We have refrained, from a sense of decent restraint, and because we have always felt that the Cadillac was its own most eloquent exponent.

But we feel, now, that we owe it to more than a hundred thousand American owners of the present type of Cadillac, to share this tribute with them, and at the same time, to set down, once and for all, an honest belief concerning it, which we are certain they share with us.

Heretofore, we may have seemed to consent, by our silence, at least, to the suggestion that a car equaling the Cadillac might possibly be bought at a considerably higher price.

Resting on the generous admission of our English friends, we want our real feeling in the matter to go on record for all time;—

If it was never proven before, we firmly believe the last three years have demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt, that, regardless of price, the Cadillac is the best car in the world.

Day after day, throughout these three years—in fierce competition with the world's best in the world war—traveling side by side with the very flower of French, English, Italian, and American manufacture—here at home, month after month—in tens of thousands of hands—the Cadillac has proven that money cannot build or buy a better car.

We who build the Cadillac have never wavered for a moment in this conviction.

We share it, now, with our friends, because we are sure that they, too, will derive from this unparalleled European tribute, at least a little of the deep satisfaction which it brings to us.

It will be our pleasure to quote further from European comments on the Cadillac in subsequent announcements, and to give you some of the reasons for the faith that is in us.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICHIGAN •

(Concluded from Page 32)

to Italy at the time varied from twenty-one to twenty-six dollars a ton of cargo. The dealer, figuring that shipping would not be higher and that the rate would likely be less, made large contracts for future delivery at the high prices prevailing months ago. In the meantime the rates for transatlantic shipment declined from an average of about twenty-three dollars a ton to approximately ten dollars a ton. This means that the Italian coal dealer who has future contracts to deliver coal at thirty dollars has a clear margin of ten or twelve dollars to work with.

Many American speculators, sizing up this situation, have lately purchased coal in various mining districts, and have shipped it to such ports as Charleston, South Carolina, and other points where transatlantic shipments are loaded. The railroad yards at these ports can hold only a certain number of cars of coal. The speculators who happen to own the coal already lying on the sidings in the Atlantic ports are able to block out shipments of coal from legitimate exporters. In other words, the speculative coal must be loaded into the vessels before any other coal can get into the yards. The demurrage charges for leaving loaded cars idle on the sidings are only a trifle, while on the other hand each day that an ocean-going ship lies idle in the harbor costs the owners no less than $2000. In the face of such a situation the coal speculators, with cars of fuel at the ports ready for loading, have been able to demand and receive unfair prices for their coal. Since practically all this coal handled in such manner has been shipped to the seaboard purely on the chance that it can be sold, the evil practice may be discontinued if the railroads can only be brought to require that all shipments of coal to Atlantic ports shall be further consigned to specific dealers or consumers in foreign lands. Every right-thinking citizen is desirous that America shall build up a substantial coal-export business, but none of us want such trade carried on in a way that boosts the price of coal unfairly here in America, and works a hardship on our domestic consumers.

One authority high up in the councils of the coal industry comments on the situation as follows: "Speculation in tide-water coal is as bad as it was in picric acid and munitions during the war. Advertisements in New York papers offering export and tide-water coal over names and telephone numbers never heard of before in the coal business have been investigated and found to emanate from cigar makers, corset manufacturers, bootblack shops, and so on. It has become a disgrace to the industry, and something must be done at once to prevent irresponsible people from utilizing railroad cars and tide-water pools for this kind of gambling."

There is one thing I want to clear off my conscience before concluding this brief coal discussion. Many agents of fuel-oil concerns have been advancing beautiful arguments of late urging the substitution of oil for coal in the manufacture of steam for industrial purposes. Coal does make a sort of mess round a power plant, and is far from being as clean and handy as oil when used as a fuel. However, I want to go on record as saying that the substitution of oil for coal for steam-raising, in view of the present world outlook with regard to oil resources, is to my mind a practice that should be stopped. We have a coal supply that will last 500 to 2000 years, and an oil supply that may be exhausted in ten or twelve years. Oil has essential uses, where nothing else can be substituted for it. Furthermore, at present prices it is far more expensive than coal, even when the latter is sold at record figures. Oil at only $1.40 a barrel is equivalent to bituminous coal at $6.78 a ton; oil at $1.60 a barrel is equivalent to bituminous coal at $7.70 a ton. Very few plants are paying that much for coal or so little for oil.

Let those who contemplate the use of oil for power purposes consider these words of M. L. Requa, one of the nation's leading authorities on oil: "For petroleum there is no satisfactory substitute as a lubricant; its exhaustion spells commercial chaos or commercial subjugation by the nation or nations that control the future source of supply from which petroleum will be derived. There is but one escape, and that is the discovery of some substitute, now unknown, that will as effectively and economically lubricate the machinery of the nation."

Following the same line of thought is this statement of Gilbert and Pogue, of the Mineral Technology Division of the United States National Museum: "Unfortunately, the swing away from coal in favor of fuel oil still continues. The possibilities of oil-energized automotive agencies are so great and vital that before long it will be looked upon as an inconceivable folly that oil should ever have been used for steam-raising, the most glaring economic perversion that this country has ever been guilty of. It is absolutely essential to turn the tide back toward coal. If coal cannot meet the issue, our industrial activities must be curtailed. There is no other way out."

Coal is used wastefully, which is a fact no one can deny. It is probably true that in the average power plant for every dollar's worth of fuel put under the boilers less than two cents' worth ever reaches the finished product in the way of direct power. But our extravagance in the burning of coal is being gradually rectified, and in the meantime, notwithstanding our waste, we still have centuries of supplies here in our mountains and prairies. On the other hand, just imagine for a moment the extent of the calamity to civilization should our oil resources become exhausted. Eliminate gasoline, and where would be our automotive industries? Eliminate kerosene and lubricating oils, and see what would happen to the world's great industries. All the machines in every American plant are wholly dependent upon an adequate supply of lubricants. Anyone who is debating the question of whether or not to substitute oil for coal for fuel purposes should give careful consideration to all such facts.

Management Methods

I HAVEN'T taken the time to look up the exact meaning of the word "efficiency" in the latest dictionary, so I'll venture the statement that the most efficient person, corporation or nation is the one most adept in the elimination of waste. In other words, if success depends upon efficiency, then the way to succeed is to persist in a single aim—the practice of economy in time, effort and material.

Whatever uncertainty I entertained concerning the correct meaning of efficiency and its proper application to business, much of my confusion disappeared after a recent talk with one of our young big men who is noted as a master in the art of accomplishment. Said he: "Although some men are born more efficient than others it is my observation that great skill in getting things done comes more from constant practice and earnest study than from inherited ability. Some men make more out of the odds and ends of opportunities, which many carelessly throw away, than others get out of the big chances of a lifetime. The thing we build depends on the way we handle the material as well as the material itself."

This young executive attributed much of his success to a strict adherence to a few simple rule-of-thumb methods. Early in life he had formed the habit of making careful notes covering all ideas of an important nature occurring to him both during and after business hours. These notes were later dictated to his secretary, who classified them and prepared the way for the development and execution of the thoughts. Much mental effort was thus saved by this plan of capturing stray ideas. Each day's work is scheduled as nearly as possible, and every endeavor is made to see that there is no departure from the program previously arranged.

One of the first things this high official had learned was that manufacturing and other costs may sometimes be materially reduced by increasing the rate of wages paid the employees. In one of his plants output had been increased seventy per cent, largely as a result of a thirty per cent advance in wages. In all branches of the business it is the company's policy to keep a careful history of each employee, making frequent and accurate notes of the workers' gains, losses, virtues and faults.

"Before being advanced to the presidency of our company," said this executive, "I held a position where much of my time was devoted to the everyday details of office and factory management. In this work I made it a rule to employ frequently a trained investigator to go over our methods and make suggestions. It was my plan to call in a different man each time so as to derive the greatest benefit from a variety of experience. I remember that one expert caused us to put in an automatic call system at several plants so that we could locate men with a minimum of delay. Other suggestions led to the adoption of a plan of offering rewards to our workmen for worth-while ideas to improve the quality and quantity of the goods manufactured. This latter scheme has brought to light a number of valuable thoughts that later were worked into practical inventions saving time and money for the company and bringing a reward to the ingenious workman.

"Years of experience in office and factory management teach many lessons, but it is difficult to declare that any one particular scheme is absolutely correct in all cases, for two managers in charge of similar plants often gather opposite ideas from their business practice because of their differing viewpoints on business and life generally. I have also found that a majority of the individual failures coming to my attention have resulted from the employee's trying to get along without following a carefully arranged schedule for each day's work. Every day of each person's life should be planned. The real problem is to discover whether the individual can satisfactorily plan his or her own day. Greater success will come from the employee fixing his own schedule than will result from the workman following an arbitrary routine laid down by the company."

In answering my many questions the young president displayed a knowledge of office and factory detail that was unusual in one whose time was largely taken up with executive duties of a most important nature. Reduced to the fewest words, the principal ideas uncovered were about as follows: Many so-called managers do only the work of a foreman. The latter is employed chiefly to do routine work in the way of bossing others, while the manager is hired to be more than a boss—he is expected to turn out original ideas and plans. Too many managers are paid for merely holding down a job, whereas the amount of their salary should be determined by the quantity of work they turn out. It is unfortunate that up to the present time we have not been able to standardize mental processes in the same way as we have physical processes; however, it is now an accepted fact that a person is efficient only in proportion to how much and how fast he can think.

Time can be saved by reserving the best hours of each business day for the hardest jobs. Efficiency experts state that a man's mind is at its best between eight and eleven in the morning. That is therefore the time to put on your schedule the difficult thinking jobs of organizing, creating and planning. It is also a good idea for an official to arrange his duties so as to alternate different kinds of tasks. Business studies have proved that it is often unwise to stick to one job until it is finished. Frequently the total time spent on a task can be shortened if the worker will leave it when he feels himself going stale on the job. At such a moment it is best to turn to a different kind of work, later returning to the first job and finishing it.

Perhaps no one thing causes greater waste on the part of executives than the practice of doing many little things that can be done just as well by a lower-priced employee. It is a good rule never to write a letter, sharpen a pencil, carry on a telephone conversation or see a caller if anybody else in the office whose time is worth less can do it for you. Many a man with a splendid mind works at half efficiency because he has not learned to dismiss worry and discontent from his thinking machine, even during the hours when he is engaged on his most important duties.

The conservation of time is promoted by having your secretary or stenographer lay on your desk each morning a schedule of appointments. One way to increase the value derived from an interview is to take notes during the conversation and later have these transcribed and properly filed. Those men who accomplish the greatest amount of work each day have become proficient in the art of allotting the minimum amount of time for each operation in the day's work and then striving to reduce this minimum in actual practice. The best kind of schedule is the one that assigns a certain time of each day to the performance of a special job. It isn't a bad plan to have your subordinates understand that there are certain times of the day when you can be seen and other hours when you are absolutely unavailable. One way to prevent a disarrangement of your schedule by interviews is to figure out an approximate maximum of time that a caller should consume, and then keep that maximum in mind or on paper before you during the interview.

An effort should be made to train each employee to become a critic of his own work. One way to cause a worker to take pride in his accomplishments is to intrust him on certain occasions with special tasks requiring a sense of personal responsibility. This plan should be followed even with employees whose regular work is entirely mechanical. Considerable benefit is often derived from a policy of watching for special talents in employees. Whenever it is possible the worker should be given some kind of daily task in addition to his regular duties so that he will have an opportunity to spend a part of his time in working along the line in which he is most adept. Every person is encouraged when allowed to do something in which he can excel.

The floor plan of every office and factory should be so worked out that there will be no unnecessary walking on the part of employees. In nine out of ten offices and manufacturing establishments to-day a rearrangement of furniture, partitions and general equipment could be so effected that hundreds of feet of walking by workers each day could be eliminated. Useless and expensive traveling to and fro can be materially reduced by installing an intercommunicating telephone system. This also cuts down the frequency of office visits. The desks and departments that an executive consults most frequently should be located nearest to him.

Experience has taught that it is profitable for a company to provide an office with something akin to home comforts. Good light, plenty of heat, pure drinking water and a well-equipped washroom have a dollars-and-cents value. It is a good plan to open doors and windows during the luncheon hour in winter as well as in summer. Better work has been found to result from a change in office air. Attractive workaday surroundings create a better attitude on the part of workmen and increase output.

In this day of modern labor-saving appliances it is unnecessary as well as unwise to permit employees to put nervous energy and brain effort into jobs that could be done better, cheaper and more speedily by dictating, duplicating, billing and computing machines. Such devices pay for themselves in a remarkably short period of time.

Too little attention is generally paid to the arrangement of desks in a large office.

Workers should not be so placed that they face each other or use the same desk. Both plans are distracting. Three or four feet of space should be allowed on all sides of each desk, and if possible the desks should be so placed that the workers will be back to back.

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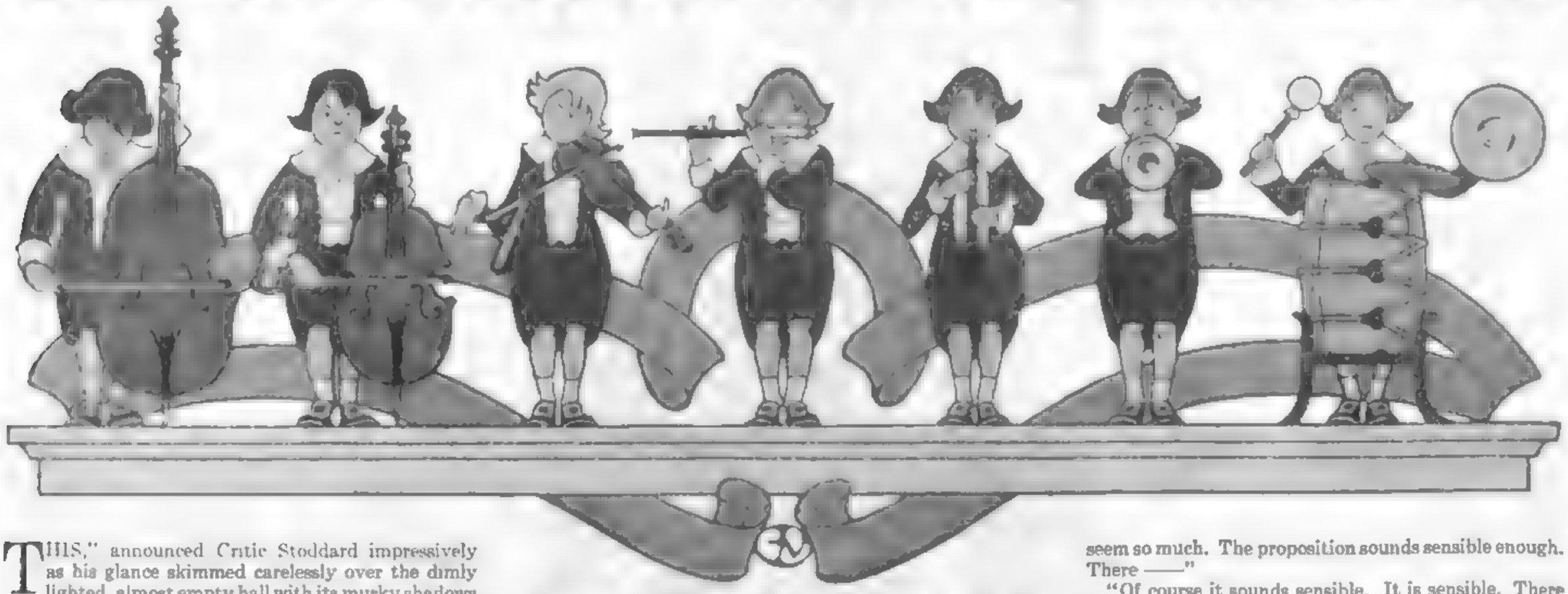


By RUTH MILLER

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

"THIS," announced Critic Stoddard impressively as his glance skimmed carelessly over the dimly lighted, almost empty hall with its murky shadows casting an eerie opalescence over the stray skeptical reporters and faithful music patrons, and rested with frank satisfaction upon the conventional stodgy triangle of stiff orchestra chairs which somehow managed to appear almost scandalized at their strange new occupants; a dignified important triangle which spread out upon the full lighted stage like a dowager's half opened fan with the conductor's dais for the imposing handle—"this is a historical occasion."

"Well," answered his companion, "I hope certainly that it proves to be something like that. When I read the announcement that to-day was the first rehearsal of the Students' Orchestra I felt that I wanted to drop in and see how things went. From all I hear it seems that the base motive back of this enterprise is the training of American musicians for our great orchestras." He smiled reminiscently. "It would be something of an innovation to have the members of our symphony orchestras taken from the rank and file of American musicians instead of being brought over from Europe, wouldn't it?"

Giving Home Talent a Chance

"I SHOULD say so," responded Mr. Stoddard emphatically, "considering that for years the American musician has hammered for admittance to the established orchestras, all liberally supported, of course, by American business men; has raged and pleaded, written indignant letters to the newspapers about what he asserted was crass artistic discrimination against him, and for all the consideration he got or any impression he made on the powers that be he might as well have been talking to the wind. When an orchestra man died, was pensioned or plain canned the eminent conductor of that particular organization usually betook himself to Europe and brought back one of their bush-league musicians to fill the vacancy."

"Yes, I know," the other nodded thoughtfully. "But wasn't it argued that the American musician didn't have the orchestral routine, the knowledge of the big symphonic works, the ——"

"Yes." Mr. Stoddard smiled a bit cynically. "And there they had us in a way, for the only orchestral routine permitted the American musician was what he could gain in the movie orchestras. How in the name of common sense," he exploded in an indignant burst, "could he get a working knowledge of the big band when the nearest he was allowed to get to a symphony orchestra was to occupy a quarter seat in the gallery at one of its concerts? But that much advertised inexperience on the part of the American musician is the thing that is going to be done away with, and the means by which it is going to be made a thing of the past is right there before you on that platform." He made a comprehensive gesture that enveloped the industriously tuning orchestra recruits on the stage. "Just give these youngsters a chance, and when they are taught to concentrate, to have as much music in their heads as they already have in their fingers, we'll have an orchestra that is a world beater. A good hard grind under a real orchestra conductor, a whack at real orchestral discipline—and I tell you you won't know them in six weeks."

"But from all I hear," his companion said thoughtfully after a moment, "this is going to be a pretty expensive proposition. I understand that after a member has successfully passed his examination he signs a contract like any other orchestra man, which guarantees him a nominal sum for each rehearsal and performance. You'd think that students would be willing to pay for training like this."

"There you go. Great Scott, music students haven't any money, particularly the good ones. Why rail at the American for falling short when he is compared with the skilled European whose training has always been taken care of by the government? Abroad they have their municipal orchestras, just as they have their state endowed schools for dancing and pantomime, where the best pupils of the various conservatories serve their orchestral apprenticeships, admitted by competitive examination. Why, the boss himself"—referring nonchalantly to the noted conductor who had just taken his place on the dais and was making a brief little talk to these newly assembled disciples of his—"received his first training in one of those orchestras. This costs—this first practical step toward the Americanization of our great musical organizations—fifteen thousand dollars a year to support, raised by popular subscription; the Orchestra Association gives them the use of the hall and the library gratis; and, of course, with the conductors it is purely a labor of love. I understand that its promoters guarantee that if given that support for five years the Students' Orchestra will be self-supporting."

"Well," the other admitted slowly, "when you consider that certain established orchestras have a yearly deficit of two hundred thousand dollars, fifteen thousand doesn't seem so much. The proposition sounds sensible enough. There ——"

"Of course it sounds sensible. It is sensible. There is no reason on earth why our orchestras shouldn't be Americanized ultimately. Will you tell me why an American-born boy shouldn't have as much chance to earn his living in one of these vast musical enterprises of ours as a German, a Russian or a Frenchman?"

"But what about these Europeans we have already?"

"Oh, they'll die off in time," answered the redoubtable Mr. Stoddard with heartless cheerfulness. "But, good Lord, I have no desire to eliminate the imported musician if he is worth anything. Nobody else has. All anybody wants is that the good American musician be given consideration over the third-rate foreigner."

He paused a moment and then said reflectively:

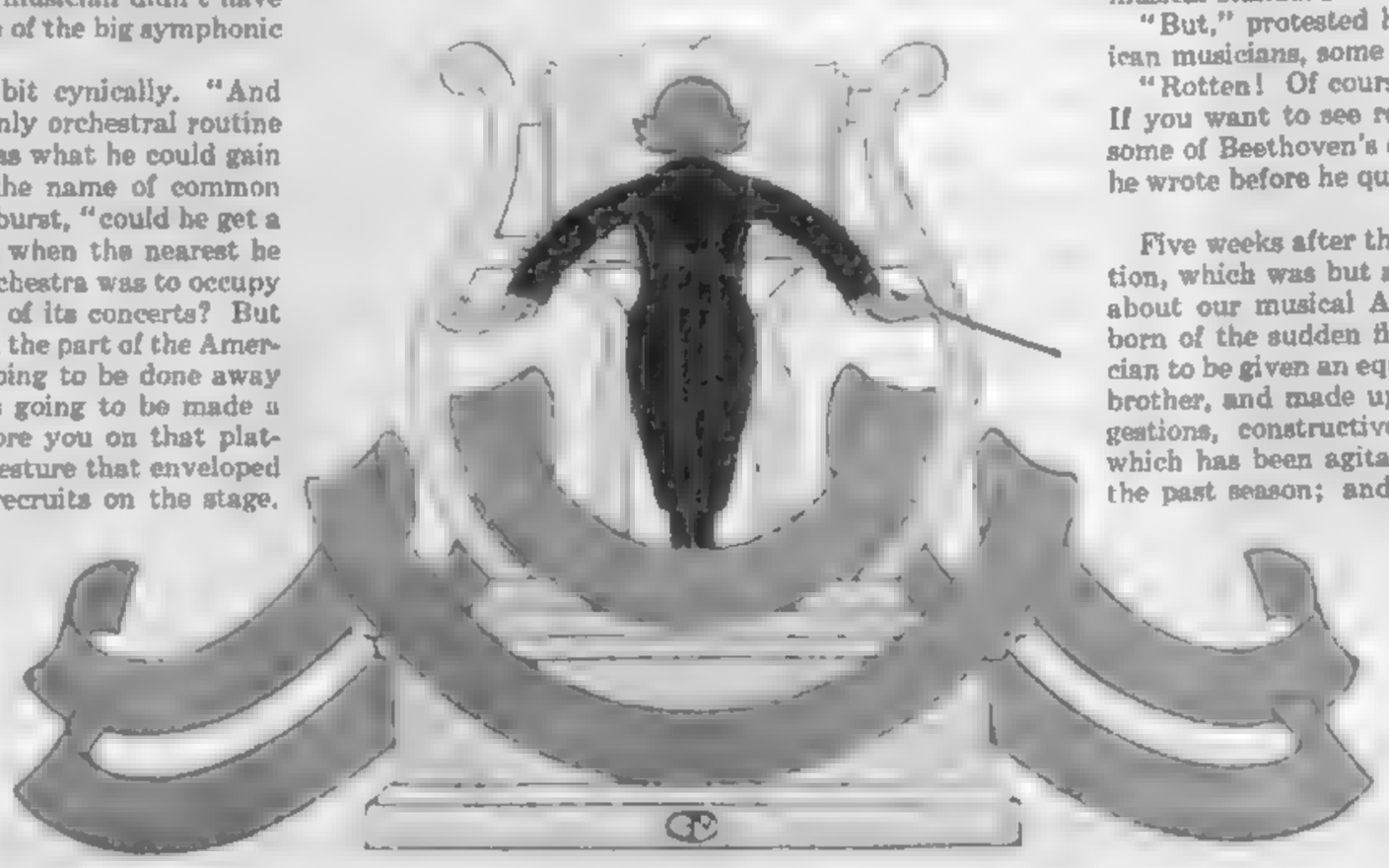
"Do you happen to know that in this land of the free there is not one American-born musician in authority in the high places? We have two orchestral conductors whom we might risk calling great—both importations. During the war the Federal authorities objected to the activities of two of our importations, and now they are back home."

Why Not an American Leader?

"AS FOR the rest ——" He shrugged expressively. Then: "Now will you tell me why we shouldn't put a sincere American-born musician in artistic control of one of our great established musical organizations, someone who has probably as much experience in orchestral conducting as any of several of these importations, and who would be willing to work his head off to make good, instead of rushing abroad every time there is a shortage and bringing back some European, who like as not will prate of the internationalism of art and spend his time promoting the music and musicians of his own nationality, telling you in a soft deprecating voice that American music and musicians are interesting, show great promise; but it is not quite time, they are not quite ready; he must maintain the high musical standard of his organization."

"But," protested his companion mildly, "some American musicians, some of our music is ——"

"Rotten! Of course it is—some of it. But what of it? If you want to see really poor music writing go unearth some of Beethoven's earlier works—say two or three trios he wrote before he quite got the hang of the thing."



Five weeks after the above pertinent scrap of conversation, which was but a fragment from that vast argument about our musical Americanization, a heated discussion born of the sudden flat demand of the native-born musician to be given an equal artistic chance with his European brother, and made up of a mass of sane and insane suggestions, constructive criticism and hysterical ranting, which has been agitating musician and layman alike for the past season; and just five weeks after their first rehearsal the Civic Music Students' Orchestra of Chicago made its initial bow to the world of greater music. Through the medium of a program which contained, along with the usual standard compositions, the popular and far from easy Fifth Symphony of that determined musical pessimist, Tschaikovsky—a gentle music

(Continued on Page 38)

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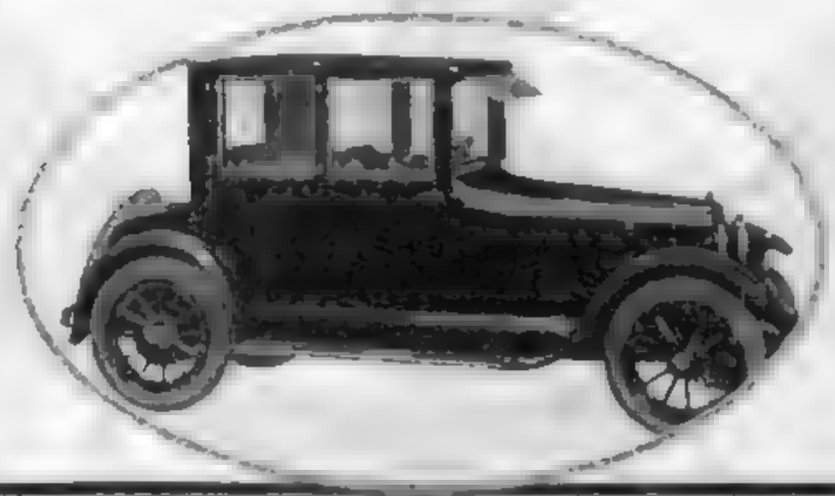

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maker who had the knack of lugubrious self-pity down to a fine art—this precocious organization displayed, with a wholly pardonable touch of youthful bombast and audacious flourish, an orchestral ensemble which as to balance of tone, precision of attack, unity and unexpected command of shading would have been a distinct credit to a body of far more pretentious players. The fact that such a high standard of performance was possible with students, and American students at that, after only five weeks of rehearsal set the greater musical world gabbling like the startled inmates of a barnyard, excitedly, enthusiastically or perhaps a little enviously scornful, depending upon the speaker's musical politics and locale. But these sixty-odd young Americans, boasting of every type of cognomen from the simple five-lettered Anglo-Saxon to the explosive, complex and reminiscently Teutonic or Slavic, ignoring the clamor bent their energies to that favorite pastime of young America—showing the world.

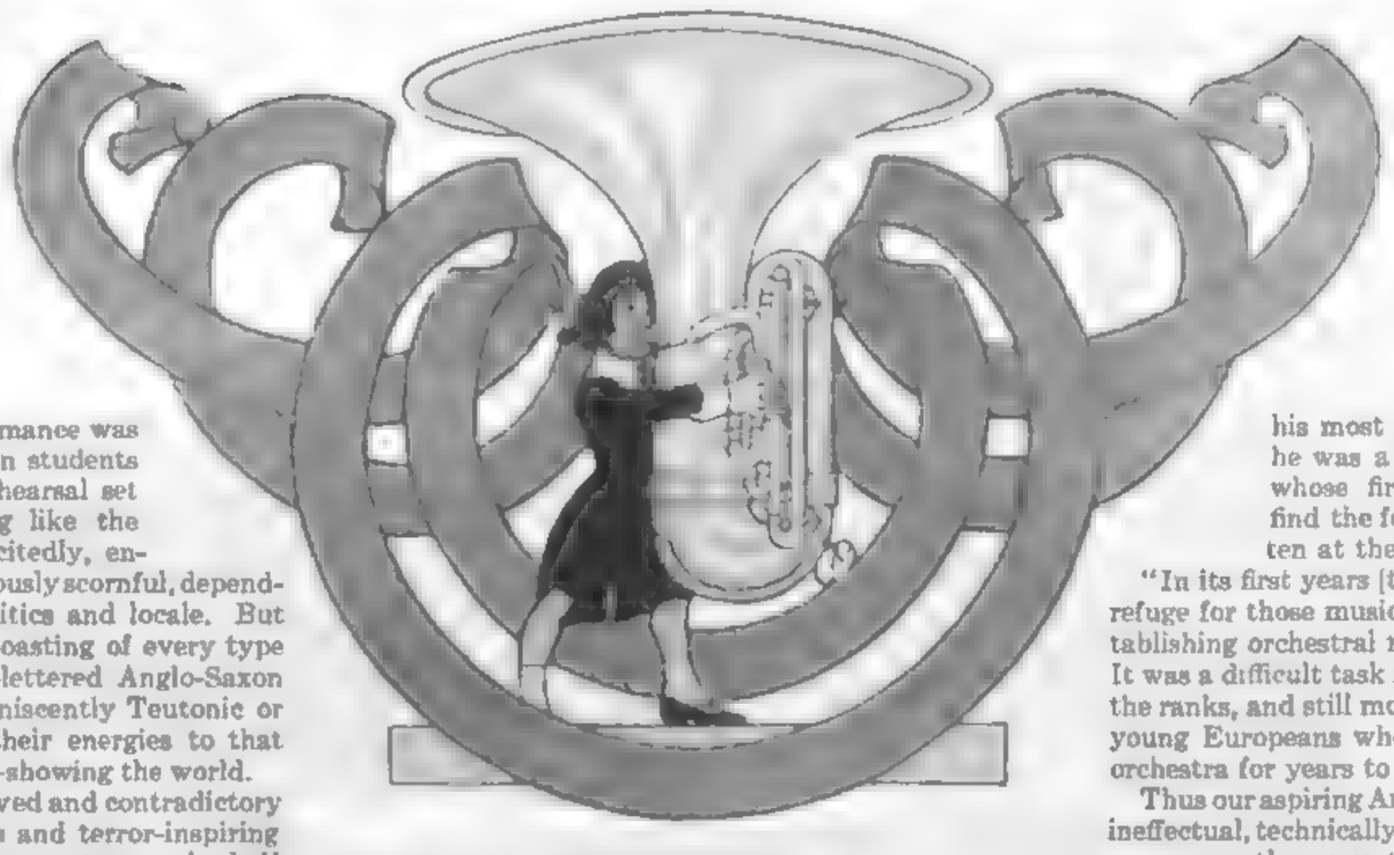
As I prowled through piles of involved and contradictory records of the puritanical prejudices and terror-inspiring superstitions of our ancestors of only a century and a half ago I wondered feebly, not that the beginnings of instrumental music in America were dilatory, but that that pale sprig of art creeping to life under the heavy stifling plank of bigotry and ostracism ever managed to exist at all. For those sturdy forefathers of ours not only shrank back in horror from the devil-ridden fiddle but had conscience-stricken moments about the entire sanctity of psalm singing, no doubt considering that to get up in public and open their mouths deliberately to praise the Lord in such a boisterous manner savored of vanity, immorality or at best decided flightiness. History has it that they did try to put a better face on the undignified proceeding by suggesting that they keep themselves pure and undefiled by warbling only with "church members and Christians" and avoid the contamination of "carnall men and pagans."

The Beginnings of American Music

THESE builders of a mighty nation, delightfully credulous in the matter of art, believed that vocalization had some connection with sorcery and witchcraft, and one did not acquire skill in psalmody through any prosaic human study or practice, but instead it descended upon one in a spiritual burst, much after the manner in which one got salvation. Record has it, too, that when some merry heretic introduced the first organ into America it created a great scandal and the old guard of prominent citizens were all for doing something decisive about it like organizing a forerunner of the Boston Tea Party and pitching the sacrilegious instrument into the sea.

But nevertheless in the very face of that pioneer antagonism a scattering few irrepressibles, actuated by the only real, spontaneous and pure musical impulse extant—namely, the unconquerable desire of certain human beings to get together and express their emotions through the more or less harmonious medium of the lugubrious bassoon and the complaining catgut—an impulse which has to answer for all glee clubs, choral societies, festival choruses, sings, amateur orchestras and quartets, hatched a musical history-making plot and organized our first orchestra.

Almost simultaneous with this first recorded orchestral effort of ours there sprang up in various cities other little musically ambitious groups; and as far as any definite findings in old manuscripts, drawings and histories go, these embryo American musical enterprises were made up of very much the same chaotic collection of instruments and players and scrambled together in the same haphazard fashion as was the remote first orchestral effort. For music, no matter how commercialized, organized and sensationalized it is to-day, has always had its humble origin, like every other beautiful, great or enduring thing, in the hearts and impulses of the sincerest and least pretentious people.



In those old days when, as far as immigration went, the sky was the limit and practically every American was a converted European there was no talk of the need of Americanization as there is to-day. The members of our first orchestras might have been the older Anglo-Saxon or French or German, fleeing poverty, want or the consequences of meddling too assiduously in the muddy politics of their different countries following the French Reign of Terror and the Teutonic difficulty of 1848—an insatiable, unconquerable and incongruous vice of the disciples of an art which is supposed to know no political boundaries—but when actually established in this country they became nothing but whole-hearted Americans. In fact they frowned upon wholesale musical importations.

For example, there was the European conductor who came over here with his orchestra to save the American heathen who walked in musical darkness, whose undertaking failed ignominiously. He took this failure very much to heart and when he got back to Germany he sat down and wrote a stinging piece for his home paper in which he said in part:

"How much soever the American as a business man perhaps surpasses most European nations, just so much perhaps in all departments of the fine arts—but especially in music—is he behind all, and is therefore not capable of enjoying instrumental music. It is a matter of course that only the so-called anticlassical music can in any degree suit the taste of the American public, such as waltzes, galops, quadrilles—above all, polkas!"

Since in this fragmentary sketch there is space to touch upon only the high lights of our orchestral history we cannot follow these earlier organizations through their amusing and pathetic struggles—including the incident of the sad plight of one of them upon being left in ignominious darkness by an irate janitor who put out the lights because the indigent musicians did not have the necessary ten dollars to pay the rental of the hall—we shall merely note in passing an occurrence of hardly forty years ago which was responsible for starting the fashion of wholesale European musical importations.

At that time one of these pioneer orchestras was not doing very well. It was musically undernourished, and humiliated its promoters by making an extremely poor showing. Since it has always been the fatuous practice in our art or letters whenever one of them was half drowned by an accidental wave of incompetency to apply the pulmotor of what we fondly believed to be superior European culture, an enterprising citizen imported a conductor from Vienna to take charge of this orchestra, a leader of whom even his most lenient historians can only say that he was a superb drillmaster, and concerning whose first American musical activities we find the following illuminating fragment written at the time:

"In its first years [this orchestra] had been the pleasant refuge for those musicians who had been prominent in establishing orchestral music in its larger forms in the city. It was a difficult task for him to turn these veterans out of the ranks, and still more unpopular to fill their places with young Europeans who were to form the lifeblood of the orchestra for years to come."

Thus our aspiring American musicians, perhaps musically ineffectual, technically inefficient and ludicrous—but surely no more so than a certain imported conductor of the eighties who calmly and pompously changed every chord and eliminated any phrase that he did not understand in a composition—had their various instruments snatched away from them and were shut out in the cold. And regardless of the fact that their alleged inefficiency has been replaced years ago by the entire musical competency and skill of others who have received the most expert of American and European training, the native-born musician has been kept in the rôle of an outsider ever since. It was the beginning, that episode in the early eighties, of the domination of our vast musical machines by the European.

Overseas Musical Despotism

IN CASE it is thought that this humble reporter is indulging in fanciful flights or statistical extravagances she submits meekly and respectfully the source of her information, the prosaic record known as Who's Who in Music, and the various rosters of our great musical organizations, which contain in the lists of imposing hundreds a scant poor handful of the American-born, fairly recent additions for the most part, and generally relatives of some older member of the organization.

As a matter of course this Continental musical despotism has had a very decided and to-be-expected psychological effect upon our musical type. For after being ignored and shoved aside, our practical musician changed from the fearless pioneer who dared and defied antagonistic puritanism and planted the seed of an exquisite art in the harsh soil of a forbidding new country, to a cautious, shrinking member of the noted and prolific family of copycat. Coming from a vital and original people, our musicians developed, paradoxically enough, into a race of musical pedants; upholders of European traditions, fleet of finger and torpid of initiative. The playing of our masculine pianists was referred to by music reporters as "chaste," and various American artists gave their interpretations with a "papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism" twist to the mouth.

In short, a great number of the native school became very much like a young violinist who took it into his head to apply for a place in a certain well-known orchestra. In the preliminary examination of a novice orchestra man, before he is given a practical tryout with the big band, it is customary along with the tests for sight reading and technical proficiency to have the applicant play some solo as a criterion of his talent and general musical erudition. The ambitious youth having gained his audition had come through the trickier part of his examination with flying colors and was well launched in his solo. The conductor, listening more or less automatically, as the trained supermusician will, was beginning to think happily that here was

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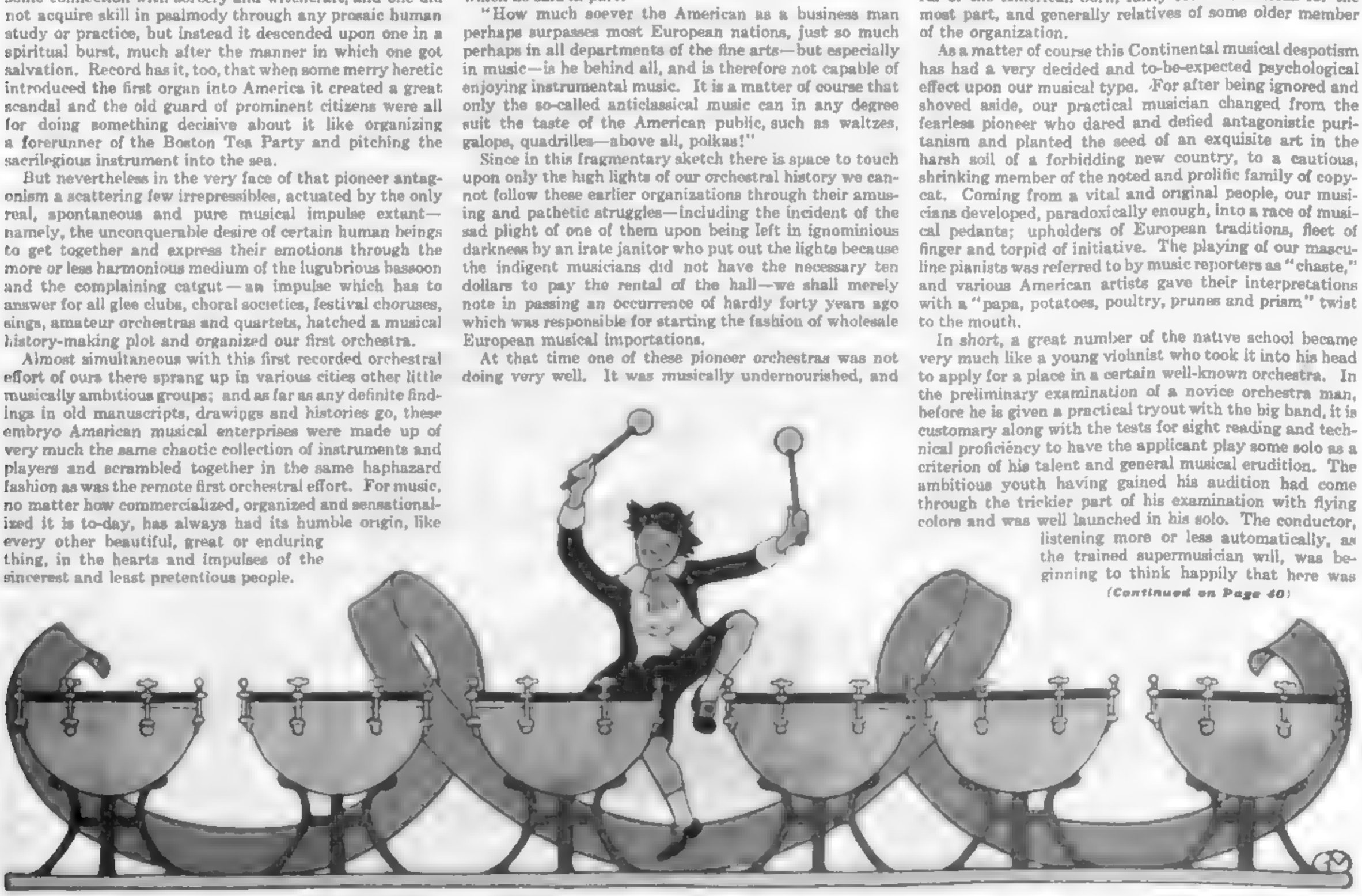
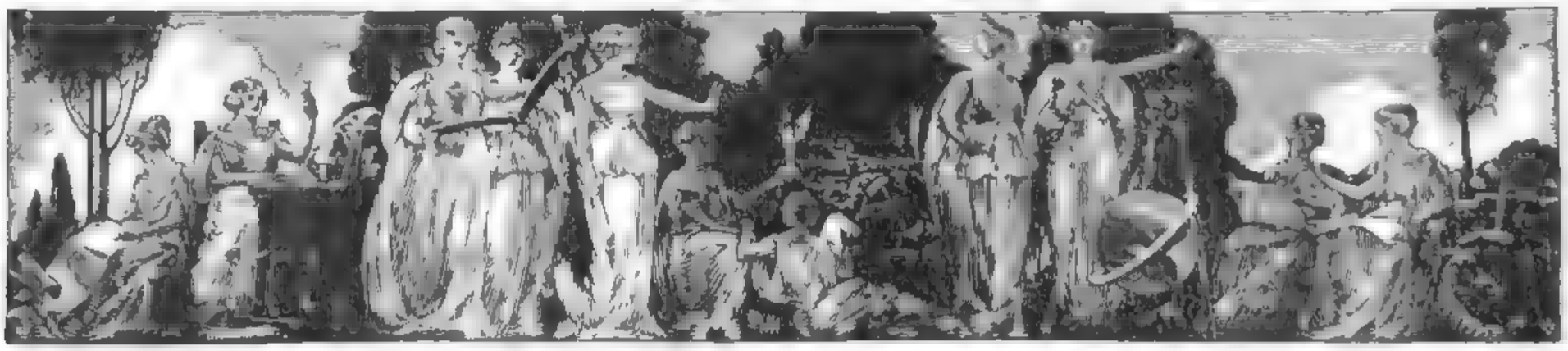


The Influence of Craftsmanship



A HEALTHY discontent is the inspiration of all progress, for it stimulates better thinking, bigger doing and more courageous dreaming.

It is New England's creative discontent that has produced intellectual standards, an educational system, inventive genius and craftsmanship that are famous throughout America and the world. The same eternal search for a better way to do things has given us the telegraph, the cotton gin, the modern newspaper printing press, vulcanized rubber and a multitude of other epoch-making New England inventions.

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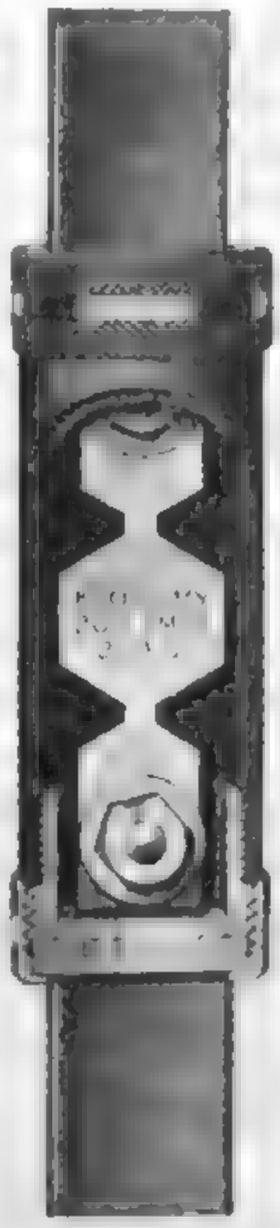

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someone to whom he could accord something better than the stereotyped advice as to more study and diligent practice when he was jarred into alertness by the sudden cessation of the music. The dexterous fiddler had not stopped exactly in the middle of a so-called purling run, but he had deliberately taken his violin down from his chin in a place that left the music like the mythical gymnast, with both feet in the air.

"Well," asked the conductor a little sharply after a moment, "why do you stop?"

"Er—that's all I know."

"Oh, I see,"—somewhat mollified. "You haven't practiced enough on the rest to feel sure of it—a very good sort of musical conscience. But the following development—this next part is very interesting, isn't it? A very clever conceit on the part of the composer?"

"Why—why, I suppose"—at least the now thoroughly rattled aspirant was no liar—"that is, I don't know."

"You don't know?" The veteran musician looked at him curiously and then said brusquely: "Well, why not? Why not? You have formed some sort of an opinion of it, haven't you? You've played it through of course?"

"Well—n-no."

"What! Do you mean to say that you never played this composition through? Had you no curiosity? In the name of—well, why didn't you?"

"Why," explained the admirable youth cautiously, "when I got that far my teacher died."

Our American orchestras, with the exception perhaps of those first homely attempts which resulted more in a splendid enthusiasm and excellent musical intentions than any practical accomplishment, have suffered none of the hardships of the building period of conducting. There has been little of that haphazard evolution of her orchestral leaders from the man who sat at his organ or harpsichord and wagged his head gently to keep his players together, who tapped out an impatient beat with a remonstrative shoe or imperatively brought the stragglers into line by an occasional sharply uplifted hand, to the conductor who, relieved of the onerous duties of combination leader and player and placed upon a dais with a slender feather-light wand in his hand, proceeded to weave the confused mass of tone colors and rhythms emanating from the different sections—the throbbing, lyrical violins, the blatant brasses, the dreamy violas, the incurably pastoral wood winds, the somber cellos, the gruff double basses with their perpetual musical grouch and the clattering tympanies and tin shop—into the perfect semblance of some strange, splendid instrument played upon by a master hand.

Old Style Conducting

Practically the only examples of that quaint, earlier manner of conducting that this country has ever had are to be found in the present-day violinist leaders of the thriving movie orchestras and the wily manipulators of the intriguing saxophone in the mushroom crop of jazz bands just now overwhelming the country. For our aristocratic highbrow orchestra leaders have always been imported, finished, sophisticated; some good, some bad, and some mediocre.

But fortunately for our great esthetic development and the raising of America's colossal orchestral machines to the highest artistic standard these importations numbered that rare genius, the orchestral builder, along with the time beater elevated to his important post by musical politics, crass stupidity or our naïve adoration of the European label. These were master leaders, men who understood their musicians, possessed an almost hypnotic power of bringing out the best in them; sincere and indefatigable workers to whom no instrument, whether the clicking castanets or the clamorous triangle, was too trivial, whose part was too insignificant in the orchestral scheme for analysis and painstaking consideration.

The first of them came to America when Broadway was a street of two-story frame houses, with pigs trotting amiably through it and guzzling the refuse. When he needed money this great musical crusader and irascible genius, to whom America owes much of her present orchestral greatness, hied himself to the nearest barroom and fiddled for it. But it is a more modern member of this illustrious clan who, possessed of a streak of uncanny ingenuity, wins the diamond medal for accommodating himself to the exigencies of necessity. When he was young and embarrassingly poor—that combination apparently necessary for the perfect development of a great musician—he woke up one morning to the disheartening fact that though his musical education had been provided for by a scholarship in a famous European conservatory the crude monetary means by which he might eat and clothe himself had been carelessly overlooked. The ways of earning money were decidedly limited for a young man who must devote the bulk of his time to music, and he was at his wit's end. With a fellow student who was but little better off he anxiously discussed the subject of finances pro and con and upside down and down side up, but made little headway until the father of his friend, an old-time member of a regimental band, suggested that the three of them with one or two others form a little orchestra to play for country dances.

They promptly seized upon and put this practical suggestion into execution, but lest their artistic reputation, that fatuous fetish of the intensely serious musical young, be forever ruined by the fact of their vulgar proletarian occupation being noised about, they maintained the greatest secrecy in organizing their little band, which consisted of two violins, a cello, a cornet and the indispensable double bass, that clumsy giant beetle of the string family, so difficult to play in tune and which generally makes its player lopsided. It fell to the lot of the embryo conductor to lead this amiable bull fiddle, to give it its vulgar appellation, through its paces.

A Man of Resource

It happens that the dances of the peasantry of Europe are whole-souled, boisterous activities, flourishing most, particularly in Austria, at the end of a perfect, serenely devout Sunday, and are deemed dull, disappointing affairs if they don't end in a free-for-all fight. The soldiery have a high-handed fashion of dropping in just when things are well started and calmly appropriating the prettiest girls in the room, a proceeding that always meets with violent disapproval on the part of the country escorts of the captured damsels. But in the exuberance of the ensuing lively brawls, where the girls stand off to one side and weep delightedly out of sheer pride, there is no malice, and when the combatants are tired, both sides—in order to break off the fracas gradually and with no detriment to their individual prowess—turn their belligerent attentions to the musicians. To protect these unoffending entertainers from beer steins, cutlery, handy dishes and any other rough-and-ready missile they were put in a little concealing gallery at one end of the hall, high up above the dancers.

The little orchestra lived through a number of these frenzied engagements and were congratulating themselves upon their unqualified success in the realm of the musical lowbrow when one afternoon arriving at a certain railway station to take a train for a near-by village where they were to play two hours later, they discovered, to their consternation, that that essential instrument, the double bass, was missing. Everybody hastened to accuse everybody else of negligence, excuses flew, but no amount of language served to produce the instrument without whose rhythmic umph-umph dance music would be like an egg without salt.

Well aware of the course of action their playful patrons would pursue as soon as they noticed any irregularity in the music, and also fully cognizant that failure to fill the engagement meant a probable cancellation of future engagements in that and the surrounding villages, and a cessation of financial ease, they all piled on the train when it came, and proceeded with fear and trembling to their destination. When they arrived at the hall the embryo conductor, who had been the only silent one during the little journey, asked the proprietor for a common kitchen chair and two boards. Ignoring the excited questions of the others he took his chair and boards when they were brought, and led the way to the little gallery.

Once there, and standing back so that he was entirely concealed from the dancers,

(Continued on Page 42)

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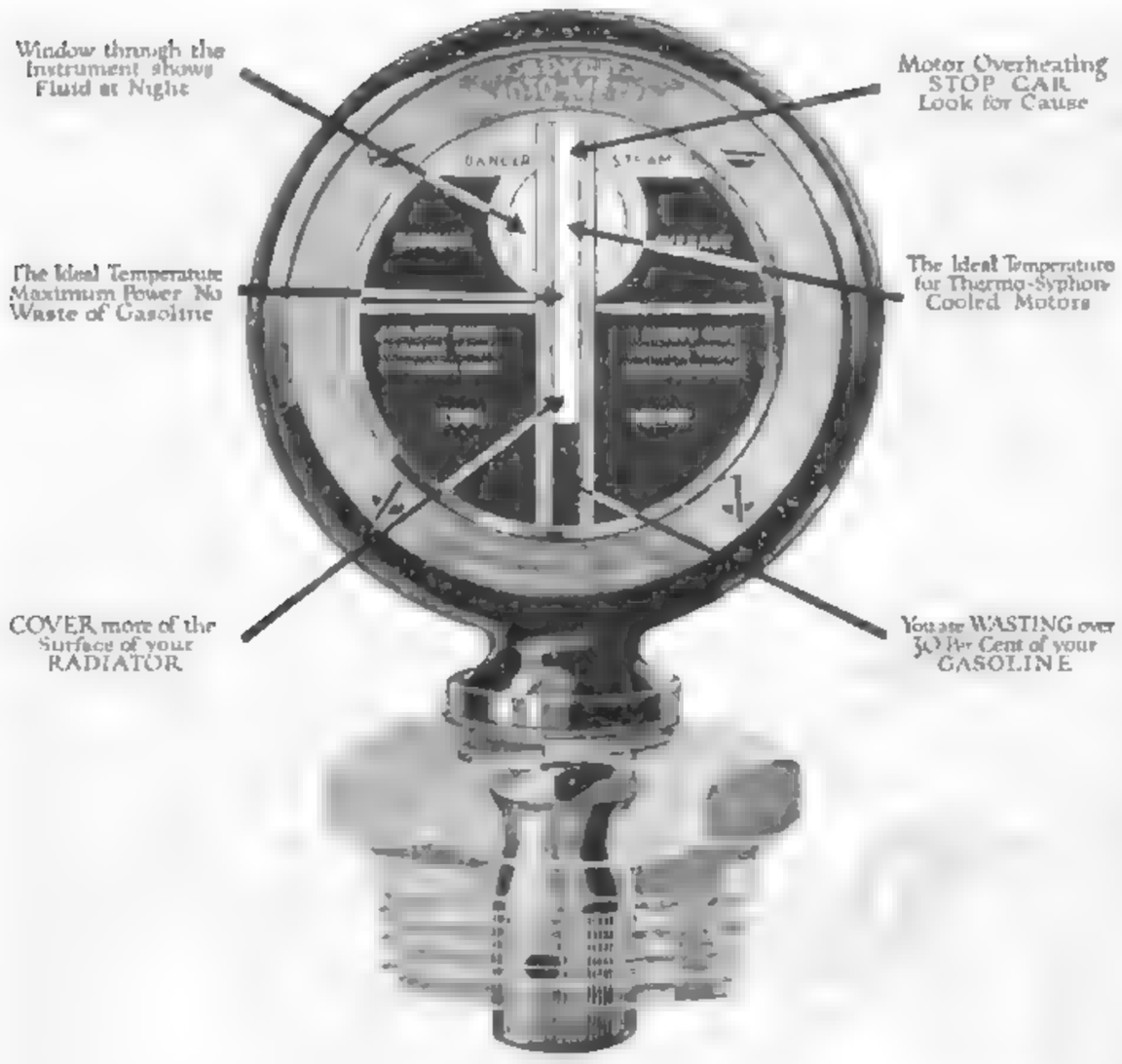
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(Continued from Page 40)

he grasped the chair firmly by its back and nodded for the rest to begin. Utterly mystified and beginning to doubt his reason they did so, and there came in steady accompaniment to their waltz the harsh rasping of the double bass. Out of the corners of their eyes they could see the determined youth energetically shoving that clumsy piece of furniture back and forth across the parallel boards as calm and unconcerned as if it had been his bow and the planks his instrument. And for ten hours—it was mentioned before that the European peasant is thorough in his dancing—that young and ingenious musician wielded his substitute for the missing double bass.

After such a strenuous novitiate in the world of orchestra music, conducting a modern band selecting its soloists, a delicate task that makes for many enemies; building its programs; pacifying the divided factions of his audience, the ones who weep for the old masters and the others who furiously demand progress and the modern school; trying to make the vast machine with its two or three hundred thousand a year expense budget a financial asset as well as an artistic success; and keeping the loyalty of his men—doubtless becomes a mere matter of routine.

But one does not dig long into the annals of our musical history before one comes to those other European importations—crude minstrels full of grand-stand tricks, each a self-styled interpreter who endeavored to prove the greatness of his musical soul by languishing over the conductor's stand like a moonstruck calf during the supposedly impassioned passages; who gave an excellent imitation of a small boy on a rocking-horse when his orchestra played The Ride of the Sea Lions; who literally jumped at the first violins to give them their entrance signal, and then, wheeling about with a fetching flourish, did likewise by the second on the opposite side; who inclined his head on one side and finished the up beat with an elegant little twirl like a fantastic pig's tail; who occupied the center of the stage so thoroughly that no one ever thought of listening to the music; a genial artistic acrobat who did everything except, as one scornful flapper remarked disgustedly, wash his face on the stage. It was this same worldly infant who, throwing some much needed light upon this flamboyant musical species, informed me coldly that my painstaking research work in the debased realm of jazz with its attendant terpsichorean audacities might be interesting, but at least on one count it was wrong, all wrong. The shimmy, she said instructively, originated not as I said but with those hectic ambitious conductors who attempted to interpret literally the innumerable exotic tone poems about Salome, the writing of which has obsessed certain music makers of late years.

An Improving Taste

Perhaps nothing is so palpably indicative of the musical growth of this country as the change in her orchestra programs. Back in the good old days when Wagner was considered a wild man in the world of music, whose puny harmonic audacities nowadays have paled and faded into trite sensationalities before the colorful explosive idiom of the shrieking modern, the orchestral leader was compelled to sandwich his sturdier musical brain-food between the most trivial and banal of popular tunes. Our fathers went into ecstasies over Träumerei, the most typical of heart-broken Teutonic sobs, and were bored with a vast unmitigated boredom by a Beethoven symphony. Nowadays Träumerei is relegated to the hackneyed repertoire of your ten-year-old violinist, who is ineffably disgusted with it, and seldom if ever is it heard on an orchestral program even of the flagrantly popular and park variety, while the Beethoven symphonies flourish in all their wondrous glory and are greeted with contented sighs by the orchestral patrons.

In the days when reporters wrote of the big band as an "orchestral circus" the conductor made many a concession to popular taste, and resorted to innumerable little tricks and devices to revive and stimulate lagging interest. A New York conductor in his misguided zeal along this line nearly frightened an audience out of its wits by having a number of firemen appear in the back of the hall when his men played The Firemen's Quadrille, and even Theodore Thomas, who in the very face of the protests of his guarantors insisted upon playing the classics over and over until his audiences found themselves worshiping their incomparable musical loveliness, resorted to the vaudeville trick of perching his piccolo and flute players in the trees at one of his summer-garden concerts so that during the playing of that charming classic, The Linnet Polka, the birdlike notes came leaping and twirling out from the heavy foliage. But nowadays it is not necessary for any conductor to make concessions in his program building; any frivolous or poor taste therein exhibited is not that of his patrons but rather his own, for a present-day audience not only pays its money to listen to music, from the so-called classics to the most involved moderns, but the majority can discuss these samples of the evanescent art with an amazing amount of musical erudition.

As a direct result of this rapid traveling of ours along the difficult road to artistic appreciation there exists in the enormous music libraries of various older orchestras case after case of musical best sellers which have seen their day. Last season the writer had occasion to go through one of these vast musical storehouses which—with its still aisles lined with row after row of cases containing, painstakingly sorted and labeled, practically all the compositions ever written or arranged for orchestra, copies in many instances not to be duplicated—was such an ironical contrast to the meager, illegible, battered folios upon which its founder had to depend. That earlier music was often so badly printed and contained so many flagrant errors that after slaving all day rehearsing and giving concerts he was compelled to sit up through the weary night hours rewriting and rearranging, trying to bring some order out of chaos.

Conductors as Editors

As we came to one aisle of this perfect modern library which grew out of the earlier atrocity, my guide motioned to one section and said with disgusted briefness: "Forty-two compositions by Rubinstein and not one available for our programs."

And speaking of the pot boilers and rubbish that flowed from the industrious pens of the oldsters in music writing brings us to that petted bone of contention between sophisticated music lovers—namely, the respective merits of the music makers commonly called the old masters and those frankly numbered among the iconoclastic moderns. A sponsor of the first named will attend a symphony concert and murmur rapturously over the grandeur, the nobility, the sublime perfection of musical form of a Brahms symphony, and denounce with fiery adjectives the Bombastic Suite following, by Jones of Oshkosh, as the vicious debauching of a marvelous art. The out-and-out musical radical sitting next to him will immediately air the opinion as audibly as possible that Brahms is an obsolete, overadvertised, tiresome old mossback, overestimated and undercriticized; and that Jones is an up-and-coming young chap with a lot of pep and something to say musically and ability to say it. Then each of them having eased his critical soul to the extent of infuriating the other, they surreptitiously glare at each other during the rest of the performance.

But what neither of these delightful dilettanti stopped to consider in his violent partisanship was that, though he might be listening to music that might or might not have been Mr. Brahms' or Mr. Jones' musical intention, in nine cases out of ten it was not what he actually wrote. For there is an overwhelming amount of music that looks well on paper, is perfect theoretically, follows all the cunning little harmonic rules, but will not, according to the musical vernacular, sound. That a music maker has a glorious musical vision does not necessarily mean that he has the colossal technic to express that vision through the most involved and treacherous of artistic mediums, the modern orchestra.

So the conductor takes the work of an old or a young master with its technical oddities and crudities and cumbersome length, cuts a bit here and there, lightens and softens an accompaniment so that a soft, wandering melody has a greater charm, balances the whole by an infinitesimal change or two; and with the aid of his immensely practical orchestral knowledge changes a clumsy bit of writing into an exquisite fragment of musical imagery or a daring, vigorous masterpiece.

(Continued on Page 45)

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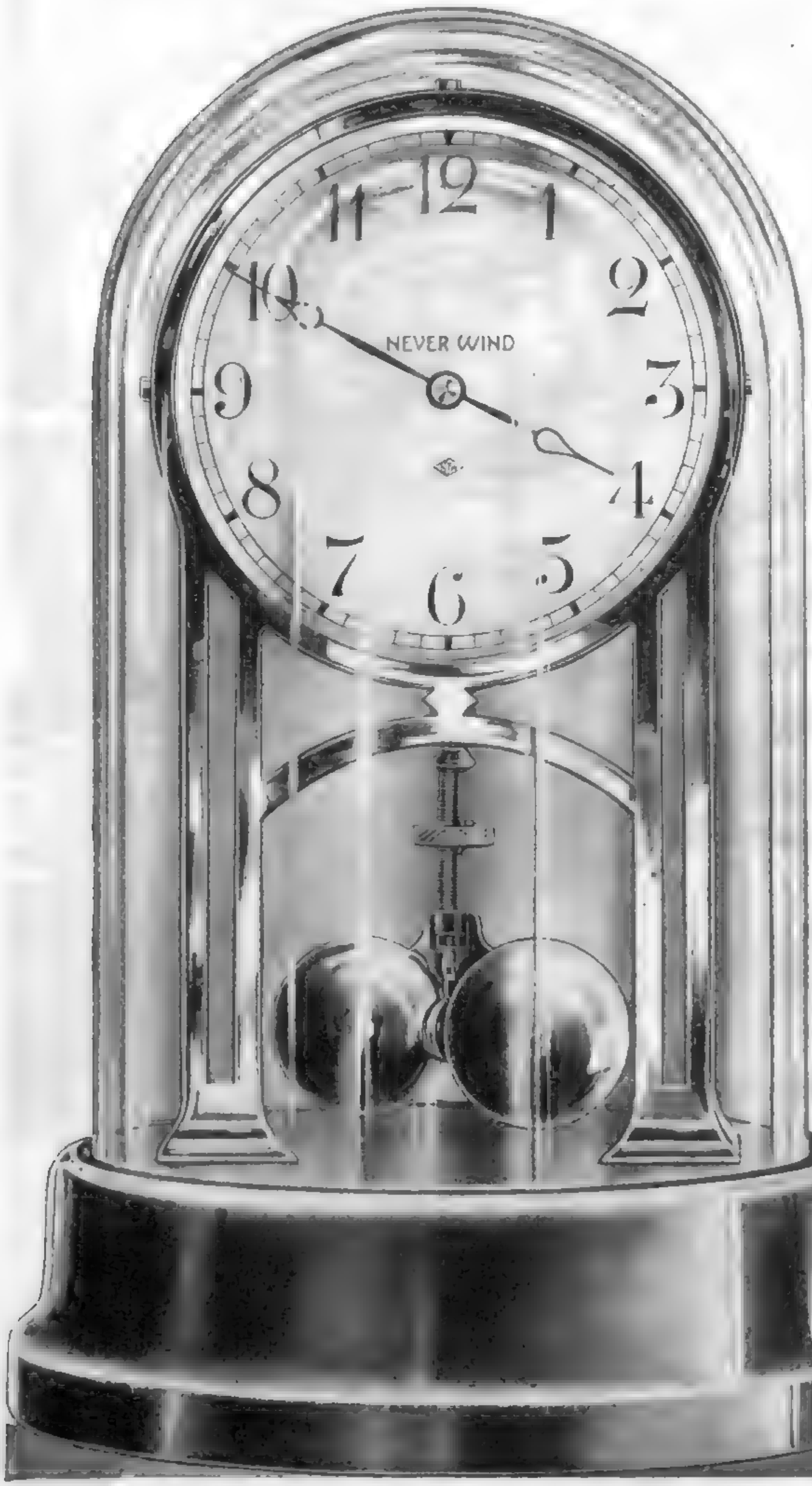

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(Continued from Page 42)

Every so often in the course of his covering musical matters, orchestral and otherwise, the reporter listens to the criticisms hurled at him by his readers that his vitriolic harshness and unremitting pedantry are excessively tiresome and why doesn't he permit his pen to gambol a bit, and goes down into the stale recesses of his memory and from the material he finds there writes a Sunday article called Why Musicians Go Mad, which deals with the blunders or eccentricities indulged in by music makers when they came to write the specific instructions as to the tempo and manner of expression to be accorded their works. In this lightsome treatise the intelligent music commentator never fails to mention that classic concerning Schumann, who wrote in one of his compositions in a moment of mental aberration "Fast as possible," and then scribbled a few measures later "Faster."

And as sure as he is an hour old, the Monday following that earnestly frivolous attempt the indefatigable music critic receives a letter from a disgusted reader—readers who write to music critics are either disgusted or indignant—who in commenting upon the ancient quip asks the writer where he has been keeping himself all these years since Schumann died, and has he ever thought of investigating the musical instructions in an orchestral score perpetrated by some modern composer?

The recording angel of music reads the letter gravely, then sneaks out and gets the score of some new and violent work called A World Upheaval, and sounding like it, and surreptitiously glancing through the hectic pages of this erratic specimen of the conductor's imposing musical Bible he finds this amiable advice written in the cello part: "Pay no attention to the conductor's beat"; in the music of the clownish bassoon the anarchistic "Play any notes here"; in the first violins the more or less intelligent instruction "Slide here," and again in the tinkling celeste the cryptic "Jumpingly." Closing the massive book with awed reverence the enlightened music reporter hurries back to his office and writes another erudite article called Why Orchestra Men Die Young.

Musical Memories

The nearest America comes to having a native type of orchestra man is in that adopted European musician brought over here twenty-five years or more ago by one of the earlier conductors. This veteran of the dependable, methodical artistic class, which is the unobtrusive and indispensable musical salt of the earth, with his invariable accent, his glorification of his homeland, which he remembers through the softening sentimental haze of many years, is a miracle of trivial knowledge and an inexhaustible source of musical anecdote. Music with its exquisite tracery of humor, its amorous lilting, its chaotic insinuating sensualism, its heavy tortured strains of death, its introspective morbidity, its bombastic martialism and its sheer lyric ecstasy, impresses this practical individual not one piffling iota. For the most exquisitely ephemeral art is to him merely the prosaic means by which he earns his livelihood. The highest encomium he accords a famous bit of music making is that it is a "nice work."

Sometimes he can hardly be made to commit himself that far, but is entirely cautious and close-mouthed unless the interlocutor chances happily to mention the thick brown beer of Munich, and then this wholesome disciple of the musically matter-of-fact will sigh, cross his knees, look pathetically into the distance and say "*Ach*—now there was Theodore Thomas ——" He pauses reminiscently, and the listener, accustomed to the ecstatic analytical critique of the delirious music reporter, waits eagerly for some new musical comment on the noted leader from one of his own men, but instead this is what he hears: "Now what a fine judge of wine he was! It was in '92 that ——" And hypnotized by the memory of an amber-clear goblet he will relate yarn after yarn.

In his youth he has played under the erudite baton of Brahms, but he makes no comment on the style of that master's conducting, but instead tells one chattily that that eminent musician was rather negligent of the sartorial niceties and would often come to his concerts with his cuffs fastened with ordinary pins. Quite unlike the genial music critics and intellectual patrons, he does not argue heatedly the various merits of the respective interpretations that two conductors accord a Franck symphony, but will remark casually that Herr N- got through it in forty-five minutes while it took Monsieur X—— forty-eight.

He has a distinct sense of drama, and with a sparkle in his keen eyes, with the narrowed lids and concentrated pupils of the routined sight reader, for whom the weirdest modern score with the divided and subdivided sections of the orchestra playing fifteen melodies at once and bristling with insane changes of rhythm and tonality has no terrors, he will relate the triumph of a certain young conductor on tour. It happened, he explains, at a certain spring festival, and the local musician who was scheduled to conduct the orchestra and chorus in a certain concert fainted one evening from the strain of overwork in the organizing of the festival just as he was ready to go on the platform.

Triumphs and Defeats

There was nothing for the young, rather inexperienced new conductor, more or less on probation with the orchestral directors, to do but go out and take the local leader's place. Without one outward sign of his inward quaking he walked out on that vast platform, with his orchestra dwarfed into insignificance by the hundreds of the chorus banked in great semicircular tiers above it, and without any opportunity for a word of warning or preparation to the nervous amateur singers or his own men, he conducted brilliantly, authoritatively and with huge success a composition the score of which he had never laid eyes on before in his life.

It was during another spring tour, continues your genial informant, many seasons later with another brilliant young conductor, that the librarian did the unheard-of thing of mixing up the accompaniments of two vocal numbers so that during a certain aria half the stands were without the correct music. The young singer, a little nervous and excited, came out and signaled her readiness to the conductor before he was cognizant of the oversight. But nothing daunted, the intrepid musicians, with the aid of whispered cues from their leader, faked the whole accompaniment; and the malicious narrator will tell you that the earnest critics and audience never knew the difference.

But he always hoards that time-honored orchestral classic, the story of an old-time conductor and the horn player, until the very last. This admirable yarn varies according to the speaker; it has a hundred and one angles and descriptive touches. Sometimes the musician is that famous eccentric noted here and abroad for his skill, who had a fashion of mounting his bicycle at five o'clock in the afternoon, clad in full evening dress, with his horn slung over his shoulder, and proceeding to tear down the most important business street in town; and again he is vested with the personality of a bibulous musician who looked too frequently upon the ruddy wine and her sister intoxicants. But regardless of any trifling discrepancies and variations, the skeleton of the famous yarn, whose chief merit lies in the delight with which they tell it, always remains the same.

It was when this energetic leader was involved in the thankless task of converting reluctant America to Wagner that he decided to put the famous Rhine Journey on one of his programs. In this piece of music making, the clarion motif supposedly descriptive of the young hero is assigned to the French horn and is probably one of the most difficult passages written for that instrument. The conductor offered his player the most extravagant things if he would but play it successfully, and so well did the diligent player obey that at the final rehearsal he got through it without one blur or mistake, and at the end, out of sheer bravado, held the last glorious note twice its natural length and then triumphantly threw his instrument up in the air and caught it as a signal of his musical victory.

The evening of the concert the conductor confidently gave the signal for the overture, and the complacent little man preened himself for a certain triumph, but to everyone's horror there issued from his instrument nothing but a series of atrocious blats and slips and squawks. Afterward the humiliated and harassed conductor sought the culprit out and asked how in the name of a number of things anything so deplorable could have happened. And the completely

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wilted musician wailed temperamentally: "I don't know—I don't know! *Ach*, I blew it in so sweet"—lingering piteously on the mangled adverb—"and it came out so damn nasty!"

Though the practical American musician possessed with the overweening highbrow desire to have his name associated with the world's greatest symphony orchestra instead of The Elite Motion Picture Theater Orchestra is only beginning to make his demands heard, the native composer is the center of a very active and vitriolic controversy. When in writing for orchestra he is guilty of a misstep, the critic of American music stresses his faults and overlooks his good qualities, dilating at great length and with ostentatious erudition on the masterful orchestration of Richard Strauss, carefully omitting to mention the fact to the credulous laity that Herr Strauss always had an orchestra of his own which played his compositions over and over until he got the desired effect, and that no composer, not the greatest genius at music making, can be certain how his composition is going to sound until he has actually heard it played, and, having heard it, often finds it necessary to rewrite it.

The young American novice in orchestra writing has none of Herr Strauss' advantages. His youth is spent probably in some small inland town where the village band is the most imposing musical ensemble, and his nearest approach to orchestral color is when he played the accompaniment for some feminine violinist whose repertoire reaches its dazzling height in Vieuxtemps' Fourth Concerto. Later he may go to a conservatory in one of the larger cities, whose teachers of theory may be excellent but whose knowledge of the orchestra is entirely theoretical or circumscribed, often, by prejudice against certain types of music. He is immediately overwhelmed with rules; but a mere knowledge of grammar never made a writer and command of harmony and counterpoint does not make a sophisticated music maker. The intricate textbooks, most of which in the light of modern orchestration are moss-grown, avail him little.

Mimicked by Foreigners

Only practical working with an orchestra will teach him the commonest tricks of orchestra writing; that a cornet is more penetrating than a trombone; that a melody played on the dull-toned D string of the violin can be made absolutely inaudible by a dashing accompaniment; that the harp is capable of something other than sweeping arpeggios; that the flute and piccolo can be put to other uses than that of imitating a festive songster in a sylvan glade; that one cello has enough tone to hold down a whole section of violas, that big sister of the violin; that putting the tune in the violins and a monotonous tum-ti-tum in the other instruments makes for lack of balance and muddiness; that, in short, a perfect bit of orchestration is like the plot of one of Shakspere's plays, an exquisite weaving of many threads that can be accomplished only by a shrewd, experienced master hand.

But regardless of this handicap of his lack of practical knowledge of the orchestra the diligent American composer completes his work for orchestra, goes through the tedious process of carefully copying the innumerable parts himself or to the several-hundred-dollar expense of having it done, and at last after many delays has an opportunity to hear some symphony orchestra play it through. The men foreign born, foreign trained and under foreign leadership are not inclined to be sympathetic toward his earnest, often excellent but naturally sometimes technically faulty first attempt. In fact they are often openly contemptuous of it. This inconsequential reporter has even heard orchestra men mimicking, ridiculing and caricaturing on their instruments certain phrases from different American works which later at performance scored huge successes both with the critics and with the audience.

So, innately prejudiced against it and irritated by its chance technical crudities and inanities, they scramble this novice orchestral work up any old way to get through with it. The most inspired piece of music making would fail of getting a fair hearing under such circumstances, and it goes without saying that such slipshod playing only confuses the inexperienced writer for orchestra, instead of benefiting him. And it is just such hearings of his music as these that has put the American composer at the mercy of those who wish to use the native art with its growing popularity for exploitation, self-aggrandizement and ultimate derogatory comparison with the most famous and perfect examples of the European composers.

For it happens that the American music-going public has been making a number of unpleasant remarks and asking some pointed questions concerning the musical policies of many of the artistic Continentals in its midst.

Native Talent of a High Order

Though it goes without saying that the American musician will never receive entirely fair treatment, wholly unprejudiced consideration or his music be granted the same painstaking work that is accorded an Old World bit of music writing as long as the European is dominant in our artistic high places—for it is neither natural nor human for the Continental to have any sincere faith in any art but his own—nevertheless the native has a far greater chance for real development now than he has ever had. For America is waking up to his existence and his necessity, as well as to the art achievements of her own great men, master musicians who would have been popular idols long ago in any other country.

She has always been inordinately proud of her vast industrial and commercial development, her inventors, her number of multimillionaires, her scientists and engineers; but now she is growing proud of her great music makers. She is beginning to know and love the gentle mood-tinged compositions of that dreamy colorist of the old school, MacDowell; the fine clean music of Griffes, who died recently just as his art was flowering; the great vital originality of Eric De Lamarter, whose fecundity of glowing ideas and musical inspiration absorb so completely the master technic which makes their expression possible, and whose musical idiom takes a thousand unexpected, whimsical, Barrie-like twists; the skilled and erudite Henry Hadley with his penchant for Oriental subjects; the works of Leo Sowerby, who has hitched a great gift to the fiery modern idiom and drives his way along to the cracking of a whip woven of scores of red-headed iconoclastic musical convictions; the splendid music of Chadwick, who is noted for his successful orchestral scores; the delightful, suave, polished art of John Alden Carpenter; the graceful popular music of Cadman, who has touched with gracious skill the dreary tunes of our aborigines; and the host of happy melodies by Cecil Burleigh. This is mentioning only a very few, representative of widely divergent gifts and schools, of our native composers. And it is because America is awakening to this art that is hers that the utterances of some misguided musical alien within her gates—propaganda which is often couched in terms similar to those of the denunciatory report of the German conductor mentioned earlier in these pages—have not the same potency, effectiveness or success that they might have had a few years ago.

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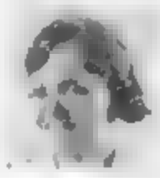

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COURT LIFE IN VIENNA

(Continued from Page 15)

Indeed the old count was well worth looking at. He was a very gay gentleman in his off hours, 'twas whispered, well known for his successes and his escapades, which, though he still kept his beautiful figure—shown now to full advantage in his tight Hungarian uniform of scarlet and gold and white, with the sable-trimmed dolman hanging from his shoulders—had slightly dimmed the early good looks of his face. White curling hair gathered thick enough to show the care given it, and admirable features were a marked advantage in spite of wrinkles in the olive skin. His expression was one of acute boredom, which occasionally lighted up to a smile at some witticism or became quite winning if an attractive woman turned her glance on him. Habitually at court functions he floated through his round of duties with a perfect knowledge which translated itself into negligent elegance. Hunyady was much admired by certain ladies at court, who watched his every motion, while others had a way of speaking of him with a show of disapproval. I think the Emperor thought him excellent in his show rôle, and entirely reliable in handling the most complicated ceremonies, and His Majesty occasionally glanced at the brilliant functionary with amused amiability, as he might at a pretty woman's play of vanity. The Emperor and Hunyady were old comrades, and to do the count justice, I heard he was as good with horse and gun as he was perfect at the court.

As sounds of the chant approached, Hunyady's face kept its mask of indifference, but he glanced about the room with a quick flash of the eye, guaranteed to take in any detail that might be wrong, then he shrugged his shoulders, shaking his becoming dolman, and straightening up to his full height he struck the floor sharply three times with a long cane which was the badge of his rank. Everyone instantly turned toward the door and gave the grand marshal complete attention. Affecting a masklike expression of calm, Hunyady again struck the floor three times, and as he did so the two doors swung open slowly behind him, disclosing the room beyond. It was equally large and ancient, and equally splendid in its decorations. Halfway across what seemed an immense stretch of polished inlaid floor advanced the Emperor at the head of his court. Hunyady advanced with the same solemn comprehension of his rôle, clearing the way for the Sovereign to the center of our hall. Just opposite the center of the semicircle of old men he stopped, turned and bowed low and gracefully to His Majesty, who was then crossing the threshold of the doorway where a moment ago the grand marshal had stood.

Enter the Emperor

As the Emperor entered everyone rose to his feet, bowing and curtsying to His Majesty. The latter returned the salutations, looking to left and right with his usual gentle expression, and then he advanced to the point indicated by the grand marshal. Hunyady, straightening himself, moved aside to give various further directions if necessary, but all the actors were so used to their parts that no coaching was required. Passing his plumed headgear and his gloves to the person indicated for that service, Francis Joseph in all simplicity stepped up to the beggars' table, and immediately twelve of the royal Hungarian bodyguard appeared, each carrying a tray heavily laden with provisions, a meal prepared and served, all ready but to be heated over. These trays the guardsmen held at a distance of about two feet from the table's edge, while the Emperor, passing down this passage between the table and the trays, transferred all the dishes, from the last to the first, so that the dinner of each guest was placed before him by his imperial host. Naturally the old men needed time and help to eat, so the food was not eaten there, and as soon as the last dish was on the table His Majesty returned as he had come, putting the dishes back into their places on the trays. I was afraid the old men were losing their dinners but I was told not, and that the trays, dishes and food would be snugly packed in twelve baskets and put into the twelve court carriages which, after the ceremony, would convey the quaint members of the party to their several addresses. Also I heard that enough food was given to each to feed a family party of six people for supper that evening.

The splendid Hungarians bore off all their trays of food, and instantly a row of other huge men in court livery stepped forward, enough to carry away the whole of the semicircular table in one movement and without a hitch, as they picked it up in sections, one from in front of each old man. Then the Emperor came forward again and three members of the court fell in line near him, one carrying a basin, another an ewer—both of which may have been ordered by Maximilian from some Renaissance artist, to judge by their workmanship—while the third official carried a beautiful towel. Two pages or chamberlains preceded the Emperor's group and removed one shoe from each old man. Then the Sovereign passed slowly down the line and each naked foot in turn was held over the basin while the ewer carrier poured on water and Francis Joseph splashed and rubbed a little, afterward taking the towel to wipe each foot dry.

He did this whole job with his usual earnest good will, much more carefully than those who were helping would have done it, for they looked decidedly bored as they straightened up and moved on to the next one, while His Majesty never lost interest for a moment, and seemed to finish the drying thoroughly. Following Francis Joseph came two more officials, who put on all the footgear and fastened it, the old men still keeping their seats.

A Bag of Gold for Each

All this had taken some time, but as a finale to the feast the Emperor passed the whole row of his quaint guests once more. One of the Hungarian guardsmen carried on a tray twelve little but heavy bags, which we were told contained gold pieces. Each hung like a locket on a long ribbon or string, and to one after another of the guests of honor Francis Joseph spoke in a kindly tone, as he passed in each case a ribbon over their heads. The impression of his sunny smile was the last to light the memories of this day of days for the old pensioners.

No Christian could have been more sincere in the performance of a religious duty, and as one watched him in the midst of his power humbling himself to wash the feet of his poorest and oldest subjects one realized fully why it was that outside the palace the mass of his people loved Francis Joseph as they did.

While this long and complicated function lasted the archdukes and the members of the court stood about in uniforms of red and blue and green with gold and silver glistening as it caught the light, a perfect riot of color, in which Eugene, a white-and-black figure, stood near a column, immobile as a statue.

I was told that all these functions of the church and the court had lost much of their effect by the absence of the Empress and her following of women. This might be, for certainly the balls where the women took a part were very fine; but in the Corpus Christi Procession and in the foot-washing ceremony the pictures seemed complete—all men; and the life and color of these scenes burned themselves into my memory, as well as the religious spirit of the Emperor himself and the example he set his subjects.

The uniform that was almost barbaric in its splendor was that worn by the Hungarian guards—scarlet, it was, with gold embroideries and trappings. The boots, knee high, of pale yellow leather, were skillfully embroidered round their tops, and to finish off all this magnificence a leopard's skin was fastened over one arm and under the other, with a huge buckle on the chest which seemed to suggest the fine workmanship of Oriental hands. The men, both in this group and in the group of Austrian imperial guards, who were scarcely less handsome, though more modern as to uniform, were all picked. They were physically young, and were handsome and had to measure over six feet tall. At that time I had seen nothing more splendid than they all were when they appeared on duty, whether to line up round the walls of the old ballrooms or to fetch and carry for their Sovereign when he was serving the

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twelve beggars at the footwashing ceremony.

In the year before I went out in society and to court I had another very interesting experience, which was a visit I made with my parents to the castle of Prince and Princess Alfred Liechtenstein. A long time back the Liechtensteins had asked us, and I was included in the invitation in spite of my youth, because the host and hostess had a daughter who was also to make her début during the following season. I had already met her and her older sister and liked both of them extremely.

Prince Alfred Liechtenstein was head of the younger branch of his great house, but his first cousin, the reigning Prince of Liechtenstein, had neither son nor brother, so Alfred and his eldest born were heirs to the principality. Incidentally, he had four other sons and two daughters—Fanny, who was a most cultivated, charming person, and Therese, who promised to be a great beauty, as her mother still was. Even years and flesh had not spoiled the beautiful classic face and the fair skin of Princess Liechtenstein, while the serenity of her expression bore witness to the sheltered happy life she had led. She and her husband, who openly adored her and who was her first cousin—for she was a sister of the reigning prince—had spent their lives between the family principality where she was reared, the gay Austrian capital, where they used the second palace of her brother, and old Hollenegg Castle, which was built by their ancestors some time in the tenth century. In a gentle way they took great pride in Hollenegg's beauty and historic value, as in the traditions of great deeds done and positions well filled by many Liechtensteins since the beginning of the Austrian Empire. Hollenegg with its courtyard of stone and beautiful wrought-iron well, with the colonnaded galleries one floor above another, with its ancient chapel built within the court, was full of poetic sentiment to the owners of the place. Outside it had been originally the most forbidding of fortresses, with several towers that still spoke of war, their narrow windows scarce allowing light to enter such rooms as were habitable. A great moat, deep and wide, had once surrounded the vast pile, and this was in part left in its old proportions for its decorative quality, while in other spots it was filled in to allow the lawns to run up to turret or bastion.

Pleasant Days of Hollenegg

The rough stone's severity was now draped in the richest of flowering rose vines, white and pink, which decked the old walls with wreaths worthy of their victorious traditions. Trees had had time to grow up to immense proportions, and spread out on the lawn, where a tea table near a bowling green made a tempting homelike note. On the lawn and in the courtyard peacocks trailed or spread their tails, and within the pile's great square with its grass and gardens the roses also climbed over all the balustrades and balconies. The courtyard's architecture was very varied in epoch, as generation after generation had improved its walls or built new features in the style of their own times as the warlike tendencies of neighbors and the necessities of defense made comfort and beauty possible. One long gallery was colonnaded in a way recalling Northern Italy and probably was the result of the proprietor's visit to Borgia or Sforza villas. Elsewhere a suggestion of the architecture of Byzantium made one ask if a crusader or some traveler of the family had been there. There were various pointed arches or doorways, too, taken from Gothic models, with graceful light decorations. The mellow light and the uniform material of pale stone lent themselves well to a general effect of rich beautiful features harmonized by the years, and the long quiet touch of seasons which had passed over them, covering any faulty seams with vines.

The inside of the castle was equally interesting, for who could resist its many legends or the rich splendor of state apartments and dark brooding rooms of older date? Walls of stone, of silk embroidery, of marbles or of chintz, made the castle a series of surprising contrasts as one walked through. There was a dungeon with a secret passage from its gloomy depths up into the guardroom in the tower. Still farther up in this same part Prince Alfred slept, in a room which by its furnishings recalled robber-baron days. The prince said he liked to sleep among the ghosts of struggling times, and to look at him, with his six feet two and more of fine manhood, kept ripe with exercise, and at the eagle nose and the proud head, one could not but admit his nobility of type fitted well into this frame of his rugged ancestors.

Opening out of his round tower room was a beautiful Louis XIII bedroom, pure Renaissance in its furnishings, with the bed coverings made entirely of needlework of the period, done by the ladies of Hollenegg in their secluded life. Scattered about this spacious apartment were real treasures in furniture and works of art. It fitted by its spacious ease and luxury the princess whose habitat it was. A long series of upstairs rooms—no one apparently knew how many—followed one another, opening on the stone galleries outside. Some were strung together into little apartments with sitting room and dressing rooms complete; others were for a couple or a single bachelor. But all were attractive, whether their decorations came down from very ancient times, or whether gay cretonnes and white paint marked them as of the late eighteenth century. Mine was like this, and very charming, with peacocks and bright roses on the shiny chintz, and with a view over the sloping lawns and the flower gardens to the hills beyond, and I had Fanny and Therese for neighbors, so that there was much visiting back and forth.

The Lady by the Well

One rather amusing detail was the apparent lack of bathrooms in Hollenegg Castle. When in the morning I asked for a bath it was brought to me in my room; and though there may have been baths in the owners' apartments I did not see any. But even in the big modern legation at Vienna, for us all and for two guest rooms besides, there was but a single bathtub, and that was of tin, painted to look like blue marble; and it stood perched up on four gilt lion's feet!

Meals at Hollenegg Castle were rather informal as to the family's attitude toward them, but with a service that was perfection and table and liveries that showed great state. Huge and very magnificent pieces of silver stood about on sideboards or were arranged to decorate the table. The knives and forks were heavy and of ancient models, as were the glass and china, which latter seemed rather ordinary. There were flowers and fruits in great profusion, and splendid in their variety and beauty—a pride with the prince, for all were produced on the estate. The menu was long, complicated and excellent, but we sat a minimum time at table, because of the number of the servants.

A head butler stood in one place and directed the proceedings by a glance or gesture, watching for the earliest moment when plates might be changed; and at one meal I took time to count sixteen men in livery under him. One had to live in feudal state to keep an army of retainers trained from generation to generation in that manner; and not to step on one another they must have space. This they had certainly, for the great banquet hall at Hollenegg Castle, with its marbles and stuccoes and soft gray lights, looked sixty by seventy feet or more, and the table with monumental silver, with eighteen people seated, and sixteen more waiting on us, made a mere island on the floor's center.

It would be difficult to enumerate the rooms one passed through going to meals from the well-lighted living room, in which we gathered in the hideous rich comfort of 1850 or 1860. Huge dim halls lighted by vague lamps or candles gave an impression of soft colors and perfect proportions, and in one there were panels of beautiful Renaissance carving, while another had some quite lovely jade-green flowered silk covering its walls. At our exclamation of delight in this color scheme the old prince looked pleased and said: "Yes, it is pretty. I am glad you like it. But it is very old—my ancestor received the silk from Louis XIV as a gift, when he went on a special mission to Versailles, and it has hung here since his return."

Scattered about on tables and in cabinets were family souvenirs or treasures brought back from foreign countries by many Liechtensteins bound on wars or on missions from the Crusader days down, and it would take a volume to describe them all. Things seem to me always more attractive for living with them, and not merely walking past them in a museum—so I enjoyed the treasures at Hollenegg vastly.

The program of the day was unusual to us too. Coffee was brought to us when we were wakened early, and we took our time dressing before joining the family, who had meanwhile been busy since the crack of dawn—the princess with her household, the prince with his steward, the girls with their music or drawing lessons. A light breakfast was served about ten-thirty or eleven o'clock, and then some sort of excursion or drive was planned. Dinner was at three-thirty, and everyone came to table freshly dressed in pretty muslins or light flannels. After this the lawn and its bowling green or a game of croquet held the elders, while the youngsters of the family scattered for tennis or other more violent exercise. The princess established herself with her knitting under the trees in a big wicker chair with a table near her on which were various cooling drinks and little cakes and sandwiches. There she chatted amiably with whoever joined her for a swallow of lemonade or sirup and a moment's rest. Our evening meal was a light supper and was served quite late—cold meats and salads, preserves and cake, with a dish of eggs or a bouillon for those who wanted something hot. It came at eight-thirty or nine o'clock and no one dressed in evening clothes.

This arrangement made the day long, and gave the party on the lawn the pleasure of the sunset, while it cut the evening short and made us discover suddenly after an hour of talk and music following supper that it was time to go to bed. Hollenegg was to me an experience unique, and the owner's family life seemed so even and so placid that one absorbed some of its restfulness and its beauty. No one was ever bored, since every member of the family had duties as well as pleasures to fill the hours of these summer days; but there was time for all, and no rush or disorder. Each occupation was based on a tradition, which in turn had been founded on a necessity in olden times; and one realized fully the interdependence and the warm feeling that existed between the proprietors of the castle and the villagers. For this one had but to look out into the courtyard in the early morning, and see the princess sitting on a seat near the old well, listening to many people who came to tell her of their troubles—and it was never in vain. With a motherly look she listened, even helped form the tale with a quiet question now and then, and finally her ready purse came out, or else a notebook and pencil, and she made a note of some case for the manager of Hollenegg to follow. I do not know how many such estates there were in the empire, but certainly life at Hollenegg was not unique, since there existed many patriarchal families with the fine traits of the Liechtensteins.

The Emperor Takes His Ease

It was with real regret that I left Hollenegg Castle and I had no words to express to our host and hostess my delight in the visit. At their recommendation we stopped in Gratz on our way back to Vienna, which besides being a quaint city with old façades and squares well worth a passing look, offered to our interested explorations the large ruins of its old walls and castle dating back to feudal times and famous for their extent and historic value.

After Hollenegg our Vienna apartment seemed frightfully new, almost tawdry, for a time, till we became accustomed to things made within our century which were meant to fit themselves into our own quite modern lives. Naturally we soon settled back into our own ruts and finally we thought of the days at Hollenegg as of a tale of old chivalry now, alas, completely swept away by war and revolution.

There was much simplicity among the Austrians as well as grandeur and generosity in their frames, and many of the aristocrats went for some part of the year to a tiny shooting lodge or cottage where they would live in rough clothes, looked after by a maid, a cook and a huntsman or two. They seemed always to look and feel at home, and in this to me was the height of their civilization and distinction. Even the Emperor took himself off from his finery at Schönbrunn to a tiny villa he owned at Ischl, and there he spent his time dressed in homespun, walking in mountain paths with his daughters and their children who came to visit him, or talking with the peasant, the woodsman or the traveler on foot, whom he chanced to pass seated by the roadside. The Emperor was on excellent

(Continued on Page 53)

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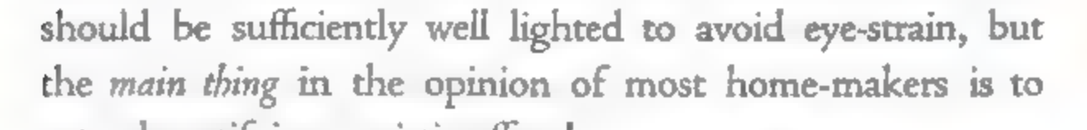

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Service
MOTOR TRUCKS

With the Red Pyramid on the Radiator

(Continued from Page 50)

terms with all these his people, and many were the stories of what he had said or done at Ischl among these humble subjects. One could not hear so much of the Sovereign without affectionate interest springing up in one's heart, and I looked forward very much to being presented to such a fine old man. Whenever I could I went where he was to be seen.

So it chanced that I caught a first and only glimpse of the German Emperor, too, when the latter came to visit his ally, Francis Joseph, and was received with the honors due his rank. From the train to the *Hofburg* the court carriages drove with impressive array of archdukes, ministers, courtiers and aides-de-camp. Francis Joseph sat alone with the visiting Emperor in a large victoria, in which he did not look so much at home as in his own usual small carriage. He was dressed in a German uniform and he seemed unnatural to me; but William II was thoroughly enjoying his position and I think he liked the gay emerald-colored plume which he wore with an Austrian uniform.

The people on the street applauded and cheered—not so much as they usually did their own Emperor, but enough to show good breeding and hospitality toward their Sovereign's guest—and William, sitting very straight, saluted to left and right, while his old host sat back and watched the people with his tolerant smile. Now and then, when he saw a familiar face out in the crowd, he directed toward it a friendly glance, accompanied as always by a quick smile. William II looked pretentious, stiff and unhealthy. His drawn white face seemed most unattractive and I sympathized with the Austrians' feelings when they thought him an unattractive ally. Never at any point did his affected pose relax or did he have a smile of sympathy to accompany his salutes. The rumors from court said he had not made a favorable impression there either; in fact, casual remarks led one to feel that he had played his rôle wrongly and had not acted in a sincere manner, so that his departure was hailed with satisfaction by both the city and the palace.

Mr. Cleveland's Offer

I was only a little over sixteen when Mr. Cleveland was elected, in November, 1892. Soon after this he honored my father with a charming personal letter telling the young American Minister of the pleasure he had in learning of fine work done in the past four years to cement good relations between Austria and our country, and saying that he would be very glad if my father would remain on at his post under his own Democratic Administration. My father was greatly flattered and touched by Mr. Cleveland's offer, and he wrote at once to express his appreciation of the praise of the future President, but he declined the honor of continuing as Minister at Vienna, since he felt that the position should go to a representative of the Democratic Party. He told Mr. Cleveland, however, that he would be only too glad to remain on until such time as the latter selected a follower for him, and to wait, receive and present his successor, so that the latter would have no difficulties at the début.

It meant that we should probably be in Vienna until the late spring, and my parents decided that as probably this would be my one and only opportunity to see a court, in spite of my extreme youth I should go into society or at least to the great court ball, where a circle reception of the diplomats was held, and where I would consequently have an occasion to be presented to the Sovereign.

Since Rudolph's death there had been no dancing at court, but this year the Emperor's two granddaughters, twins, aged sixteen, were to come to Vienna for part of the season. The old Sovereign was anxious to give them a good time, delighting in the pleasure he could furnish, and to have their sunny presence and that of his daughter, Princess Gisela, of Bavaria, near him. He had borne the loss of his son so bravely that he had won every sympathy. He was alone, for the Empress was still buried in her melancholy and either traveled or stayed hidden in one of her distant châteaux in Hungary. She loved these better than any in Austria. The Austrians spoke of their Empress in a different tone from the one they used for Francis Joseph, and it was whispered about among the people that she was mad. If you asked how they knew they would suggest she was a Wittelsbach, and these were all mad—and "See how she travels" was added by way of proof-positive. She, on the other hand, it seems, said the Hungarians understood her, and that she must keep away yet for a time from the gay functions which were part of her duties as Empress of the dual monarchy.

Late one winter while we were in Vienna the Empress had come, however, to the capital, and a state dinner or two had been given for the heads of foreign missions where ladies were "commanded" with their husbands, since Her Majesty would preside with the Emperor. My parents were at one of these feasts, which, by the way, occurred at five in the afternoon. The meal itself was as short in service as possible. This was usual and many of the guests at court dinners complained that as a lackey stood behind each guest and removed the plates as quickly as the Sovereign finished with each course, and as Francis Joseph was the most abstemious of men and was served first, they had the feeling that food was merely passed before them on a plate which the arbitrary footman put in from the left and withdrew at once from the right side.

Royal Real Estate for Sale

This evening, with the Empress present, and the ladies of her court, it was a longer party. She ate more slowly and talked more to her neighbors, and then after dinner she went down the line of foreign ambassadors and ministers, making always a few amiable remarks and entering with some into lengthy conversation.

Reaching my father she said to him in admirable English as he bent to kiss her hand: "The Emperor has told me a great deal about you and about your wonderful shooting, Colonel Grant, and I have spent much time of late years reading of your country with its marvelous scenery and people. I have long wanted to go there and I have a trip all planned. You must help me persuade the Emperor to allow me to take the journey and see all I have read about."

At my father's question as to what she had read she plunged into a discussion of the books, naming nearly all the good authors of typical American tales—Cooper, Irving, and so on. Then she went on to tell that she had read also my grandfather's memoirs, which she praised, repeating how much interest and pleasure she took in America, its ideal development and great men. Finally she turned to some of her past travels and spoke of her love for the change these gave her, especially of the charming palace of the Achilleion, on the Island of Corfu, which she owned and wanted to sell now, because she was too old to go and live there. And would my father, if he had occasion among his compatriots, speak of this fact? She would like to sell the place to an American, and would send an album of photos of its beauty to my father. She seemed much younger than her age in her enthusiasm, and the dialogue was of unusual duration.

All the guests were greatly delighted with the variety and animation of her conversation and quite completely under the spell of her beauty, though she was approaching sixty at that time. Not a gray hair was visible in the magnificent piles of braids and curls famous in all Europe, and the luminous dark eyes had kept their fire in spite of many tears. Her features were admittedly perfect, and her figure, tall, still slim and willowy, was handled with perfect ease and unconscious pride. Her robes were of long, sweeping, unrelieved black, made not in the momentary fashion but on lines of special grace, and her gentle, simple way of talking and apparent pleasure in it won her guests of both sexes completely. She had lingered over the long row of gentlemen while the Emperor had finished the whole number of their guests, and then she smilingly said she had forgotten time and must hurry; and down the line of ladies she passed with but a pleasant word or an interested question to each. At the door she turned to give the assembled company a sweeping look and bow, and her smile included each individual. At least apparently her guests felt it to be the case, and afterward from their conversation about her it was easy to see she had captivated all the group to whom she had deigned that evening to show herself.

My début was a matter of intense excitement to me. I was so young that my parents' decision to let me go out interested

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all their friends, and in my life it meant that all the changes which a young girl accomplishes usually by degrees were made at one sweep and became consequently epoch-making. I continued my lessons till the New Year of 1893, and wore short skirts and my hair in a pigtail, and then magically I was grown and my hair went up, while my gowns touched the ground. The sudden transition in my exterior life was reflected in my mentality also. I was old at once—much older than ever again I expect to be—and felt that the dolls which had collected about me during my Vienna life must disappear. Their presence seemed a humiliation, and overnight I found I no longer cared for them. Also I had a solemnly grand time putting my study books away, tearing up the copy books, disposing of all the signs of childhood.

I did not in the least fear any of the new experiences I was to have, but felt quite confident the new world of being grown was very wonderful and very well worth while, though I do not believe it once occurred to me that making one's début meant fun or anything that was light. It was too important an event, and I prepared the little frame to which I was accustomed with somewhat the same attitude of mind in which a man makes his will, and with the feeling that the well-worn objects to which I was used had finished their rôles and I must be transferred or renovated completely, and give my whole mind up, as I would my time, to new ideas and new habits. I expected to write a few letters and do a little sewing, read a book or make conversation like the majority of grown women whom I knew, and for the rest to be entirely taken up with the business of society.

I was too young to realize how foolish was my theory of what was to come—too young to have had any previous impressions to measure by; and it was no wonder that so many of the men both old and young who talked to me during the next few months were amused with my attitude. I had lived away from girls of my own age, and had been so entirely dependent on my parents for companionship that I was peculiarly simple and unpretentious—sure that what was given the sanction of custom must be right, and that all the world was like my own home circle. I had never even been allowed to read the newspapers and in the family—with no sister and no girl cousin near my age—I had been alone of my kind, absorbed in the interests my parents had chosen for me, which were quite childish as to pleasures and quite elderly as to duties. In the light of present-day young girls' bringing up, and even compared to that of those days, my education was out of the common, and as I made my appearance in the great world to play my small part in its life I must have been a rather quaint little figure.

Frocks to Wear at Court

Just sixteen and a half, I was taller than the average, and slim, and from much telling I held up very straight. My hair was not put up on my head, for my mother thought me too young, but my braid, which was heavy and shiny, was twisted by myself and fastened in a great bundle low on the nape of my neck. I was very much pleased when the dressmakers tried on my ball dresses, with their trying rounded décolleté cut straight across the front and back and down off the shoulders, as prescribed by court tradition. They said it was a blessing mademoiselle had such charming shoulders. It had never occurred to me that shoulders differed one pair from another, nor had I looked at mine; and my mother, the only person who had ever glanced at them, had never spoken of their existence save to tell me to keep them straight.

The dresses, three in number, made for me by the great Drecoll himself, fitted and hung beautifully. I regretted that as a young girl I was not allowed to wear a train, but my skirts nearly touched the ground, which was a great consolation. I had nothing to say about their choosing. My mother had excellent taste and I was delighted with the fine feathers which were to be mine.

At that time Drecoll was reviving crinoline lines, and all my splendor swung out from my small waist to the whalebone which held the skirt bottom stiffly, giving an amusing silhouette of 1830. One gown was of soft white ruffles of transparent gauze and the stiff satin waist was covered with lovely crystal beads strung like a chandelier. I had never seen anything prettier, never dreamed such a lovely dress would be mine, and to cap the climax I had white satin slippers and long gloves for the first time. The second gown was of Nile-green gauze ruffled over silver cloth from top to toe, and seemed extremely grand to me; while the third was of coral-pink tulle with ribbons of different widths sewed horizontally round its skirt—a tiny one at the hips and a broad one at the lower edge. I found myself losing a good deal of my solemnity as I whirled about in the privacy of my own room to see how the airy skirts would swing. I had tried on the dresses, finished, after they came home, and as I stopped and looked into the mirror I saw I was all rosy from the exercise and pleasure.

For some days I went about with my mother and father, calling. In the legation's large deep landau and at the various embassies and palaces this going out and being presented took on a serious aspect again. Each of my mother's acquaintances said the same things, when my mother would announce that she had brought her little girl to introduce her as "We are taking her to the coming court ball"; and I made my curtsies and answered always how interesting it would be when I was asked if I was glad. Most of the women patted me on the cheek or the shoulder and said I was a *gentille fillette* and wished me great success; and my mother impressed upon me that I must enjoy all this; that I was getting it because it was the only time I would ever see anything so picturesque and historically interesting, and that I must carry the memory of it with me always. My father would pat my cheek and say he wanted me to see what the old court life was like before he carried me off home, and he always added, "I want my little girl to have a good time." I must admit these dull visits did not seem to me agreeable or impressive, and it was with keen impatience that I awaited the great evening of my first court ball.

Dances for Sub-Debs

I had several advantages over other débutantes of the season. Firstly, I had very young parents, and until that moment my mother had been an enthusiastic dancer and a belle at all the balls. Though only thirty-eight and looking ten years younger, she decided she and I could not dance at the same parties, so she stopped, and thus swung her numerous partners among the diplomats over to my use. Secondly, I spoke the Viennese patois as well as French with ease, and felt in fact rather more at home in those two languages than in my native tongue. Thirdly, I was too young to have any thought in going about beyond the sheer joy of a healthy young animal in living, and I was too unspoiled not to admire and fully appreciate all the beautiful and picturesque sides of every entertainment, while every fiber in me responded to the rhythm of a good Strauss waltz.

I had been to a number of small Contessen soirées, a kind of gathering which I believe was known only to Viennese society—real evening parties in semiball array, with refreshments, music, cards or conversation, lasting from nine o'clock until about midnight, with no chaperons and no men. No married women came to these fêtes; they were entirely made up of young girls, and with liberty complete those present indulged in the gayety, laughter and song their bubbling spirits craved—and time flew. I enjoyed myself vastly. It was the first time I had ever been anywhere alone, and I liked all these girls extremely. They asked me to a great many reunions. Everyone called everyone else by her first name and used the familiar "thou," making for intimacy at once. The girls I had known before, like Fanny and Therese Liechtenstein, saw to it that I should meet thus the large group of their cousins.

There was another kind friend who helped me much in this way, too—Countess Louise Taaffe, whose father was in the cabinet and who adored his daughter and did all he could to distract her from her fragile health and much suffering caused by a deformed spine. Lovely eyes and hair accentuated the pallor of her interesting face, and she wore simple dark loose gowns, old laces and a few fine jewels. In her father's ministerial palace she was established in the largest and most pleasant of

(Concluded on Page 56)

GARFORD

Busy Trucks Make Busier Freight Cars

RECENTLY it was shown that the state of Kansas had not been able to secure sufficient cars to move its unshipped surplus of *last year's crop*.

And now the new crop is ready—approximately 100,000,000 bushels in this state alone.

Since it is obviously impossible to build even a fraction of the needed freight cars in time to meet the emergency, it behooves the nation to make the most intensive use of those traffic facilities immediately available.

The above is but one instance. From all parts of the country there is similar evidence. The steel mills at Pittsburgh, the factories at Detroit, the grain elevators of Minneapolis, the warehouses of Chicago—all are clamoring for transportation, while thousands of loaded cars stand idle.

The railroads are deserving of nation-wide co-operation. In the period just past the replacement of our rolling stock has not even kept pace with the ordinary retirement of cars. Yet the volume of our freight shipments has increased by leaps and bounds.

Motor trucks are the quickest and most effective means at hand. Their greater capacity over team-drawn vehicles, their mobility and flexibility in and about unloading points, their speed and untiring effort, all recommend them.

Make the fullest and most intensive use of your trucks; find out if you cannot get your goods unloaded directly onto trucks from the freight cars. If shipments are delayed on clogged spurs or outside of cities, learn whether you cannot help eliminate the delays and congestion in yards and at overcrowded points by utilizing your trucks.

Every effort along this line is a patriotic endeavor—a definite contribution to prosperity and common welfare.

The support of the motor truck by business men, bankers, legislative bodies and executives is imperative at this time. Busy trucks will end the appalling waste that goes with idle freight cars.

Keep the Traffic Moving

TRUCKS

(Concluded from Page 54)

the rooms, and she filled these with beautiful things, with flowers and with music. "I spend so much time here I try to tempt my friends to join me," was her smiling reply to compliments on the apartment's attractiveness. But she rarely invited men, though she could do so without a thought of impropriety or the necessity of a chaperon, for she had been made a *chanoinesse* of one of the established religious orders, and this rank conferred upon her the privileges of a married woman. She loved the gay laughter of her girl friends, and often gave Contessen soirées, to which I went. I thought her very charming in spite of her deformity and I loved to sit beside her and hear her talk. Her culture and intelligence and her readiness to be cheerful were quite charming, and I formed for the first time a warm friendship with a person of my own sex and somewhere near my years.

Besides the pleasure in her company she gave me much help, for I discovered that to many of the men she knew she had spoken of me and told them to be kind and give the little stranger a good time. Also hers and other such parties made me at home among the girls at balls, and they in their kindly feeling introduced to me many of their partners at the first big function.

Never once was I made a victim of any of the small mean pin pricks of which one usually hears girls complain on entering society. All these comrades, from first to last of that brilliant season, gave me the warmest welcome and the best feeling they could, and I felt sincerely that I was one of themselves. Some were very pretty, nearly all wore their clothes well, were extremely graceful and smart, with a fair soft look. Invariably they had pretty manners. Young Countess Hunyady was a beauty with all the elegance of her handsome father, grand marshal of the court. She and Countess Mitzi Harrach were the best dancers by general admission, and were both rich and very gay, much surrounded by young officers of the guard regiments; Countess Clotilde Mensdorff had a charm and distinction all her own, and the older men who looked for conversation gathered about her always. The rest were a joyous group, typical of their country in the sparkling spirits and the warm hearts which composed old Vienna.

I was reacting to all these influences as I dressed quietly for the great ball, and I thought it showed only in slightly heightened color or in a faster measure to my beating pulses. I felt as if I walked on air. I had not thought at all about whether I would have success and partners. No one had spoken of that to me and I had forgotten about it in the general effect that the process of going out had on me. So I was quite lacking in anxiety and only glad to don my finery and go to see the court.

My toilet finished, I went to show myself to my parents, and with a lock of hair changed here and there or a pin added to my dress my mother gave me a last careful inspection. Then she gave me to wear a beautiful old necklace of Mexican filigree. I had never worn anything so grand before, and it went admirably with the silver and crystal on my gown. I think when my mother told me I would do if I only held up straight and tried to have good manners that I was quite the happiest person who started for the old *Hofburg* that night.

My father saw me all decked out and pretended not to know me. Then he said: "My little girl is looking terribly fine to-night. It is all very pretty, sweetheart, but you must not go and really grow up, as I don't want to lose my little girl"; and then for a tonic my mother told me in a good-natured tone: "Well, no one will notice such a young girl, but you must just stand about and look on, and answer if you are spoken to, and in case anyone does look toward you that gown is really very handsome. So don't think about yourself now, but take in all the picturesque customs and the great people whom later you will be glad to remember." Whereupon her evening cloak was put over her own slim figure in radiant rose brocade and she led the way down to the waiting carriage.

A little drive through the dark cold winter's night, and we found ourselves in the line of diplomatic carriages moving slowly up in single file to the great palace doors. There on alighting one lost one's identity in the feeling of general excitement and tense expectation. At the bottom of the long high staircase Franz took our wraps and we glanced in a mirror as we passed. There were no cloakrooms or dressing rooms for a last prink, but my mother gave my ruffles a little fluffing up with her fan and straightened my silver belt, then she whispered: "Now you must do all the things indicated at once and without asking questions, and if no one asks you to dance, never mind, but just stand and look on. If anyone does ask you, then accept and look pleased, and when the Emperor speaks to you remember to reply in whatever language he uses, and speak clearly—you don't have to be at all shy."

Just then a very nice and very clever secretary first in the Dutch Legation came up and joined us. He had previously asked me to dance the cotillon with him, and now he said with smiling amiability after the exchange of good evenings, "I see it is a most beautiful vision you have put on to-night, mademoiselle, and I am happy to think I am so fortunate as to be the partner of such a dancer. You will be the belle of the ball!"

My mother answered for me: "Baron, how kind! But you must not spoil my daughter. She is only sixteen, and came just like a little girl to look on at this wonderful fête. She does not expect many invitations to dance."

And the kindly man returned quite positively: "Well, perhaps, madam, you are right; but unless my judgment is much at fault I fear I shall have few opportunities to dance with my own partner. Shall we go up to the hall? There are several young colleagues who made me promise I would present them to mademoiselle before the circle, if you consent?"

One of the ambassadors came in with his wife and we all wandered up the great stairs lined with sentinels and flunkies, and at the top we were received by an officer of the court who directed us to the hall where the Emperor was to make his official round of the diplomatic circle.

I trod on air. Though I did not believe the amiable baron's words, he had offered me the first compliment I had ever had, and this was my first ball. My dress was pretty and I began to think there was a very pleasant time ahead, though I was vague as to what form it would take. Anyhow, as I followed my parents into the beautiful white room I trod on air.

—Editor's Note—This is one of a series of articles by Princess Cantacuzène. The next will appear in an early issue.

SMALL-TOWN STUFF

By ROBERT QUILLEN

Tobacco

TOBACCO is a weed grown in a warm climate and consigned to a warmer climate by persons who have not learned to chew or smoke it. A taste for tobacco is acquired by males during the adolescent, or foolish, period of life. The small boy desires to smoke for the same reason that he desires whiskers and long pants. These things are to him the outward and visible evidence of manhood, and manhood is desirable because it makes an end of restraint. He would be a man, therefore he learns the vices of a man. It is a hard commentary on the nature of mortals that boys covet the vices rather than the virtues of their elders and think of maturity in terms of license.

Every mother knows that noise is evidence of virtue. Quiet children are engaged in mischief. When the boys of a neighborhood are playing together out of doors and neither shout nor laugh attests their innocence one may assume that mischief is afoot. If little Willie comes to the house an hour later very white about the lips and a little uncertain in his gait and confesses a yearning to talk about heaven, one may assume that the mischief had to do with a first rendezvous with Lady Nicotine.

The chewing of tobacco is more prevalent in rural districts than in cities. One who chews feels more at ease in wide-open spaces where it is not difficult to dispose of the by-product. Students of human misery know little of their subject until they have observed a confirmed chewer loaded to capacity and held by convention where no friendly receptacle invites one to lighten cargo.

As a rule tobacco chewers enjoy good health, but one does not know whether their physical well-being is occasioned by the tobacco or by the necessity of remaining out of doors.

Smoking is more nearly universal than chewing. Cigarettes are smoked by boys, by young men and by women. One seldom sees a cigarette in the mouth of an old man. It may be that an old man knows better; or it may be that one who smokes cigarettes doesn't linger here long enough to become old.

A boy may smoke cigarettes without becoming either a bandit or an idiot, but he can't smoke cigarettes and make the track team, nor can he smoke cigarettes and head his class in mathematics. The harm done by cigarettes is frequently overstated. All proselyting is prone to exaggeration.

Until recent years women addicted to cigarettes were divided into two classes—those who had fallen so low that the opinion of the majority did not interest them and those who had climbed so high that the opinion of the majority did not interest them.

To-day smoking among women is not confined to a class or condition. Those who wish to smoke do so without apparent loss of caste. Doubtless it is their right. Yet an old-fashioned man finds cause to be thankful that the habit is not general among women who bear children. When I observe a smartly tailored woman drawing solace from a cigarette in the lobby of a great hotel I am not conscious of aversion. But I do not believe that I could rise to equal tolerance if I should observe a sweet-faced woman in gingham darning holes in children's stockings and pausing occasionally for a deep pull at a cigarette.

A pipe is pleasant company for the one who furnishes the draft, but it affords little pleasure to the innocent bystander. As pity prompts us to espouse the cause of one who has been cast out by society, so does our love for a pipe grow as others frown upon it and sniff their displeasure. The erring son holds the greater part of the mother's love; the lost sheep is the most desirable in the flock; the worth of a pipe may be measured by the degree of its disrepute. The pipe smoker may mislay his treasure, but he does not despair of finding it. If his eyes cannot discover it, he need but close them and follow his nose. One who has learned to love a pipe can select his own from a dozen of similar forms and age though he be blindfolded. Few mothers would willingly risk title to an infant in a similar test.

Show Us a Sign

IF SOME great scientist should discover that a diet of water and hay is more nutritious and more easily assimilated than a diet of meat and bread, and should travel about the country urging folk to quit their accustomed way and profit by his discovery, a few might be interested, but none would put his teaching to the test.

But if the great scientist should by his own example prove the worth of his theory, and while publicly devouring hay and water put on flesh and develop the strength of an ox, many people would be persuaded to faith in his teaching, and eventually cabarets would dispose of all equipment except water faucets and mangers.

Prophets of communism are making the mistake of claiming the world's hill-climbing record before erecting a factory to build their first car.

It may be that communism is the logical solution of man's industrial, political and economic problems. If it is, the world should be persuaded of the truth—and the sooner the better. We have had trouble and worry enough with the present system.

The natural functioning of the law of supply and demand has made talk cheap. The world demands a demonstration. It wishes to be shown. If communism is a panacea let us see the proof of its virtue.

Scattered through America, in city, town and country, are citizens and aliens who have professed their faith in this new doctrine. They are eager to divide the property of all citizens, so that one may have as much as another.

If communism will make a paradise of America it will make a smaller but no less perfect paradise of a village. Let those who have seen the light draw together. Let them sell their properties, quit their present jobs, if any, and lay out a town site for themselves alone. There let them dwell and work or loaf as they choose; let them divide their earnings, share all things in common and find the way to perfect bliss.

If they find wealth and happiness, peace and perfect accord, health and contentment, and produce at a cost that will enable them to compete with the outside world, rest assured that world will not long be content to lag behind.

The world eagerly awaits the proof of the pudding. Let the prophets waste no more precious time in idle talk, but begin at once the great work of demonstrating the merit of communism to those who yet walk in darkness.

Evolution

A CHARMING girl is wooed and won by a boy yet on the threshold of achievement, and being denied the blessing of her parents quits home under cover of darkness and with him she loves builds a new home for herself. In after years, when she has a charming daughter of her own and a boy comes wooing, she feels that motherhood gives her the right to pick and choose among suitors, and is dumfounded when her daughter persists in using her own judgment.

A boy is full of an energy that finds an outlet in mischief and becomes the scourge of a neighborhood. There is unanimous agreement that he will end his days in the penitentiary.

He sobers with the advancing years, marries, prospers and has a son of his own.

The son is full of an energy that finds outlet in mischief, and the father, forgetting his own boyhood, worries, scolds, punishes and wonders what the world is coming to.

An autocrat reigns and a land groans under his lash. He abuses his power to tickle his vanity, struts and poses, and comes to consider himself a partner of destiny. When the burden of his rule becomes greater than men can bear, one who has courage and some quality of leadership heads a mob of the discontented and the autocrat is slain.

The liberator thereupon becomes a dictator and in time an autocrat. He also becomes a grievous burden and invites his own destruction, so that the second act of the drama is like the first, save for a change of characters.

Men quit one land to find liberty in another, and having built a new civilization to please their own fancy forthwith become as intolerant as the land they quit, so that a new generation, with its own definition of liberty, must choose between martyrdom and flight to an undeveloped land yet farther on.

Wheat planted in the ground sprouts and grows until it produces other grains of wheat that may be gathered and planted in their turn.

But the harvest is greater than the seed, and if he who plants is wise he may select the best of his grains and through many generations breed a superior wheat, and so to an ultimate perfection.

Entrance Japanese Embassy, Washington, D. C.

WILLYS-KNIGHT

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THE GREAT AMERICAN HUSBAND

(Concluded from Page 17)

promised to keep his place by her side he went and found Allida and introduced the two. Mrs. Ogden forthwith asked Allida and Polly to luncheon the next day. Allida must come prepared to tell her all about New York. Up here in the hills one got so rusty. Would Mrs. Booth please come?

In spite of herself, Allida felt flattered, and drifted back to her place beside Jim. To save her life, though, she couldn't keep her mind on what she was saying to Jim or what Jim was saying to her. She never could remember what she had had for dinner that night, because she kept watching George and Phyllis Ogden and straining her ears to catch what they said. Leon Ogden sat on Allida's left, and he, too, seemed to be watching his wife. Indeed, all the conversations were subsidiary to Phyllis Ogden's conversation with George.

After dinner, when the dancing began, George was unblushing about the way he danced continually with Phyllis. Allida, now prey to an ill-concealed frenzy, refused to dance with the laughing-eyed Jim, and sat huddled up by Leon Ogden, who seemed grumpy and out of sorts.

"Have you any children, Mr. Ogden?" inquired Allida—not that she cared at all.

"Boy and girl. Sam and Edith. Six and four. Don't go to school yet," said Mr. Ogden, forestalling future questions.

"Oh!" replied Allida after a heartsick silence.

"Like livin' in New York?" growled Ogden after seeing George cut in again on his wife.

"What did you say?" asked Allida. Really, you know, George was making a spectacle of himself!

"Nothing," said Mr. Ogden.

Just then Phyllis Ogden came over and sat down by her husband, who immediately looked like sunshine after rain.

"I'm absolutely dead, Leon. Do let's go!" Allida heard her whisper in her husband's ear.

When her husband had, with alacrity, gone for the car, Phyllis Ogden turned to Allida with a funny, tired, apologetic smile round her mouth.

"I'm ashamed to admit that I'm tired," she said, "especially when I think of you. Was the trip from New York very bad?"

"Most of it was lovely," said Allida promptly. "It was a green-plush day coach, and almost everyone who got in was carrying *flowers*." And under the spell of Mrs. Ogden's interest, Allida gave an even more enthusiastic account of the journey than George.

"Your husband was telling me a little about it," she said. "How congenial you must be! You must have simply gorgeous times together!"

Allida blinked. Had George, the oblivious, really taken in the poetical part of their trip?

"The reason that I'm tired is because my cook and nursemaid both departed this morning," continued Mrs. Ogden. "This in spite of the fact that I'm getting in two high-school girls to help over the holiday. Mr. Ogden had some friends coming for the week-end, and fortunately they telegraphed they couldn't come. I could have managed, though, because the minute the maids left I began cooking; and, my dear, I made three pies and two layer cakes and a quart of salad dressing and planned out every meal and got the things all in the house. The high-school girls won't have a thing to do but mind the children and wash the dishes. Don't forget that you are coming to luncheon to-morrow. I see that you are admiring my pin. It's new. Leon gave it to me this morning. Do tell him that you think it's pretty, for he thinks it isn't nice enough, and that I say I like it just to be polite. Here's Leon. Don't forget, Mrs. Booth! To-morrow for luncheon at one-thirty."

As Allida watched Mrs. Ogden go down the steps to her car she felt a little guilty over her own pin, conscious that the splendid diamonds looked garish beside Mrs. Ogden's simple bar of pearls.

After the Ogdens had driven off with five men and two women in the tonneau, Allida found herself standing shoulder to shoulder with George.

"Having a good time?" inquired George chummily.

"I should be if you weren't rushing Mrs. Ogden!" she answered tumultuously. "What in the world can you see in her? I thought you were through with the woman game! What did you find to talk about?"

"Dunno. Guess I'll have a smoke."

"That's what you always say to everything."

Meantime, in the Ogden car, a dramatic scene was being enacted. It had begun by one of the men joshing Mrs. Ogden about acquiring the newest man, as usual. Suddenly Leon Ogden stopped his car with a jerk.

"Look here, Phyllis!" he said. "I want to know what it is that you do?"

"I don't do anything. What do you mean?"

"You do too! Didn't young Bostwick break his engagement to Dallas Winthrop after just one evening with you?"

"Of course he did. I intended that he should, for he didn't love her, and everybody said he would make her unhappy. He had a roving eye, and Dallas lived to thank me for saving her."

"Well, whatever it is you do, I want it stopped. Young Mrs. Booth was ready to claw your eyes out when you were carrying on with her husband."

"Listen to him!" said Phyllis Ogden in her warmest contralto. "He's going to weaken. He couldn't possibly stay cross. Drive on, my dear, and apologize nicely before all the people."

"Of course I apologize, if you want me to—only darn your hide, anyway!"

"Angel!" replied Phyllis as she put her arm along the back of the seat behind her husband.

"Nothing so sickening as a married couple who continually parade their affection!" announced a bachelor admirer of Mrs. Ogden's. "Let me out at the next corner, Leon, please, before I'm ill."

When Allida reached the Audreys she went straight to her room after a dignified good night. George, however, who should have followed to make peace, lingered downstairs, joking and laughing in the most uproarious manner, just as he used to in college. When at last he came up he whistled bygone popular songs under his breath, ignored the apparently sleeping Allida's existence, and got into his comfortable bed with an abysmal sigh of content.

In the morning Jim and George motored off to a distant golf course before their wives were up, and Allida lay in bed until ten o'clock.

She had wakened with the feeling that somebody had stolen her dearest possession, and as the morning crept on the sensation deepened. Phyllis Ogden had asked her to lunch in order to disarm her.

Polly Audrey, looking complacent and pretty, came and perched on her bed and said that Allida would have to go to Phyllis' alone, because Madam Audrey wanted some shopping done, and whenever Madam Audrey wanted anything her son's wife always put off everything until Madam Audrey got what she was after. Though inconvenient, it was the shortest way.

Consequently Allida, looking her very best, kissed her two children good-by and started to walk down the shady street to its more unfashionable end, where the Ogdens lived. Phyllis, who was in her garden, waved a bunch of flowers at her.

"Luncheon is all ready," she said. "I'm starved, aren't you?"

And she led the way to a perfectly appointed dining room, where the table was set for two.

"It isn't a party," explained Phyllis. "I never give formal affairs, because I haven't brains enough to plan them and carry them through. Once I tried a formal luncheon for the only girl I ever knew who married a title. It was a blazing hot day, and I forgot all about colors. When we sat down I discovered that everything was bright red. I had poppies for a centerpiece, and we began with the red part of watermelon served in little balls, then we had tomato bouillon, broiled live lobster, tomato salad and little pickled beets, currant jelly and the reddest raspberry ice you ever saw. Everything swore at everything else, and to cap the climax, most of the guests wore coral or pink. Since then I've never tried anything formal."

Allida, in spite of her determination to be haughty, found herself enjoying the delicious creamed chicken, late green peas, salad and hot rolls. Just as they began on the homemade ice cream and nut cake Phyllis Ogden excused herself and dashed to the window.

"Arthur!" she called. "Come on over and have some ice cream!"

And presently a stoop-shouldered young man of twenty-nine or thirty, with tired clothes, a discouraged, too tightly knotted necktie and an anxious forehead sidled through the French window.

"I know you love homemade ice cream," smiled Phyllis after the introductions. "Leon says you are going to pull off a big deal this afternoon," she continued eagerly.

"Not much chance, I'm afraid," he mumbled half heartedly.

"Of course there's every chance. And your friends are going to be awfully proud of you." In spite of himself, he caught a little of her fire. "Arthur, will you promise to telephone to me the minute you are sure about it?"

With sheepish, ill-concealed delight he promised, ate two plates of cream, and after a confused good-by to Allida, departed munching a third piece of Phyllis' nut cake.

"Let's take our coffee out into the pergola," suggested Phyllis.

But as soon as they were seated Phyllis put down her coffee and blazed forth.

"That poor meal ticket!" she cried. "He's got the most useless wife that ever boasted of paying thirty-five dollars a bottle for her French perfume. She regards herself as a superior being, and considers that husbands were invented to provide women with luxuries they never had before. They have one child, who runs wild. On Mother's Day she ordered a great bunch of orchids and sent the bill to Arthur. She's the only woman I know who has one of the new platinum finger watches set in diamonds. Her pet dog has a tooth brush. Mrs. Booth, I have sometimes been criticized because I am too nice to men. But I think it's time that the American husband, as a class, had something handed to him. I'd like to see a Father's Day, myself. The fact that most women outlive their husbands by decades is the answer as to which has the harder time.

"Arthur's wife says she can't see what I see in Arthur. Of course I don't see anything special in Arthur, except that I have a great big overwhelming desire to have him get a little fun out of life.

"You and your husband are exceptional people, and I think Leon and I are. But aside from a few masculine tyrants, who aren't typical, don't most of the women you know get lots more out of life than their husbands? He works like mad, and she enjoys the fruits!"

With a sick, uncomfortable feeling round her heart, Allida carefully selected a bonbon from the silver dish that Phyllis passed.

"Especially nowadays, men are driven so hard that most of them burn up a lifetime of energy before they are forty-five years old. Who inhabit our hotels? Prosperous widows! Where can you find even a handful of widowers? Oh, I'm on my hobby all right, and I'm violent, because I never talked to anybody about it before. I won't say that women literally drive men to death, but I know that my husband is going to work moderately and enjoy life as he goes along, and let me enjoy it too. I don't care if I haven't got the most expensive car on the market, and I don't try to have a trousseau of new gowns every season. I may be lazy and may have no standards, but I won't spend a lot of energy keeping up style we can't afford."

Drifting along under the elms was a vision in pink organdie, with a picture hat and a parasol that was like a great pink rose. On her babyishly pretty face was a distinct pout. At her heels was a Pomeranian with a pink bow.

"Just glance across the street, and you'll see Arthur's wife.

"She's on her way to take a French lesson from a young officer who was wounded. He is handsome, but his accent is atrocious and his reputation lurid. Think of it! Arthur is down there in that hot, deafening office trying not to be done by men older and smarter than he in order that she may stroll about in pink organdie and be admired. How can she?"

Again Mrs. Ogden smiled whimsically at her own ardor. Allida glanced at her platinum wrist watch set with diamonds.

"I had no idea that it was so late," she apologized. "I promised Polly to come home early."

And greatly to her own surprise, she found herself kissing Phyllis Ogden good-by. As soon as she realized what she had done she was tempted to apologize, but the expression in Phyllis' eyes stopped her.

"Well, I see that you've fallen for Phyllis," laughed Polly as Allida sauntered into the house with a rapt expression.

"She talked intimately with me," said Allida seriously.

"That's the way everybody feels about Phyllis. You think she's genuine?"

"Genuine?"

"Don't bite my head off, Allida, dear. Phyllis is the only genius I know. She can't play the piano or write or paint or sing, but she's got a love of her kind that's a bigger gift than any of these other things. After a while you get used to her variety of genius, and settle down to enjoy her. No wonder we all love her, for without our knowing it at all, she brings out the best in every one of us! Can you deny that that's genius?"

"Let's have the Ogdens down to play cards to-night," suggested Jim before dinner. "We'll ask Arthur and his wife too. I hear that Arthur put through his first big deal this afternoon, and we ought to get up a little celebration. His baby doll won't even notice the fact."

When the George Booths went up to array themselves for dinner and the impromptu auction party, George became aware that Allida was unusual this evening.

"Having a good time, dear?" he inquired anxiously.

It came to her that he was always asking her that.

"I've loved every minute. Wasn't the train ride great?"

"Bully! Be nice to Arthur, won't you? Everyone says he's nothing but a meal ticket."

"George!"

"Yes?"

"I'd just as soon have a touring car."

George looked at her peculiarly.

"Sedans are hot," she continued breathlessly. "We wouldn't use a car in the winter, anyway, if next year is anything like last. And the children would enjoy a touring car better."

Still George held her with that peculiar, inexplicable gaze.

"Come on, dear, let's go down," she continued. "I want Polly to know that I've given in to you. I was telling her about our getting a car."

"Don't say anything more to Polly about a car, please, dear."

"Why not?"

"Because we aren't going to have a car."

"Why not?"

"I didn't mean to tell you until we got back, because I didn't want to spoil your holiday. Thursday was the worst day I ever put in at the office. We just can't afford to do business as we have been doing it. One or two of the men I like best have got to go, and we're shutting down two factories."

"Shall we have to give up our apartment?"

"I'm afraid so."

The George Booths stood mutely staring at each other for some time.

"Why don't you fellows come down?" called Jim from below. "Gong sounded twenty minutes ago."

With her head held high in the air, Allida started toward the door, but George blocked her path.

"Please don't make me talk, George. If I do I'll go all to pieces."

"I only want you to know that we shall probably weather the storm, dear."

"It isn't the storm that matters. I'm really not fit to be your wife, George. But I'm going to change. And as long as we have a Mother's Day, somebody ought to inaugurate a Father's Day."

"I adore you most when you get incoherent," declared George, embracing his spouse in a way that was satisfactory to both.

"Come on down!" called Polly.

"We're coming!" cried George blissfully.

As he ran downstairs Allida followed him slowly, hoping that they wouldn't all notice the way tears kept coming into her eyes.

"I am afraid I haven't been appreciating George!" she thought.

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WINNIE AND THE WOLVES

(Continued from Page 9)

about town because he had insulted her. She retaliated his insult by fining him a four-and-a-half-guinea hat. And as she told herself, smiling angelically at the mirror, he was a wolf, ready and willing to eat her up with one bite. It served him right.

"How cruel and merciless men are!" she said to herself as she turned to survey the hat from another angle. "They pounce on one like great fierce hawks. Daddy was right. A lonely little girl like me has to be so careful—like a mouse hiding among the cornstalks away from the owls. Ye-es, it goes well with my hair! Awfully well."

That evening she gave up to a long and careful consideration of her plans. Her original idea when planning her future, while "lady-helping" Mrs. Fennel, had been to seek a position as typist in an office or pianist in a cinema cellar, and so settle down to save money. This idea, since the wolflike conduct of Doctor Fennel, had been gracefully but swiftly receding into the never-never. Winnie did not care for work for work's sake, and she felt that pounding the keys of either a typewriter or a piano was not a swift method of increasing her hundred to a thousand—which gentle project was looming large in the exceedingly active mind that worked under her great pile of beautiful hair.

Nevertheless she glanced through The Evening View advertisements, rather idly, as she sipped a cup of chocolate, in case any demented millionaire wanted a typist or secretary at about a thousand a year, and so came upon the following advertisement:

"WANTED: Young lady for confidential work requiring no special training. Must be fair-haired, blue-eyed, not over five feet four inches, good complexion. High salary. Call 11 A. M. GEO. H. JAY, 9 Finch Court, Southampton Row, W. C."

Winnie smiled. She fitted that advertisement so well that it might have been written round her. She decided to accept the position. It did not appear to occur to her that she might not get it offered to her—for Winnie O'Wynn was no pessimist.

Finch Court was practically full of fair-haired ladies with good or pretty good complexions at eleven o'clock next morning. They ran from six feet to four feet tall—evidently some were as poor judges of height as they were good applicants for high salaries. Their hair ranged from gray to dark orange—fair, that is.

Winnie, strolling up at about eleven-twenty, turned into Finch Court and stopped abruptly. She perceived at a glance that this business was going to be a scramble, and as she did not care for scrambles she smiled and turned abruptly—into the arms of a fat man in a racy silk hat and gray frock-coat suit. He had a good-humored jolly sort of face, though his eyes were hard and glassy. He started a little as Winnie collided with him.

"I beg pardon ——" he began in tones of surprise, then checked himself. "Are you calling in reply to the advertisement?"

"Oh, yes," smiled Winnie. "But it is so crowded, and as I really don't mind whether I have the position or not I was coming away."

"Don't do that, miss. It's yours. You've got it. You're engaged. I'm a quick man. I'm Jay—George Jay. If I interviewed a thousand ladies I should never find anyone more suitable than you."

He took out a handkerchief, removed his hat, mopped his forehead and laughed very loudly indeed.

"I knew I should be lucky. Saw a black cat last week. Ran over it in fact," he bellowed. "Come into the office."

He made his way up the court and called loudly to the fair-haired bevy:

"Sorry, ladies. The position is filled."

They began to pour out of the court instantly, and the fat man turned into an office the windows of which were inscribed "GEO. H. JAY, Agent." No information was supplied concerning the person or persons, thing or things for whom or which Mr. Jay acted as agent.

"This way, my de—miss."

Winnie entered a comfortably furnished office on the first floor and took the chair which George H. Jay offered her. She wondered whether he, too, was a wolf. She fancied he was not—but with jolly-faced fat men one never knew.

He looked at her closely, and a great satisfaction dawned in his eyes. He beamed.

"Do you mind if I ask you what is the salary, please?" inquired Winnie, her innocent lovely eyes very wide and anxious.

"Oh, very good—very good, indeed; Miss—Miss ——"

"I am Winnie—Winnie O'Wynn, you know."

"Dear me, that's a very pretty name, Miss O'Wynn. The salary is—er—ten pounds and all expenses."

"Are there any duties, please?" asked Winnie naïvely.

George H. Jay blinked slightly

"Well, sure! That is—they're very light."

"Are they honorable, please? Do forgive me for asking you that, Mr. Jay—but a lonely and unprotected girl has to be so careful."

Mr. Jay stared intently at the lovely child face turned so eagerly toward him, and he winced a little.

"I will tell you the duties and you shall judge for yourself, Miss O'Wynn," he said; and added quickly: "If I were a married man and had a daughter no doubt she would be about your age, and one thinks of these things, of course, of course."

It did not sound translucently clear, but that wincing, flickering look of discomfort had not escaped those blue, blue eyes. Winnie mentally filed it for future reference.

"You will be required to occupy a room in a hotel at Brighton on the night after next. That is all. I myself will escort you there, and call for you in the morning. You may choose your room, examine it, lock it and keep the key. I will guarantee that you will sleep as safe and sound there as in your own home. Nobody will interfere with you, annoy you or even attempt to speak to you from the moment you arrive till the moment you leave. That's a guaranty. If it is not kept to the strict letter you are free to call the police or anyone you like to care for you. The fee which will be paid to you for this simple service is—come now—ten—no, say, twelve pounds—call it guineas."

"Oh, but that is awfully easy. Shall I be taken down in a motor?"

"Certainly," said Mr. George H. Jay, smiling.

The sweet lips drooped.

"Oh, but I haven't a motor coat or bonnet or anything. It will be very expensive."

"That will come under expenses," said Mr. Jay, laughing extremely loudly.

Winnie smiled.

"How pleasant it will be to work for you," she said impulsively.

"Well, I'm not mean; no, you won't find us—me—mean."

Her face fell.

"What is it—what's the matter?"

Winnie's eyes were downcast.

"I am so afraid that you will be ashamed of my dressing case. It's rather shabby. You see, I am not very well off, and I am saving up for a new one, but I haven't got very far yet. Do you think if I were to put a little money toward it the rest could come under expenses too? You see, it would be an expense."

Mr. Jay's good humor and generosity seemed unbounded.

"Dressing case, dressing case? Oh, that'll be all right. Can't go with a shabby dressing case, certainly not," he said in his noisy, open, breezy way.

He pondered, staring at her. His gaze was very keen and penetrating. But it fell off like a blunted arrow from a shield from the impenetrable innocence of Winnie.

"Certainly have a dressing case, child. In fact, it's necessary," he said. "And we won't call upon your pennies for it either. Look here, go and buy one now—a nice one. Ten pounds, hey? Ought to get a nice one for ten pounds."

"Before the war my father bought me a beauty for fifteen pounds, but everything is so dear now," said Winnie.

A certain sadness crept into Mr. Jay's keen eyes—a kind of weariness.

"Well, well, choose for yourself, and bring the bill to me."

He laughed louder than the waves breaking on the shore—but there was not much amusement in his mirth.

"Come and see me to-morrow, when you have got suitable things. Anything in reason that is necessary for a lady staying one night at a good hotel you can have. And if

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you have—or can get—a smart violet evening dress to dine in—why, do so. I will attend to the bill."

He drew a sharp breath.

"Only be human. I mean, be reasonable. What I mean is, don't spend for the sake of spending."

Winnie's eyes widened.

"Oh, that would be wicked! I think that is quite a detestable thing to do. I will be very economical," she promised.

"I'm sure you will, Miss Winnie. That's a good girl."

He rose and excusing himself for a moment left the room. He closed the door behind him, but the catch failed and it hung slightly ajar.

Winnie rose, widened the gap and resumed her seat. In a moment she heard faintly the voice of Mr. Jay speaking upon the telephone.

He had subdued his lusty voice and she caught only a word here and there. But they were useful words:

"Wonderful likeness . . . amazing luck, my lord . . . expense . . . quite so . . . yes, my lord . . . ha, ha . . . *carte blanche* . . . instructions . . . very good."

The voice ceased and Winnie got up, closed the door and sat down again, her eyes fixed thoughtfully on the telephone on Mr. Jay's table. Why did he not use his own telephone instead of going into another room?

Filed for reference.

Mr. Jay entered, apologizing for his temporary absence.

"Well, my dear Miss O'Wynn, I think everything is clear. Fit yourself up properly -I see you're a lady and know how to dress, and so on. Let the few little things you find it necessary to buy be of good quality suitable for a lady."

He sighed.

"But, as I say, be human about it. Don't spend more than is absolutely necessary. Hard times, you know."

Winnie reassured him and having promised to return on the following day she smilingly tripped away.

Mr. Jay resumed his chair and for some moments stared before him, frowning slightly.

Once he half rose, then relapsed into his chair again.

"She's as innocent as a child. But I hope she's not as careless. I ought to have fixed a limit. Thirty pounds—something like that. If she's careless she might easily spend nearer fifty. That's the worst of these pretty little things—either they're carelessly extravagant or else they're as rapacious as vampires. And I guess I can provide all the rapacity required in this business."

He grinned.

"However, she's too timid to do much damage. But all the same I should have mentioned a limit."

Mr. Jay was right—he should have done so.

It would have been unlike Winnie had she failed to realize that in some mysterious way the wolves were after her once more. The man Jay, acting no doubt for others, needed her badly—so badly that he was evidently prepared to pay for the privilege.

She called in at the nearest tea room, ordered a cup of chocolate, and thought it out.

The duty required of her was so excessively simple and the pay so high that it would have frightened many girls.

Why was Mr. Jay prepared to lay out quite a large sum of money just to get a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl of five feet four to occupy a room for one night only in a Brighton hotel? Why need she wear a violet dress to dine in?

It was apparent to her that there was nothing to fear. She need only take a good novel, a box of chocolates, keep the light burning all night, see to the lock and key, if necessary pay a fee for a detective to stand on duty all night outside or below her open window, and so, safe, spend a few hours reading.

It was very mysterious. But it was also easy. No doubt Mr. Jay expected to reap some wolfly advantage out of it. Winnie did not mistake him for a philanthropist. But what advantage, it was difficult to see, and it did not greatly matter.

Winnie glanced at her watch and smiled quietly.

She had a great deal of shopping to do, and very little time to do it in. She left the shop and took a taxi.

"Please drive me to Regent Street," she said in her caressing way.

■

MR. GEORGE H. JAY was not alone when she called at his office on the following morning. Sitting by the window was a tall, excessively slender, well-dressed man of middle age.

He rose as Winnie entered. It was an effective entrance, for she was wearing a thirty-guinea gray costume—new; a three-and-a-half guinea pair of gray suède shoes—also new; gray silk stockings—new, thirty-seven and six; and, of course, the hat which had been so kindly presented to her by the wolf of yester eve. She carried a gray, gold-mounted soft alligator bag—new; and in the bag were a small bundle of receipted bills and a very much larger bundle of unreceipted bills.

"Let me introduce Mr. Carter, Miss O'Wynn," said the man Jay.

Mr. Carter bowed, smiling.

Winnie decided that had it not been for a certain semiboiled appearance of his eyes, the pallid hue of his rather weak face, and his air of being out of condition, he would have been tolerantly good looking. As it was he—he was far, very far, the reverse.

"And now, with your permission, to business," said Mr. Jay; adding: "Mr. Carter is my sleeping partner, my dear Miss O'Wynn, and entirely in my confidence."

Winnie nodded.

"How nice," she said, and Mr. Carter smiled pleasantly, nodding his head with a mechanical motion that might have been inspired by a couple at the sideboard for breakfast.

"Have you arranged for the few little things you required?" asked Mr. Jay.

"Oh yes, quite, thank you; some I paid for myself—and the others will be sent when you have paid for them. I have brought you the bills."

"Ah, yes. You are a businesslike young lady, I see. What was the total?"

"It seems to be a hundred and seventy-eight pounds," said Winnie composedly.

Mr. Jay gripped the sides of his chair. His lips seemed feebly to shape the words "Be human," and he gulped very loudly.

"You see, I didn't buy any jewelry," said Winnie. "It seemed so expensive. Besides, I have some of my own." She was taking the bills from her bag.

"Those are the receipted ones. Will you please pay me now for those—sixty-two pounds—as I spent all my own money on them? And those are the unpaid ones for you to pay."

Mechanically Mr. Jay took the bills. His eyes were fixed on Mr. Carter. But Mr. Carter's eyes were on the angelic face of Winnie O'Wynn.

Mr. Jay cleared his throat.

"Do you approve, my—Mr. Carter?" he asked, it seemed, nervously.

Mr. Carter nodded.

"Oh, quite; make out the checks, Jay."

"Certainly, Mr. Carter. At once."

Mr. Jay excused himself for a moment and went out to instruct a clerk to make out the checks.

"You know, dear Miss O'Wynn, that your little adventure will be quite free from any complication. It will be exactly as Mr. Jay has explained. I assure you of that. I could not sanction it were it in the least likely to cause you any inconvenience," said Mr. Carter.

"I am quite sure that you would not, Mr. Carter," replied Winnie admiringly. "I felt very relieved when I saw you. I could see that you were chivalrous."

Mr. Carter looked surprised but pleased.

"And noble-minded, and with great delicacy, honor and generosity. You don't mind my saying so, do you?"

"Not at all, I assure you."

"Some men are like wolves, I think, don't you?"

"Oh, lamentably—I have frequently noticed it."

"And some are just the opposite. They are like shepherds—protectors of the lambs against the wolves, aren't they? Don't you think so, Mr. Carter? I think you are one of the shepherd kind—you would protect anyone, I am sure."

Mr. Carter seemed so surprised that he was almost embarrassed.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "If ever you need a protector come straight to me."

"Thank you, Mr. Carter, I will," said Winnie, so innocently that he fully believed the *double entendre* had sailed harmlessly over her head.

But it had not. Things of that kind never sailed over Winnie's head—they sailed instead into her mental notebook, which automatically entered the man who said it as a very wolfy specimen of *Canis Lupus*.

Her feminine intuition and habit of keen observation through those baby-blue eyes had some minutes before summed up Mr. Carter as that "my lord" to whom Mr. Jay had telephoned on the previous day, and who probably was behind the mysterious duty for which she was being so well paid.

So she stood up and impulsively offered her hand.

"Shall we be friends, we two?" she cried softly. "Just we two?"

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. Carter. "The very best of friends." He seemed quite enthusiastic.

"But, I say, what about that jewelry? You positively must have a trinket or two for the visit. Naturally, what? You must let me arrange that for you. Where do you live, Miss O'Wy ——"

He broke off as Mr. Jay reëntered—apparently much to Mr. Carter's annoyance.

"Well, Jay, well—what is it now?" he said irritably.

Jay stared.

"Why, my lo—Mr. Carter—the checks are being written."

"Yes." Mr. Carter remembered himself. "Naturally, what? Well, I'll be cantering along. Remember, Jay, it's *carte blanche*. You will leave your address with Mr. Jay, won't you, Miss O'Wynn, in case we have anything to send? A message, for instance."

He made a rather vague exit, and Mr. Jay settled down to business.

"Tell me, my dear Miss O'Wynn, before we go any further—are you really up from the old ivy-clad rectory—or are you barbed? What I mean is, are you really an ingénue or is this innocence just your special—er—spiel?"

"Daddy wasn't a rector," said Winnie rather blankly.

Mr. Jay, whose sharp eyes had been piercing her, suddenly laughed his loudest, breeziest laugh, the suspicion clearing from his eyes.

"I see you don't follow me, my dear. That's all right. Forgive me. Keep your ingenuousness as long as you can. It's grand currency anyway. But that hundred and seventy-odd! Gee! You got to have a natural nerve to hit it up like that—innocent or not innocent. I meant about thirty pounds, you know. However, it's all right."

That was quite true. He had meant her to spend about thirty. But he had meant also to charge his client, Mr. Carter—for so Lord Fasterton had chosen to call himself that morning—about a hundred, under the heading of Outfit and Preliminary Expenses. Still, Mr. Jay did not lack nerve himself, and had no doubt that he could make up his loss by some other gentle little charge.

Winnie had guessed all that from the almost careless way in which he had discussed her pay and expenses during the first interview, and, like the gardener who decided to teach the toad to be a toad, naturally she had promptly decided to teach Mr. Jay to be a wolf.

"Yes, keep your pretty innocence as long as you can, my dear child," said Mr. Jay innocently. "It's better than nerve. No crook would have had the nerve to hit it up like that. They're human, some of 'em."

"I don't understand," said Winnie.

"That's all right. Now to business."

He gave her the checks and bills, advised her, quite superfluously, to collect the things as quickly as possible, and then plunged into detailed instructions. They were neither long nor complicated, and within ten minutes everything was arranged and Winnie tripped out.

The clerk who had brought the checks—a dark-eyed youth, good-looking in the nut or bean style, with beplastered hair, leaped to open the door for her.

"Thank you so much," said Winnie in her most caressing voice. "You are so kind." She stabbed him to the heart with her blue eyes—for she had an idea that he might be useful—and departed, leaving him convinced that he had made a conquest. He, too, was much more innocent than he knew.

All went with the silken and dreamlike smoothness which usually characterized

(Continued on Page 65)

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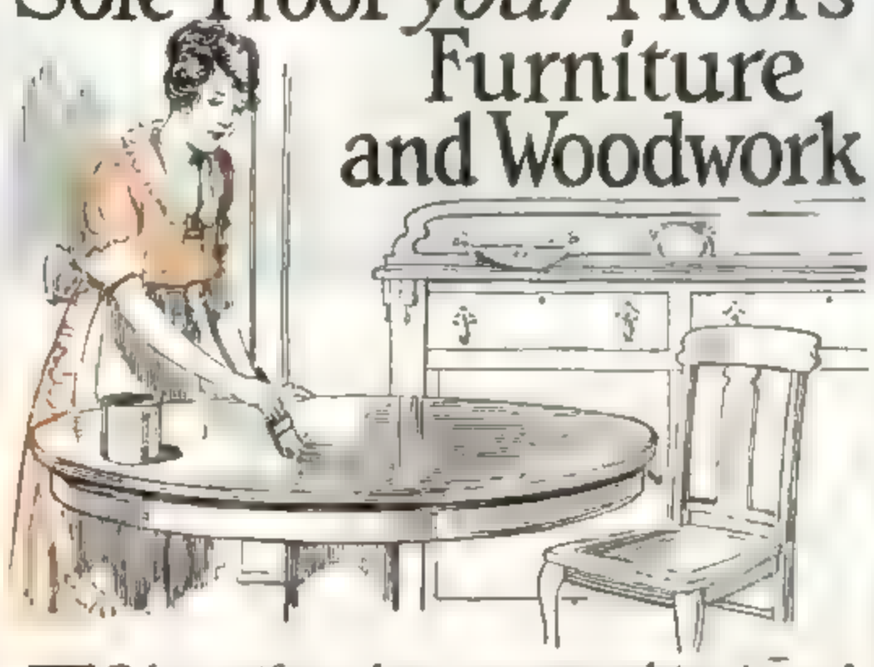

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(Continued from Page 62)

the operations of the shady though breezy Mr. Jay. He motored her down to Brighton, arriving in time for her to change her six-guinea dream in motor bonnets, her forty-guinea motor coat, lightly fur lined, and similar sundries, for a really entrancing evening gown in violet, hastily and expensively fitted by Raquin, from Laquin, formerly with Jaquin. The hotel was small but smart, entitled the Bijouette, run by a ladylike woman who seemed unnecessarily deferential to Mr. Jay. As she left Mr. Jay to go to her room a telegram was handed her. It contained a profound apology from Mr. Carter for his failure to provide the trinkets. Insurmountable difficulties had prevented him, but she would find on her return to town that the omission had been rectified.

She dined with Mr. Jay, and in due course retired to her room. She had intended to read through the night, but the motor run seemed to have tired her. So she locked her door, went to bed and slept dreamlessly till nine o'clock on the following morning. She breakfasted with Mr. Jay at leisure, and presently drove back to London. It was about as thrilling as eating mashed potato.

Mr. Jay dropped her at her flat, gave her a ten-pound note, two pound notes and twelve shillings, thanked her, shook her hand warmly, hoped to have the pleasure of putting fresh business in her way, and drove off—with a vague appearance of relief.

Winnie took the couch and settled down to think it out. Few people knew better than she that men are not in the habit of spending something like two hundred pounds for nothing. But it was difficult to see what Mr. Carter and Mr. Jay were getting for their good money.

Winnie made herself a cup of her favorite chocolate and lapsed into reverie, which speedily produced a decision to cultivate the smitten clerk of Mr. Jay.

For, as Winnie told herself rather plaintively: "These men have taken advantage of me in some way, though I don't quite know how. But I won't be wolfed by any of them—and I must defend myself with the kind of weapons they choose."

One brief tea at a tea shop, resulting from a chance—he thought—encounter near Finch Court did the business of Mr. Gus Golding, the clerk.

Winnie O'Wynn was an almost irresistible siren at her very worst—but at her best and when in form she could have charmed the man in the moon to earth and have persuaded him to throw away his return ticket.

And as the adoration of Gus Golding was unhampered by any sort of loyalty to the loud-laughing Mr. Jay—whom the youth tersely described as a man-eating lobster—it took Winnie perhaps ten minutes to acquire all the information Gus had to give, which was very little, but included the interesting fact that at first sight he, Gus, had mistaken Miss O'Wynn for Lady Fasterton.

"Am I like her, then, Mr. Golding?" purred Winifred.

"Ten years ago she might have held a candle to you, Miss O'Wynn—but not now. She's got style but she's got to make up pretty much to come anywhere near you now."

Winnie gave him a smile—not for the compliment, which was ordinary, but for the information, which to her quick wits was extraordinary.

Light began to show dimly at the end of the tunnel of mystery into which she was peering. She gathered that Mr. Golding had very little information to add to the facts that Lady Fasterton—whom he had seen only once—resembled Miss O'Wynn, that Mr. Carter was indeed Lord Fasterton and that he was wont to employ Mr. Jay upon occasional commissions of the type which would not commend themselves to the family solicitors. Beyond this Gus knew nothing. So she gently disengaged herself from his conversation and company and sent him back to the office. He had not appeared to possess an inkling of why Mr. Jay or Lord Fasterton had needed the services of Winnie.

But innocently he had dropped a scrap of information which upon consideration began to grow in Winnie's mind. It was to the effect that Lord Fasterton had recently purchased the Bijouette Hotel at Brighton—through Mr. Jay—thus causing an increase in the office work, which was the only aspect of the matter that interested Gus.

Winnie filed it away in her mind and spent all the following day in making a few inquiries. During her absence Lord Fasterton called at her flat twice. On the second occasion he left a packet. It contained a very sweet and microscopic bracelet watch in gold, with a diamond or two set about it, together with an affectionate little note.

But save to mark this further evidence of the wolfiness of Lord Fasterton, Winnie was too busy spurring on a private inquiry agent in whom she had invested a few guineas. Lord Fasterton would wait until she was ready to deal with him.

Her diligence and intelligence brought speedy results, and when, some four days after the Brighton trip, she put on the pink kimono—she always thought best in the pink—and with a vast supply of cushions made herself comfortable on the huge old couch, which was one of the things the money lenders to her father had found "magicked" away, she had gleaned sufficient information to give her quite one of the jolliest evenings any lonely unprotected girl has ever had since jig saw was invented.

So deftly, indeed, did she fit together the particular jig-saw puzzle of Mr. Jay and the Bijouette that when on the following morning she slipped on the Fasterton wrist watch prior to going out she regarded it with the almost contemptuous look that one might bestow upon a stone presented to one who is fully entitled to ask for and expect a complete bakery.

She took a taxi to Grosvenor Square and asked for Lady Fasterton.

It was nearly twelve and Lady Fasterton had been up for some time—almost half an hour. Having nothing better to do she received Winnie, who thrilled at her first glance at Lord Fasterton's wife. She was fair-haired, blue-eyed and five feet four—very pretty, very much like Winnie, but looking a little more the victim of the strenuous life. At the time when Fasterton had married her—off the stage—she must have been a veritable twin sister to Miss O'Wynn.

But she lacked the younger girl's vivacity. She was as languid as a slowly drifting curl of mist or a lily lying upon a still pool.

"Good morning, Miss O'Wynn," she said, smiling faintly. "For a moment I fancied I was looking into a mirror—but I see now that you are younger, fresher and prettier than I am. But I was like you once." She sighed and leaned back as if exhausted by this long speech.

"You only say that because you are so kind, Lady Fasterton," smiled Winnie, and drew a chair close to the settee. "But I shall try hard to believe it—though I don't think I shall succeed. No doubt you wonder why I have come to see you. It is because I have discovered a conspiracy against you."

"A conspiracy?" asked Lady Fasterton wearily. "Oh, let them conspire."

"A very serious one," pressed Winnie. "I would not distress you with the particulars only they have tried to make use of me to aid them."

A little of Lady Fasterton's languor fell away.

"They? Who?"

"Your husband and Mr. Jay."

Lady Fasterton rose.

"One moment, dear Miss O'Wynn," she said, and crossed the apartment and opened a drawer, from which she took a small gold box. She moved her hands, her back to Winnie, and the girl heard a little inhalation—a sniff.

The drawer closed and the lady returned. Her languor had gone—temporarily drug-driven away.

"Now tell me, my dear," she said. "Tell me everything, and don't mind my feelings."

And Winnie told her in detail all that had happened to her.

Lady Fasterton listened to the end. She must have been far advanced along the fatal path of the drug slaves, for her temporary keenness had died out long before Winnie finished, and the story conveyed nothing to her.

"It's all very mysterious. What does it mean—and why do you tell me all this, my dear girl?" she asked.

"Do you want me to speak freely, Lady Fasterton?" asked Winnie. The innocence that characterized her manner with men was not now apparent.

"Certainly."

"Very well. I believe that if the register of the Bijouette Hotel were available to us instead of to Lord Fasterton only, we should find a false entry dated last Monday which would show that Mr. and Mrs. Jay stayed there on Monday night! And no doubt there are several people who would swear to that, and, confronted with you, would swear that you," Winnie paused, "were the lady who stayed there!"

"Go on," said Lady Fasterton.

"Have you witnesses—could you prove—where you were on last Monday night?" asked Winnie.

"Cer ——" began Lady Fasterton, and stopped sharply. A change passed over her face and an odd look flashed into her eyes.

"Ah—I see, I see!" she said, half to herself, and faced Winnie.

"No," she said, "I could not."

She leaned forward suddenly.

"Don't misunderstand me," she said, rather hastily. "Let me explain. The state of my health—my nerves—renders it necessary that I should take certain drugs." She laughed. "Oh, call me a drug fiend, if you like—we're always misunderstood. On Monday I was at a place where drugs are obtainable. I was there practically all night. Fasterton knew or guessed—if he was sober, which is improbable. He slept at his club. But of all the party that was at the place—the drug place—on Monday there is not one who would admit it, much less swear it in a law court. You see, it's illegal—and scandalous."

Winnie nodded.

"So that if people swore that they saw you at the Bijouette on Monday last, you could only deny it—you could not prove that you were elsewhere."

Lady Fasterton shrugged her shoulders.

"I could not. No, my dear—I'm so sure of the people I spoke of that if Fasterton were to start divorce proceedings—which is the sole reason of this plot—it would not be worth my while to defend it."

Winnie thought.

"But you, Lady Fasterton—do you want a divorce?"

"I? Heavens, child, no! Fasterton is one of the richest men in the country. He and I each go our own way. We dislike each other—but that's nothing. Probably Jay suggested this scheme to him—because Fasterton would like to marry Feline—that's the girl who does the weird leopard dance at the Paliseum. He'll be tired of her in a month."

She stared at Winnie.

"But now Fasterton is powerless—so far as this particular scheme is concerned. It's tremendously generous of you to tell me all this, my dear. You see, your evidence would quite ruin their plan. You would give evidence for me, wouldn't you?"

"Of course, dear Lady Fasterton—it would be very expensive?"

"Expensive, child?" A light dawned on the lady's face. "Oh, I forgot. You are so ladylike that I quite forgot that you have to earn your living. Do forgive me! But that can be put right."

She went to a desk and drew out a check book.

"When I married a millionaire I took care of myself, my dear," she said, reverting for a moment to the old manner. "Mind you do the same. Don't trust any man to love you more than a year or two. Tie him down while he's mad for you; tie him down—in black and white."

She scrawled gigantically across the fair pink face of a check.

"There, my dear, it's five hundred. And remember you've a friend in me. You have done me a good turn—I don't want the trouble of being divorced by Fasterton. I've given him no cause—at least not more than he's given me—and it would take me a long time to find another husband as well off. Keep this quiet, my dear, and don't forget I'm your friend. Apart from my settlements my allowance is five thousand a year; and you being so much like me might be useful—to us both."

She kissed Winnie.

"Only you're prettier and sweeter and younger, Winnie," she said ruefully.

"Oh, no, dear Lady Fasterton!" said Winnie politely.

Winnie then called on Mr. Jay—for no reason apparently, save to ask him if he had any more work for her in immediate view, as, if not, she was going to enjoy a week's holiday at Brighton—staying at the Bijouette Hotel, which she liked very much, she said. She met him on the way to lunch and joined him.

Innocent, nay, even trifling though this item of news appeared to be, it smote the smile off Mr. Jay's mouth like the blow of an ax. Nothing could be more fatal to the gentle plan of Lord Fasterton and himself than for Winnie to become well known to the staff of the Bijouette.

"Oh, I shouldn't go to Brighton, my dear Miss O'Wynn. I heard only this morning that they're expecting an outbreak of influenza there. Why not make it—er—Bournemouth? Fine place, Bournemouth."

"Yes, isn't it?" said Winnie. "But so expensive."

"Expensive, eh? Why, so it is." Mr. Jay appeared to ponder. Then with a smile on his lips but with a sob in his eyes—so to speak—he made a very pleasing proposition:

"I've been thinking during the last day or so, my dear young lady, and, to be truthful, I confess that I paid you too little for that small matter you attended to for me. So, if you would prefer Bournemouth—and I advise it—I will foot the bill for you."

Winnie's blue eyes opened.

"But it will cost nearly fifty pounds—to have a really nice holiday there. Daddy stayed there once—and he said how dear it was"

Mr. Jay gulped. He looked as if he wanted to say "Be human," but he refrained

"Well, well, I dare say that can be managed," he said, staring at the sweet face before him.

He took out a note case and counted over five ten-pound notes.

"There you are, my dear young lady," he said. "You needn't mind taking them. You earned them. But it's Bournemouth, not Brighton. That's a promise, eh?"

Winnie put away the notes in her little alligator bag.

"Of course it is, Mr. Jay. Thank you ever so much. I will persuade the friend who, I hope, will come with me that I have decided to go to Bournemouth."

"That's right—that's fine," purred Mr. Jay. "A lady friend?" he inquired.

"An old school friend," said Winnie quietly. "Lady Fasterton. Do you know her? I am going to call on her this afternoon to renew our old friendship and to try to persuade her to come with me."

The hair of George H. Jay stood straight up on end.

"Who?" he said, his eyes starting.

"Lady Fasterton, Mr. Jay," repeated Winnie, her eyes wide with wonder. "Is anything the matter?"

"You were going to stay at the Bijouette, Brighton, with Lady Fasterton!" croaked Mr. Jay.

"At Bournemouth, now, if she is willing after I have renewed our schoolgirl friendship," Winnie explained soothingly.

"But, you can't my dear—you simply can't! It's impossible! There are lots of reasons why you shouldn't call on Lady Fasterton."

"But why, Mr. Jay?"

"Oh—excuse me a minute. I've got to telephone. I won't be a minute."

He hurried away.

Winnie smiled and turned to deal prettily with an ice that the elderly waiter had just brought.

She guessed without difficulty that Mr. Jay was desperately ringing up Lord Fasterton.

"Such wolves!" she murmured. "How they try to pounce upon one!"

"Beg pard'n, miss?" It was the elderly waiter.

"I only said what wolves men are," smiled Winnie. "I didn't mean you, of course—it was the others I meant."

"Yes, miss. Certainly," said the fatherly waiter, rather hazily.

Mr. Jay returned, looking worried. He sat down.

"Very unfortunate business, Miss O'Wynn," he said.

"What do you mean, Mr. Jay?"

"It's too long—and too complicated a story to explain, my dear little lady. But strangely enough I have another commission for you—if you are free. It would be honorable and well paid."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Quite easy. I want someone to go to Cardiff for a month and make a list of all the Evanses living there. It's in connection with a legacy. Could you do that? Only, unfortunately, for certain reasons, you would have to give an undertaking not to see or communicate with Lady Fasterton for three months."

He paused, looking anxiously at Winnie.

"Oh, dear!" A look of pain darkened the blue eyes. "I don't think I would like to promise not to see May Fasterton for so long," demurred Winnie.

"But it's business. Business most serious, my dear child. And well paid."

"How much would you pay me, please?"

A look of sheer agony appeared on Mr. Jay's red face

"A hundred pounds"

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Jay. I really couldn't give up my friendship with May Fasterton for the sake of a hundred pounds. It would seem like selling her."

Mr Jay groaned audibly.

"No no, Miss Winnie—not at all It's business"

He drew a deep breath After all it was Fasterton's money, and he was prepared to spend well for the sake of his divorce. The whole plot depended on it. If Winnie and Lady Fasterton met It was only a question of time before Winnie spoke of her Brighton trip

"Look here, what will you do it for?" said Mr. Jay anxiously.

"I don't want to do it, please."

"Do it for two hundred."

"Oh, no, no! Please not!" implored Winnie.

Mr Jay ground his teeth.

"Four hundred! Think of it four hundred pounds!"

"Oh, you tempt me so. I don't want to," sighed Winnie.

Beads of perspiration broke out upon Mr. Jay's brow.

"My last word, Miss O'Wynn. I'll give you five hundred not to see or communicate with Lady Fasterton for three months and to go to Wales for that time."

"I can't—I can't resist five hundred guineas—but I don't want to do it," said Winnie

"You promise?"

"Yes—if I must. I promise."

Mr. Jay drew out a check book and a fountain pen and wrote the check forthwith.

Winnie took it and looked at it with aversion.

"What a lot of money!" she said. "Will they pay me that over the counter?"

Mr. Jay took the check and made it payable to bearer.

"Now they will," he said with the air of a sorely stricken man.

Winnie began to gather her things.

"I will go to the bank and get it. Does that seem very greedy, Mr. Jay?"

"Oh, no, not at all," said Mr. Jay with a tortured smile.

He saw her into a taxi.

"Good-by, and thank you, Mr. Jay," she said. "How complicated everything seems, doesn't it?"

"Yes, very," said Mr. Jay shortly.

The following morning Winnie called at Finch Court for instructions about proceeding to Cardiff

It needed only a glance at Mr. Jay to perceive that Lady Fasterton had acted promptly. He was very subdued

"Tell me, Miss O'Wynn, did you see Lady Fasterton yesterday?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," smiled Winnie

"Before you gave me your promise, of course?"

"Oh, yes—before lunch."

"Did you tell her about your Brighton adventure?"

"Yes; she was very interested. Why? Was I wrong to tell her? I did not understand that it was to be a secret. You said it was quite open and honorable."

Mr. Jay smiled like a man who has been run over and has just regained consciousness

"Yes, my dear," he said wearily. "It's all right Er—did you cash your check yesterday?"

"Oh, yes. They paid me without a word."

"Hum! Well, you needn't go to Cardiff after all. That matter is settled now."

"And can I see Lady Fasterton, too, please? Is the promise still binding?"

Mr Jay hesitated, then with an effort decided to be generous.

"No. Do as you like."

He waved his hands

"Everything has fallen through," he said. "Nobody has got a cent out of it all but you. It's too long a story to tell you—but believe me, your innocence, your pretty prattling ways have paid you about forty thousand per cent. Keep your innocence as long as you can, my dear—for it looks to me like good business"

She shook her head with a puzzled smile.

"I don't understand," she said, "but I'm very happy. And thank you very much, Mr. Jay, for all your kindness to me."

He came to the door with her. He seemed to be struggling internally with something. It came out with a rush as he shook hands.

"Tell me—honest, now," he burst out, his eyes searching her very soul—"are you really Baby Blue-eyes or are you the cutest little kidder that ever came down the pike?"

But Winnie shook her pretty head.

"Oh, Mr. Jay," she said, most exquisitely confused, "I don't understand!" And so she was gone.

Mr. Jay watched her trip down the court. Then shaking his head sadly he retired into his office, took paper and pencil and began painfully to figure out what she had cost him, representing Lord Fasterton.

It was a dull way of spending a morning, but it was weighing upon him rather, and he was glad to get it off his mind.

But Winnie O'Wynn smiled all the way home—very much as Red Riding Hood smiled when the woodman had axed the wolf.

You never have to worry about the weather if you have a

Town & Country Leather Coat

It is a mighty satisfactory garment for all outdoor requirements. Chilly air, dampness and wind have no effect upon it, and it doesn't impede your actions in the least.

A Town & Country Leather Coat always looks smart and dressy. The soft, pliable leather is a pleasure to wear—the well-tailored finish permits its use for both formal and informal occasions—and its protective quality in the coldest of weather makes it positively a "great" coat.

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SOLD BY ALL GOOD STORES

WRITE FOR STYLE BOOKLET S-92

GUITERMAN BROS.

SAINT PAUL, U. S. A.

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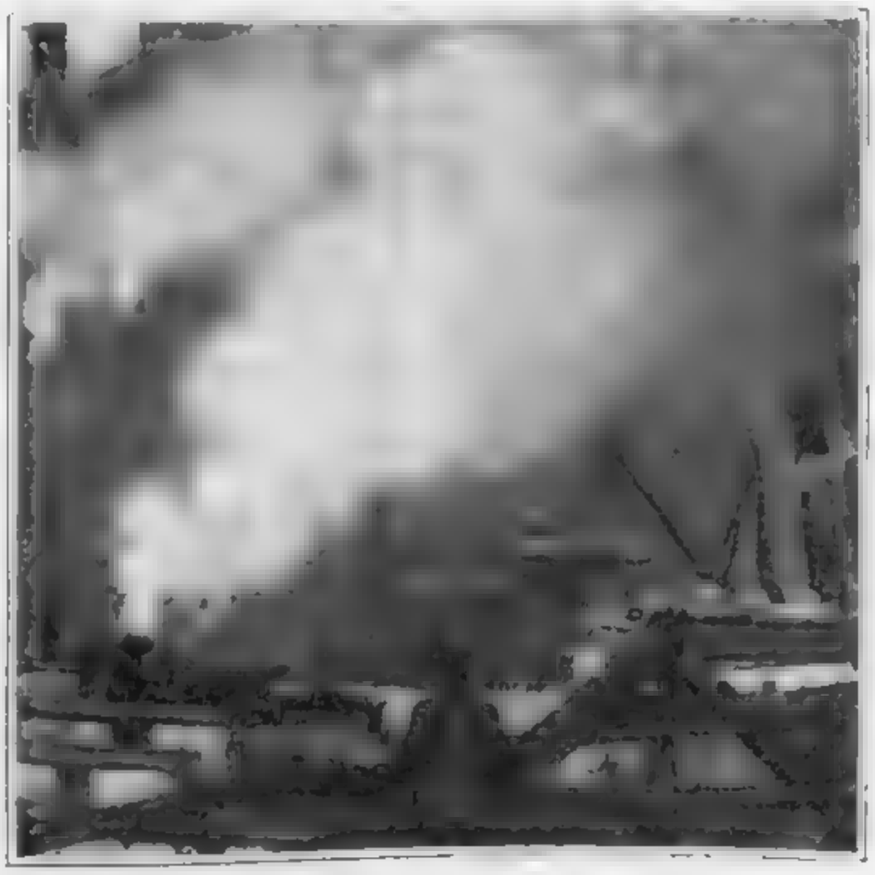
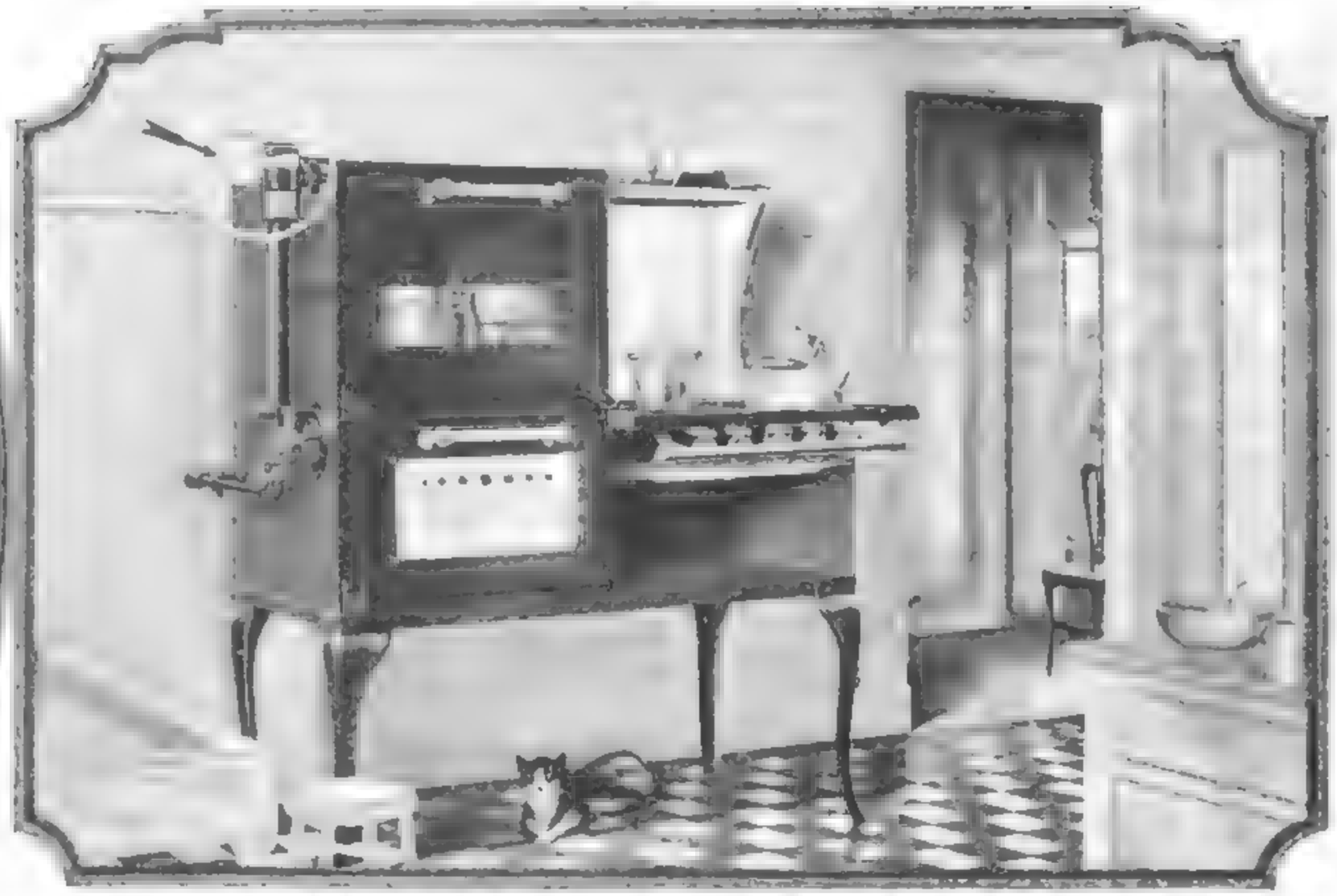




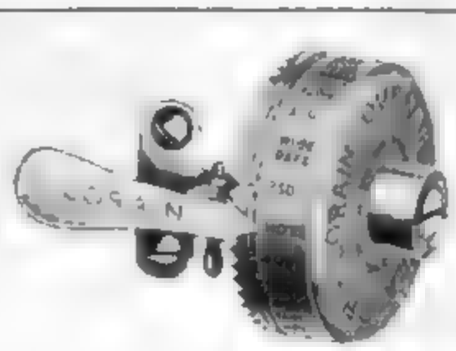
"Lorain" cooks a whole meal to perfection while you are miles away

It cooks her Sunday dinner

while she attends church

Her mind is serenely on the service, knowing that "Lorain" guards the cooking and a delicious meal will be ready when she gets home.

"Before I discovered the 'Lorain' Oven Heat Regulator we had to take our Sunday dinners out. Now I put the whole dinner in the oven at 9 a. m., set the regulator for four-hour cooking, and go to church. When I return at 1 p. m. a steaming-hot dinner is ready, cooked to perfection."



The oven heat regulator that places 44 oven temperatures at your command

Mrs. Lew E. Edwards of Dixon, Ill., in the above letter, tells the story of "Lorain" in fifty-four words.

"Lorain" regulates the heat of your gas oven to any of 44 different temperatures, as you may select. It cooks one dish, or the entire meal, and cooks it better because it eliminates guesswork. You set the regulator at the desired temperature and "Lorain" does the rest. It insures perfect baking because it insures the right scientific heat in the oven and maintains it.

What would you do with 4 extra hours a day?

Our book, "An Easier Day's Work," shows you how you can gain from 3 to 5 extra spare hours a day for pleasanter things than hanging over a hot kitchen stove watching the pot boil. Here are extra hours for recreation, for study, for social relaxations, for other profitable occupations. Send for this book. It is mailed free on request.

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The following well known makes of gas ranges are equipped with "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 110 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo., *Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World*

Send for a
FREE
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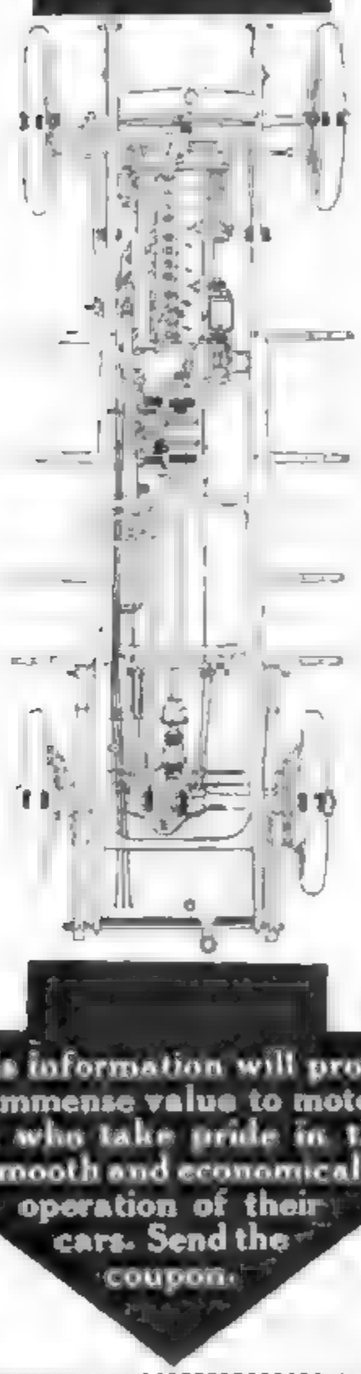
of your
AUTOMOBILE
Showing the bearing locations and telling what type they are and how to take care of them



This information will prove of immense value to motorists who take pride in the smooth and economical operation of their cars. Send the coupon.

Name
Street Address
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BEARINGS SERVICE COMPANY

General Offices: Detroit, Mich.

Acts as the service department of the Timken Roller Bearing Co., the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., and the New Departure Manufacturing Co.

ARE YOU RICH OR POOR?

(Continued from Page 19)

The ownership of automobiles by members of the working class has been referred to. The rising standards of the same group in respect to clothes, food, amusements, travel, and the like, have been the subject of universal comment. A few individuals like Mr. Rockefeller may own title to a disproportionate amount of wealth, but the whole trend of things in the last generation or so, and especially in the last four or five years, has been toward reducing the differences in the standard of living of the various portions of our population. The whole tendency is markedly toward an equality in the use of wealth, whatever the situation as regards its legal ownership may be.

Every invention, every improvement in production, each new machine, helps to break down the differences in living standards of different groups. The laborer has canned music the same as the millionaire, he rides in an automobile, he wears clothing that looks much the same, he sees the same movies, he reads to a large extent the same newspapers and magazines, he has shoes, shirts, table wear, hats, furniture, canned goods, candy, crackers, tobacco, and the like, ad infinitum.

Wide Distribution of Luxuries

The whole effect of modern industry is to multiply, broaden, cheapen and universalize articles of use. A thousand instances may be cited. Transportation, also, both by train and motor vehicle, has come so within the reach of the masses that the very rich can remain exclusive only with the utmost difficulty. Every flivver owner can visit Newport and Bar Harbor.

If it were not such an everyday affair, if we would only stop to think about it, we should be astounded at the breadth of retail distribution, at the amazing number of people in this country who buy good clothing, furniture, electrical appliances, and the like. The steady development of department stores, of chain stores, of mail-order houses, and the multitude of merchandise offerings in the advertising pages of a publication like this do not indicate that Mr. Morgan or even the whole of the 20,000 alleged millionaires are necessarily buying so many more articles than before. The immense distributive and merchandising system of this country caters, it is obvious to even the most unthinking, to no mere plutocracy, but, if you will, to the whole population.

But the well-being of the masses increases not only because industry continuously standardizes and cheapens former articles of luxury and brings them within the reach of the many rather than the few, but also on account of the proportionately rising percentage of national income that goes to labor. Prof. David Friday, one of the leading statistical students of wealth, income and profits, finds that 70.2 per cent of all revenue of manufacturing, mining, railway and utility companies went to wages in 1919 as compared with 63.9 per cent in 1913. One corporation, which is among the half dozen largest employers in the country, reports to Professor Friday that the proportion of its revenue which went to wages in 1919 is between eleven and twelve per cent greater than in 1914. Does this indicate increasing misery and oppression among the workers?

Back of all socialist arguments is the conception, conscious or unconscious, of the worker, the proletarian, as a modern product, caused in some fashion by the evils of industrialism and capitalism. But this conception involves an unwarranted idealization of the past. As a matter of fact, what little we know of earlier times gives us no intimation of a golden age, but rather a record of woe and distress. We hear much now of the beauties of the medieval guilds, but their history for hundreds of years was one of constant warfare between masters and journeymen.

The socialist calmly shuts his eyes to the toilers of the past, undefended either by government or by trade union, each a half-starved creature in his or her hovel, scattered, truly miserable, degraded and oppressed. To their improvement in well-being, which in this country has been all-pervading and almost universal, communist eyes remain conveniently closed, only to open with horror because modern industry has brought the manual toilers together in large factories. Behold, says the socialist, the evil which capitalism has wrought!

The idea that modern industry, that capitalism, is responsible for all monotonous, hard and disagreeable work is ridiculous. What modern, large-scale capitalistic industry has done is to gather and unite the scattered workers. They are not necessarily more miserable or oppressed because they have come together; indeed, all the evidence indicates the contrary, but they have come together and thus been put in a position to develop comradeship and a fellow feeling, which they never were able to do in previous ages when they were scattered.

Speaking of the evils attending woman labor a careful observer says: "There is no greater proportion engaged in industry than before. Spinning, weaving, clothes making, baking, butter making, jam making, and the like, have been sheared away from the primitive, all-comprehensive function of the home, and converted into specialized factory industry. On this new scene the curtain is raised: Evils of overwork in domestic circles which passed unheeded are recognized and corrected in the blaze of publicity the modern factory must face."

But let us leave this question of material well-being, of comfort, luxury, standards of living and personal development. Consider for a moment the cold, bare statistics of wealth distribution, not of consumable wealth in automobiles, food, clothing, conveniences, and the like. Men do not eat steel mills, it is true, but no one can deny that some men own more steel mills than others.

Now there is no such thing as comprehensive information regarding the distribution of wealth, a fact proved again and again by the way in which hasty estimates are given wide circulation and made the basis for all manner of moralizing. Statisticians are often astounded at the use to which their compilations are put, knowing as they do the inadequacy of these estimates.

But the most reliable study of this subject, based upon samples of probate records in several states and countries, shows a strikingly small number of men who leave estates of any size.

The showing indicates a far from perfect or ideal distribution of wealth. But, as already shown, it must be considered in connection with income, and the effect is tremendously modified when we consider that a man may live comfortably—may ride in and use up several automobiles—without leaving a large estate. Indeed, he may provide decently and even comfortably for his family and bequeath but little if any estate, because life insurance is not counted in; nor are the gifts to and support of his family during his lifetime. An increasingly large class of men live comfortably, provide for their families by anywhere from $5000 to $50,000 in life insurance, and die without leaving any record behind them of accumulated property.

The Smaller Capitalists

The estimate already referred to was made a number of years ago and based largely on figures going still farther back, all before the recent tremendous growth in the sale of life-insurance policies and prior to the ownership of some $20,000,000,000 of Liberty Bonds and the enormous rise in wage scales in the last few years.

But let us accept the figures as they stand. It shows that two per cent of the population owns more than half the wealth. Automatically this seems to prove that Rockefeller and a few other men own or control all the money or wealth in the country. But let us see. A considerable fraction of the population consists of minor children and students not engaged in gainful occupations. Another large section consists of married women who because they are caring for children cannot earn or accumulate wealth. Of the men and women who do actually work the larger part are very young, unskilled and untrained. Also a substantial number of people are confined to institutions for the ill or feeble-minded, or are not physically or mentally able to work.

That is, a very large part of the population could not be expected under any conditions or circumstances to possess wealth at all. Thus two per cent of the total number begins to look bigger. But leave it even as it stands, it means more than 2,000,000 individuals, which has a different sound from two per cent. But most of these 2,000,000 are probably heads of families, in which case we have 10,000,000 people owning more than half the wealth. This is even farther away from two per cent in the impression it makes, yet it is the same thing. Statistics may not lie, but a lot depends on how they are expressed.

I have already said that the real question is whether conditions are growing better or worse, in which connection it seems pertinent to call attention to the rapid increase in corporate ownership on the part of employees or workers for the corporations. Much has been made of the extravagance of the wage earner in the war period; or if a somewhat different point of view be taken, of his higher standard of living. But the wage earner also has increased his savings to an unusual degree. I do not believe there is any general realization of the extent to which he has become interested in bonds and stocks.

Now it has been remarked often enough that the owner of a small savings account or a small life-insurance policy or a few shares of stock or a $100 bond does not regard himself in any sense as a capitalist. Because a man happens to own two shares of preferred stock in the United States Steel Corporation it is pointed out that he is none the less a puddler and feels none the less one. The fourteen-dollar-a-year dividend that he receives does not and cannot change his point of view. It is too small in proportion to his wages. His wages still loom up as the most important thing. A few dollars a year not only fails to make him a capitalist, but if he wants to change his job and work for a second company he will not be influenced by a petty saving in the first company.

Employee Stockholders

Nor is this attitude true only of wage earners. People of every description who bought fifty-dollar and $100 Liberty Bonds during the war regarded them as so much spending money as soon as the war was over. It has always been the hardest kind of job to rouse the interest of small investors. Small stockholders are notoriously unconcerned about the affairs of their company.

Concerns engaged in installing thrift systems in industrial plants find it easy enough to sign men and women up for one dollar a week savings, but as soon as the sum grows to twenty or thirty dollars—in other words, to the price of an article which the worker happens to desire—he or she withdraws the account, no matter how great the obstacles put in the way.

All these facts I am willing to admit, and many more like them. If a man leans toward socialism or bolshevism employers cannot wean him away by putting him down for two shares of stock or handing him a fifty-dollar share in the profits at the end of the year. It does not mean so much as it seems to say that there are as many investors in a company or group of companies as there are employees. For a large number of investors have only a few dollars a year involved, whereas the employees may have their total livelihood at stake.

But I am inclined to believe that the extent of employee ownership is reaching a point where it is a far more important and serious factor than many persons realize, and is no longer to be sneered away. In numbers of large corporations the wage earners already have a ten per cent ownership, and the question is being increasingly agitated whether they are not entitled to representation on the board of directors, such as a banking, brokerage or any other distinctively capitalistic group would demand if it had that amount of stock. Recently the International Harvester Company set aside $60,000,000 in stock for employees, enough to give them a large representation on the board of directors.

It is impossible to do more than indicate the trend toward employee ownership in an article such as this. No careful study or survey of the subject has been made. But we know that 10,000 of the 35,000 shareholders of one of the largest packing houses are employees of the company; that in the single year 1919 more than 17,000 employees of one of the largest rubber companies

(Concluded on Page 71)

"smooth" is just this —

When we started out to make a "smooth" tobacco, we experimented with a lot of different tobaccos. Some of them burned a bit harshly and unkindly — with plenty of backbiting. Others were mild as a milk-shake but had no "body"—or smoke-fragrance.

We found that the best tobacco for the pipe was Burley—the "heart" leaf from old Kentucky Burley.

Then we found that two full years of ageing in wooden hogsheads would make these "hearts" mild and fragrant — and sweet as a nut, in the pipe.

Where did this quality come from? Artificial ways would not produce it—"putting things in" or "taking things out" wouldn't do it — we discovered that *Nature only* could deliver this "something." And it was so all-'round plumb good and satisfying that everybody up and called it "*the smoothest ever.*"

Of course, smoothness can't be *seen.* But it's *there* in this rich, time-mellowed tobacco called Velvet. You can't *see* electricity, can you? But you *know* when the lights are burning.

So, when you puff away at a pipeful of Velvet, you *know* that "smoothness" is *there*—that it's giving you the coolest, calmest, most soothing smoke you ever tasted.

But, as Velvet Joe says: "There's only one talker who's really smooth enough to tell you all about Velvet—America's smoothest smoke—and he's yo' old friend Pipe." Ask *him* now.

Velvet tobacco, foil-wrapped and sealed, in metal canisters, keeps fine—rain or shine. In pound and half-pound sizes.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

NUT
THIS IS OUR TRADE MARK
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF MARCH 24, 1896
Cracker Jack
COPYRIGHT BRITAIN NOVEMBER 18, 1897, CANADA, MARCH 13, 1901
THE FAMOUS CONFECTION
R
AMERICA'S
FAMOUS POP CORN CONFECTION
In Wax Sealed Package
Chicago RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN Brooklyn
Cracker Jack
The More You Eat — The More You Want

(Concluded from Page 68)

started to buy $7,000,000 of its stock; that employees of another rubber company in the same year took $500,000 of stock on their own initiative; that the management of a well-known automobile company has agreed to give the employees a director when they shall have completed the purchase of 20,000 shares of stock; that employees of a large mail-order house own ten per cent of the common stock; that forty-four per cent of the shareholders of a large explosives company are employees; that a large shoe manufacturing company, a large sugar refining company, a large electrical apparatus and machinery manufacturer, a large combination of automobile makers, one of the largest soap companies and a large manufacturer of cameras—all have savings and stock-purchasing plans of various descriptions; that about ten per cent of the stock of one of the largest steel companies is owned by employees; and so on through an impressive list.

Efforts are under way to distribute the stock of Standard Oil companies among employees, and the recent reduction in par value of the shares of several of these concerns no doubt had that object in view. The movement toward employee ownership gives every indication of spreading out in all directions.

Only the largest of corporations have been referred to. Naturally they attract the most attention. In the last few years the workers for any number of small concerns have bought stock. At random I pick out an automobile accessory maker whose business amounted to almost nothing ten years ago. It has grown rapidly and to-day seventy-five per cent of all the employees are stockholders.

Obviously if this trend toward employee ownership continues the statement that a couple of shares of stock do not make a capitalist will lose its point, because the units will be substantially larger. When a man has a stake in an enterprise of as much as $500 or $1000 he begins to take an interest. It then ceases to become a little extra spending money and becomes an investment. The owners of $500 and $1000 Liberty Bonds were not those who became tired of their investment. It is well known that when a person once really acquires the habit of saving and investing he does not stop. But the sum has to amount to something before a man begins to feel that it is saved or invested. Once that point is reached the habit takes a firm hold.

More Small Investors

The whole tendency in the financial world is to open up the large corporations and widen the base of their ownership not merely as regards employees but the general public as well. Take for example the efforts of gas and electric light and power, or central station, companies to market securities among their customers. In the last five or six years forty-eight of these companies have sold locally about $40,000,000 of their bonds and stocks—mostly preferred—to nearly 40,000 persons.

Consider even institutions most closely associated with Wall Street. The president of one of the largest trust companies in the country recently decided that its ownership needed a wider base, though it has about 3000 stockholders now, and he encouraged the taking of active steps to have its stock brought to the attention of a wider circle of investors. Here is a concern with resources of close to a billion dollars, organized by such interests as the Rockefellers, Whitneys, Morgan, Harriman and Ryan—in others words, by the very inside, most esoteric ring of the money kings, the very core of capitalism. Such were the people who organized this bank, but the ambition of the present management is to have as many stockholders as possible share in its large profits and dividends.

Incidentally it may be remarked that the investing public seems to have missed its one best bet in not taking more extensively to bank stocks in general. What a strange commentary on human nature that the small business man, the small investor, who for the most part puts his money into what are often worthless oil and mining stocks, should neglect bank shares, the very while inveighing against Morgan and Rockefeller for their money power, though the only way anyone can exercise that power is through the instrumentality of banks!

Banks are organized by rich men who are quite willing as a rule to keep the shares. Bank stocks are never for this reason blazoned forth, either in spectacular campaigns on the stock exchange and curb or through the efforts of salesmen. They are made to keep rather than to sell. But they can nearly always be purchased by anyone who takes the trouble to do so and who wishes to share in the profits of money control and power.

But even in the largest and most powerful of the New York banks it will be found that stocks are more scattered than most persons suppose. It is curious what a small proportion of the capital of the great corporations even the richest men own. I have in mind two of the big corporations, one the largest and the other the second largest in its line, both of which are named after their respective founders and both dominated largely by descendants of these founders. Yet in one case the family owns but fifteen per cent and in the other twenty per cent of the stock.

Remarkable evidence of the increasing distribution of securities is found in the reports of bond houses and investment bankers.

One large firm states that its average sale has dropped from round $6000 in the early part of 1919 to slightly over $3000 in the last few months, with an increase of many thousands of new customers. In a recent flotation of $5,000,000 of bonds of a well-known corporation, effected by the firm in a very short period of time, the average sale was slightly above $3000, with no less than 2000 $100 pieces disposed of, and 1500 $500 pieces. Though the head of the firm cannot give exact figures for earlier years, he hazards the estimate that in 1913 the average sale would have been at least $10,000, and perhaps as high as $25,000 or even much more than that.

Western and Southern Prosperity

In the same way stockbrokers report a steadily decreasing unit of sale. One large stock issue was sold recently in average quantities of twenty shares, and a broker who handled another offering of great size and importance says that 500 and 1000 lots were as scarce as hen's teeth.

That stocks—and not all of them of the fly-by-night variety, either—have been spreading out into ever-wider circles of the population, both numerically and including persons in occupations never before dreamed of as investors, is obvious to any observer. The evidence comes not only from bond dealers, stockbrokers and the lists of the corporations themselves, but from banks in all parts of the country, which report increased purchases of securities for customers, whether the banks maintain regular bond departments or not.

The Chicago Tribune maintains that careful inquiry indicates 1,000,000 new investors in the Middle West, other than Liberty Bond buyers. This estimate is based in part on a most unusual growth in the number and amount of savings depositors throughout the whole Chicago territory. As a concrete example, one Chicago bank reports a gain in the number of its deposits of nearly 40,000 in the last five years and a slight increase in the average size of deposits. Twenty-eight banks outside the central business district of Chicago show a gain in the number of savings depositors of over 100,000. This, too, it must be remembered, has been during the period of the Liberty Loans and increased purchases of other bonds and stocks. In other words, savings deposits have grown at the very time bond and stock purchases have increased.

Indeed, the recent material progress of the Middle West, Southwest and South makes it obvious that an unprecedented distribution of wealth and income has occurred in all three sections in the last few years. In articles in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on the oil discoveries in the Southwest, on business opportunities and on new fashions in investments, I have touched on a few aspects of this development.

Another writer has said elsewhere: "It is not that the Eastern States are less prosperous than once they were. They are all exceedingly prosperous, but when you pass the Potomac River on the south or the Alleghany Mountains on the west, you begin to get into the regions of new and marvelous prosperity. The cotton belt, the tobacco belt, the oil region, the automobile belt, the wheat country—all have money. Their banks all have money."

But no writer has begun to convey an adequate idea of more than a few high spots in this recent marvelous development of the great middle and southern reaches of the country, an expansion and prosperity which require no proof to show they are not for the benefit of millionaires primarily, but rather for the benefit of millions.

An able socialist expounder of recent period devotes a whole chapter in his book to a labored explanation of how little significance the increase in the numbers of investors and middle-class incomes really has. It is worth trying to explain away because that fact runs straight athwart the misery-degradation-oppression theory, upon the validity of which socialist doctrine so much depends.

Increasing Distribution

But toward the end of his chapter the socialist expounder unexpectedly takes a different turn. He frankly admits the enormous extent of the investing class, and exclaims that it all fits nicely into the socialist theory anyway, though he has just been trying to show why it didn't affect socialist theory at all. "It isn't true," is what he says in substance, "but if it is true it helps our cause anyhow." Why? you ask in surprise. Because if everybody owns the corporations, then we have socialism anyway, is the reply, or, to put it in his own language:

"In a mad effort to escape their fate the capitalists are only cheating the gallows by committing suicide."

If that is what the gentleman really honestly means by socialism, what is the use of writing controversial books and sending out soap-box orators? Everybody agrees already. That is the kind of socialism which everybody, except a few autocrats at one end of the scale and a few agitators and revolutionists at the other, would like to see.

But no matter how conclusive is the evidence of an increasing distribution of wealth, even from socialist authorities, there are always those who insist that the control of a few men is as concentrated and centralized as ever, no matter how widespread ownership may be. Such an assertion, I suspect, is a mere parrotlike repetition of statements made with considerably more justice before the operations of the Federal Reserve law and the increased wealth of the South and West began to decentralize banking power.

Financial Middlemen

One of the most remarkable changes in this country in recent years has been the growing independence of the Southern cotton planter. Formerly he was always in debt to his local storekeeper or bank. Indeed, the whole South—planter, factory, bank—all were poor and dependent upon New York. Twenty years ago there was not a single bank in the South with resources of $25,000,000 or more. Now there are twenty. More and more Southern and Western banks are able to finance neighborhood industries in their own localities.

Even when New York banks and bankers finance projects it is increasingly in connection with banks in other cities. Anyone who has followed the public offerings of securities in the last few years can bear witness to the more important part which banks in other cities than New York are beginning to play in financing the country. I do not argue that New York is not still a great center of money power. But anyone who fails to realize that other centers of money power are springing up all over the country needs to do a little traveling to become acquainted with his native land.

After all is said and done the control of wealth and money that is exercised by a supposedly small number of men in New York—by Wall Street, in other words—is a temporary, an ad interim control. It is due primarily to Wall Street's distributive function.

The money of the country, the wealth of the country, doesn't come from or belong to the big men in Wall Street. It comes from and belongs to Bill Jones who lives at Four Corners, and millions of others like him. Wall Street puts up money temporarily and then gets out. It is solely a distributor, a middleman; and the great bankers like Morgan are merely cogs in that machinery. Wall Street and its money power are nothing but a piece of distributive machinery, raking off too big a profit, perhaps, for the service performed, but not in permanent control of anything.

The so-called control which its leaders often have over the policies of large corporations is usually nothing more nor less than the exercise of functions which go with a fiduciary position; in other words, the protection of investors to whom securities have been sold.

I do not mean or wish to imply that Wall Street leaders are always true to their trust or that they never take advantage of their strategic position in the financial machinery of the country to feather their own pecuniary nests.

Indeed, I fear that some of our young Wall Street bankers who make millions before they are fifty do not make them out of banking at all, but from buying and selling—and selling at the right time is the essence of the game—those securities regarding which their position as bankers gives them unusual information.

This position of influence which Wall Street's bankers hold, this ability to make fortunes, is no doubt one reason why so many people believe that wealth is highly concentrated. Abuse of Wall Street's power, no doubt, there is, but that is a very different thing from the idea so many have that all wealth is owned there. As for taking this power out of Wall Street—that has already been done to a greater extent than most people appreciate by the operations of the Federal Reserve. But I for one cannot conceive of any financial, industrial or social system in which a few men will not have enough influence and power to make them conspicuous.

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EMERSON SHOE (Better Grades; others on specification), Emerson Shoe Co.....Rockland, Mass.

EXCELSIOR SHOE Co. (Best Grades)..Portsmouth, Ohio

FIELD AND FLINT Co. (Makers of "Korrect Shape" Shoes).....Brockton, Mass.

KEITH'S KONQUEROR (No. 1 Grade; others on specification), Preston B. Keith Shoe Co..Campello, Mass.

KEITH & PRATT (Best Grades; others on specification), North Middleboro, Mass.

KING BEE AND OTHER LINES, J. K. Ott Shoe Co., Atlanta, Ga.

KING QUALITY (On specification), M. N. Arnold Shoe Co.....North Abington, Mass.

THE KNOX SHOE, Knox Shoe Co.....Milford, Mass.

THE REYNOLDS SHOE (Best Grades), Reynolds, Drake & Gabell.....North Easton, Mass.

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THE THOMPSON SHOE, Thompson Bros. Shoe Co., Campello, Mass.

WOMEN'S SHOES

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THE AMERICAN GIRL AND MARY STUART SHOES } The Sam. B. Wolf Shoe Co. Cincinnati, Ohio

WATCH US SHOES, Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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FARNSWORTH, HOYT COMPANY

Established 1856

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THE EAST WIND

(Continued from Page 5)

"Great thing, this running water," said McIntyre with a touch of pride. "Don't see how we got along without it. Piped it down from a spring last summer."

Matlock grinned. Funny thing to brag about. Peasants—that was it. Making a fuss about something every tenement kid took for granted!

"Jean, this is Joe Matlock."

McIntyre made the introduction carelessly. Matlock's ear, alert for offense, heard none. He was presented as an equal. He nodded. The girl's eyes met his briefly, without softening. He had an uncomfortable feeling that she could penetrate his thoughts. He shook it off, drawing back his chair, his hunger suddenly a savage, fierce desire. An old man, shrunken and tremulous, wavered through an inner door. Matlock was conscious of an instant change in the others. Both seemed to soften curiously; the girl's smile revealed an unsuspected gentle warmth.

"My father," said McIntyre. "This is Joe Matlock, father. Going to help us out a while."

Matlock nodded as the old eyes stabbed toward him, queerly bright under heavy white brows.

"No farmer, Wayne. Won't earn his keep. Why don't you hire good men instead of these tramps? Where's Ollie Dexter this summer? Or Jim McCall? Or——"

"Supper's getting cold, father. Better ask the blessing now."

Matlock, startled and angry under the blunt comment, suddenly understood, enlightened by the tone. The old man wasn't all there. Second childhood. He kept his head up while the others bowed and the thin voice deepened and steadied in a prayer. The whole proceeding was new to him. He had never heard anybody give thanks for food. He listened, amused at the reverent fear in the voice, the curious touch of personality, as if old McIntyre's God stood before him, visible and terrifying. It occurred to him that it was comic—this pretense of thanking somebody for giving them the food they'd slaved and sweated for with their own hands.

He forgot his amusement as the prayer ended and his hunger, suddenly edged and intense, dominated him again. He ate with an eager haste which puzzled him a little—as if he were afraid that there mightn't be enough. He saw the girl neglecting her own food to wait on her grandfather, tying his napkin under his thin beard, cutting his bit of ham, picking up his fork when he dropped it.

He guessed that the old man was a serious burden to her, and his contempt stirred again. If they had any sense they'd stick the old fool in some institution instead of letting him make extra work.

It pleased him when Jean waited on him. She moved back and forth between stove and table, mechanically supplying his needs and her father's. The service ministered to his self-regard. She was on the other side of the gulf, a bourgeoise, a petty capitalist. But she fetched him his food like a servant. It was almost a sign of the future, when he and his kind would rule, and she and hers would beg or die.

He went out after supper to smoke in the early night, a pleasant fatigue increasing his sense of well-being. Behind him in the lighted kitchen Wayne McIntyre helped his daughter with her task of clearing away and washing the dishes, the milk pails, the removed parts of the cream separator. Matlock's contempt revived. Woman's work, too! He finished a second cigarette and went back. The old man read at the table, covered now with a red-checked cloth. McIntyre had gone into the dairy and the girl was still busy at the sink. Matlock yielded to an unexpected impulse.

"Want any help?"

She did not glance at him. Her head moved in negation.

"No, thanks. I've almost finished."

Something in the tone angered him. It was as if he had asked a favor, instead of offering one; as if she rebuffed a presumption. He hesitated a moment, shrugged and went out again. McIntyre presently joined him on the steps.

"Whoo-oo! Long day." He yawned wearily. "Guess you aren't used to our kind of hours, eh?"

"Not much. Eight's enough in the mills." Matlock grinned in the darkness. McIntyre laughed.

"No wonder the labor's leaving us farmers. Eight hours won't earn a living here."

"Used to take twelve in the city," said Matlock. "Six'll do it pretty soon. Or four, maybe."

McIntyre laughed shortly, a shade of anger in the sound.

"If that ever happens we'll have to quit. Men won't stay in the country if they can get a living for half a day's work in town."

"Have to come to it yourselves." Matlock had learned the answer to such forebodings. "Shorten your own hours. You can do it, same as the mills can."

"I can't make ends meet on labor costs right now! If I paid a day's wage for eight hours' work I'd lose money on every crop."

"Charge more, then." Matlock grinned again. "You'll come to it, sooner'n you think. Workers are getting the upper hand these days."

McIntyre did not answer. Turning presently Matlock saw why. He was asleep, leaning back against a pillar, his head sagging forward. Matlock sat for a moment watching him. No wonder they were behind the times, these peasants! They worked themselves stupid—went to sleep at sundown from weariness! He touched the man's knee.

"Guess you're ready for the hay," he said. "I could sleep a few myself."

They went in together. The girl sat at the table, the lamplight slanting on the sewing in her hands, her head bent over it. The old man looked up.

"Time for prayers, Wayne." He straightened, eagerness in his aspect. "Get the books, Jean."

The girl rose and went into the next room. She came back with three cheap Bibles. Matlock recognized them from the copies he had seen in hotel rooms and thumbed carelessly now and then. He took one from her, restraining a temptation to laugh. How Levinski would stare through those bulging glasses at the spectacle of Joe Matlock at family prayers! Or Helga—Helga who hated religion, called it a cheap drug for weak-witted serfs. Helga would have thrown those red-edged books on the floor if she had been here, told them the depth of their folly in words that stung and cut and burned. Helga's east wind blew roughly on such superstitions. The phrase brought her clearly before his mental vision, her eyes burning in the pallor of her face, her voice streaming its fluid hatred, her recurring promise of a scarlet morning on the heels of the east wind.

The old man's voice interrupted him. "Let us read from the Book of Job," he said in the queerly deepened tone in which he had prayed. "The fifteenth chapter and the first verse."

Matlock saw McIntyre and the girl find the place. The old man's eyes rebuked his own delay. He fumbled helplessly. Jean set her own book before him and took his.

"Begin, Wayne."

It was his normal voice, now—as if a pupil whispered to another while the teacher waited.

His son read aloud: "Then answered Eli—Eliphaz the Tem—Temanite, and said."

He stopped, and Matlock understood that he was expected to go on. He was still amused as he began the second verse: "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with—with——"

He stared at the print, doubting his eyes. An admonishing movement from the old man spurred him. He finished the verse hurriedly: ——"and fill his belly with the east wind?"

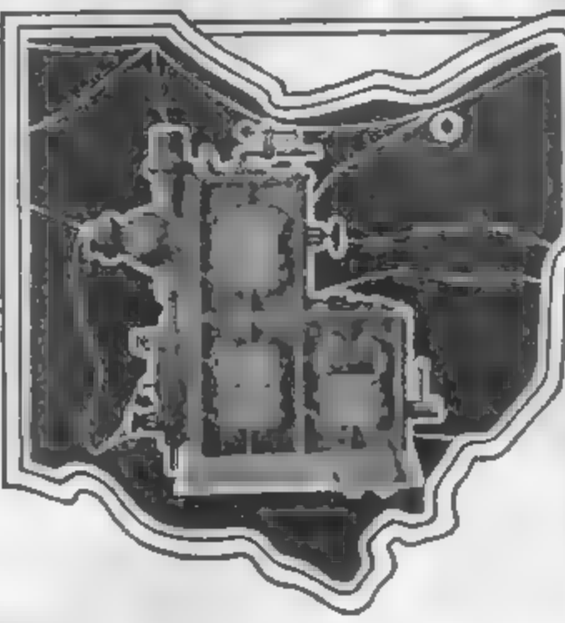
He scarcely heard Jean's voice beginning where he stopped.

The sixth verse fell to him: "Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I: yea, thine own lips testify against thee."

The thing frightened him. For the first time he faced a fear of something unseen, a breath of cold air blowing in on his thoughts. It was all moonshine, of course—all silly fairy tales for frightening children, and yet he was afraid. His ears heard the beat of words like the feet of marching men:

"He wandereth abroad for bread, saying, where is it? . . . he dwelleth in desolate cities. . . . He shall not be rich, neither shall his substance continue, neither shall he prolong the perfection thereof upon the earth . . . and by the breath of his mouth shall he go away. . . ."

Swartwout



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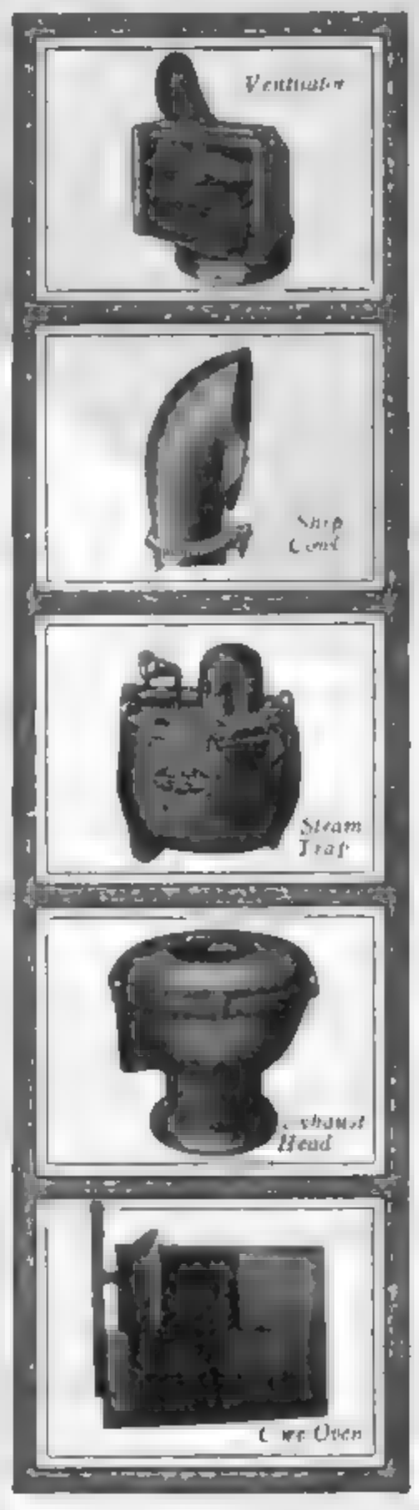

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The others knelt, resting their faces on arms lying in the seats of their chairs. He followed the example, his mind confused and troubled by the phenomenon of fear. He struggled back toward his normal mood during the interminable prayer. After all, what did it matter? Words, written thousands of years ago, by people who believed in witches and thought the thunder was the roaring of an angry God! He rose with a restored sense of superiority. These people were still in that forgotten age; dull, blinded peasants.

Jean gave him a glass lamp.

"Your room's up those stairs," she told him tonelessly. "I made up the bed."

It was what he needed to remove the last of his queer obsession. He looked her insolently in the eyes as he thanked her. The stairs creaked under his weight, the lamplight driving back the darkness as he climbed. It was a small room, with the ceiling slanted down almost to the floor, a single window and only the essential furniture—a rush-bottomed chair, a chest of drawers and a narrow bed.

He grinned at the freshness of the sheets. She'd waited on him, made his bed, for all the hard dislike in her eyes. He wondered whether Helga would have done as much. He was still smiling as he fell asleep.

III

HE WAS the last of the household to be astir in the morning. When he woke to the rapping of Wayne McIntyre's hand on his door the smell of coffee was in the air and he could hear the spatting sounds of frying downstairs. He dressed swiftly, discovering unfamiliar aches in muscles he had never known he owned, but spurred by the prospect of food, a hunger which drove him as if with whips waking at the hot spiced smells. Even the old man was about when Matlock came down, his bright eye unfriendly and suspicious. The girl, busy at the stove, nodded response to his good morning.

"Father's milking. Breakfast'll be ready when you come in."

He hesitated. Working before breakfast was a new and unwelcome idea. But her tone had carried a finality which he recognized as forbidding debate. He wouldn't be fed till the milking was done, whether or not he helped with it. He went out, puzzled at his submission. His forearms ached hotly when he tried to milk, but he was too hungry to let their protests interfere. McIntyre nodded approvingly when he saw the level of fluid in the pail.

"You're catching on fast. In a week you'll do it without thinking." He laughed. "I like milking. It's a rest to me. I do my thinking down here, mostly."

Matlock said nothing, but the idea amused him. Milking as a means of beguiling idleness impressed him as comic. These people worked too hard to think, he decided.

They had finished breakfast before seven. By the time the day laborers appeared the two teams were harnessed. McIntyre hitched his span to a mower, the mechanism of which interested Matlock. They had sense enough to use machinery, when somebody built it for them, he concluded.

Long before noon he was faint with fatigue and hunger. The cocked hay had to be lifted to racked wagons, a forkful at a time. He was impressed at the ease with which Frank and Bert hoisted a whole cock, their fork handles bending under the weight of it, but their muscles seemingly unaware of strain.

"We're short-handed, or we could draw with two teams, like we used to," Lon told him. "Wastes time, this way—restin' while we drive to the barn."

Matlock scowled, flat on top of the load. Even a hired hand, paid by the day, seemed to object to a few minutes of idleness between loads! Levinski was right. There was a lot of educating to be done before these cattle would be capable of working with the rest. He began carefully with Lon.

"You sure get the worst of it out here," he said. "Down at the mills they'd give you eight dollars for eight hours—and you wouldn't have to sweat the way you do either."

Lon grinned his broken-toothed smile. "Yeah. I been hearin' about them wages. If I was single I might mosey down an' have a shy at 'em." He chuckled. "That's what a fellar gits fer raisin' a fam'ly. Got me tied where I be—them kids o' mine."

"I don't see it. You could take 'em with you ——"

"Yeah. But I guess somebody else'd have to feed 'em fer me when we got thar. Eight dollars looks like big pay, but it won't buy food an' clothes an' rent fer twelve. Not any ways I c'n figger."

"Twelve? You mean you got twelve children?"

Matlock stared. He'd heard of families like that, but ——

"Naw—ain't got but ten, but the woman an' me count, I guess. Out here we c'n make out to eat. Raise a sight o' truck an' keep hens an' pigs an' a cow."

Matlock studied this till they reached the barns and unloaded, using the horse fork, which Jean helped them operate, leaving her housework to drive the single horse which furnished the motive power. Ten kids, on three dollars a day! And the fool was actually contented!

He discovered that Frank and Bert were also married, fathers of big families. McIntyre, who supplied the information as they rested after dinner, added something which interested Matlock:

"It's that sort that keep us going, out here. The single men can get along in the towns, but there's no chance for a man with children to do it. They have to stay where they're sure of their food."

Matlock shook his head. That explained it. The cleverer ones kept single and emigrated; only the fools encumbered themselves with families. Generations of that sort of thing had bred up a type—the dull, plodding human beasts whom Levinski called peasants.

He worked half an hour after the rest knocked off that evening. It rather surprised him, though the suggestion was his own. As the others stopped, McIntyre stood studying the clouds.

"Rain to-night—sure," he said. "Too bad we couldn't have drawn in the rest of it."

Matlock had learned during the day why rain damaged hay. He had also discovered that wet haycocks had to be shaken out to dry. It was partly an instinctive desire to avoid that extra labor which prompted him now.

"You and I could load up two wagons by ourselves," he said. "I'll pitch on while you load. We could haul 'em under cover and unload 'em to-morrow."

McIntyre brightened. "Much obliged, Joe. I didn't want to ask you."

"Oh, that's all right."

Matlock was a little annoyed at himself. They worked quickly, but it was nearly seven before they were ready to milk. In the warm fetid darkness of the cow stable McIntyre's tongue loosened:

"You've got the makings of a good farmer, Joe. That six-o'clock idea makes the difference between a farmer and a farm hand. You can do day labor by the clock, but you can't farm that way. The rain won't quit when the whistle blows, and the weeds work twenty-four hours a day."

Matlock grunted, his mind on the mysterious improvement in his milking. The resounding pails, the rhythmic grinding of the cows' jaws, pleased him better than conversation. McIntyre hummed softly at his work. He spoke again:

"Be a great thing for us farmers if we could do what you city fellows do—call a strike till we got the weather fixed to suit us. Or refuse to plow till we got a guaranty of the crop."

Matlock half resented the remark. "You can always quit farming and pick a job where you can strike," he said shortly. "I don't see why you don't."

"You will, though, if you stay a while." McIntyre spoke more soberly. "You've got the makings of a farmer in you, just as I said. You'll get used to dealing first-hand with God, if you stick to it. And that spoils a man for anything else."

He used the name casually, as if God were as real and personal as a neighbor. Matlock grinned at the flank of the cow. Dealing first-hand with God! His dawning respect for Wayne McIntyre suffered.

"I don't get that—how do you mean?"

"Oh, it's just a manner of speaking." McIntyre chuckled apologetically. "I meant that we're up against forces we can't control—the weather, always, rain when we don't want it, and none when we do; frost, sometimes a month before we're expecting it; storms, weeds, bugs and blights; it's like dealing with God, Joe. At least there's no man standing between. See?"

Matlock grunted again. Even McIntyre, whom he had begun to consider intelligent, was touched with the persisting

(Continued on Page 77)

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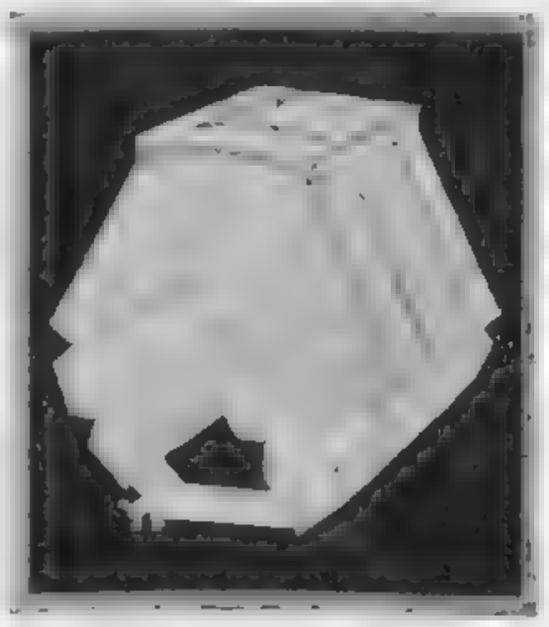


Note the absence of movable parts in the APEX oscillating tub, and the two troughs at the sides to take out dirt and keep water cleaner.

(Continued from Page 74)

superstition. A sense of hopelessness grew in him. How could you make a man see the truth of the communistic doctrine when he believed unshakably in a personal God? He caught himself wondering whether the belief was as strong in the next generation—whether Jean mightn't be more enlightened than her father.

He detected a change in her attitude when they came in to supper. There was a kind of gentleness in her to-night—something like her manner toward her grandfather. He felt it in her glance, in the way she ministered to his needs at the table; and a sort of triumph greeted it. She'd melt, he told himself. They were all alike—all except Helga.

The comparison reminded him that Helga didn't know where he was. Usually he kept in touch with her when they were separated. After supper he asked for writing material and wrote her briefly. He was very tired, he discovered, so that he nodded over the pen and had no taste for describing his experiences. He contented himself with his address and the bald statement that he was getting things started. He nearly fell asleep as he knelt at prayers. When he took his lamp he felt Jean's interest in her glance.

"Your room all right?"

He realized that the question involved a deeper significance. It was her way of telling him that she was pleased, interested. He grinned. "Fine." He had a new idea. "I'll take care of it myself," he said. "You've got enough to do without that."

She shook her head. "No. That's my job. The farm can use your time."

He guessed now that her changed attitude was due to his overtime. She liked him because he had been willing to work beyond his stipulated hour. He went upstairs grinning. If that was the way to make a hit with her he'd get on fast.

He confirmed the theory in the days that followed. The barrier in her eyes lowered perceptibly as he showed a contempt for the letter of his bargain. He and her father formed a habit of working on after the others quit, always at Matlock's suggestion. The haying gave way to the wheat harvest—a matter of desperate haste, it seemed to Matlock, of constant juggling with uncertain weather. The bundles of grain which the binder dropped must be stood on end, capped with a roof of other bundles spread and bent so as to bind the shock together and shed rain. These shocks, when the grain had dried, must be forked up to the wagons, loaded in a particular intricate system of layers, drawn to the barn, and there mowed after another scheme of orderly arrangement.

And all this must be governed by the weather, timed so that the grain reached the mows perfectly dry. Often by working overtime he and Wayne McIntyre outwitted a night rain. And Jean's remoteness lessened steadily before these demonstrations of his interest.

She called him Joe, quite naturally, and seemed to find no offense in his use of her own name. She chatted with him now without compulsion of circumstance. Sometimes she laughed when he joked—he liked her laughter better for its infrequency. He discovered, by careful provocation, that she thought clearly and for herself, that she disagreed with her father about some things. But he hesitated to press these investigations fast or far. Instinct warned him that he was on strict probation with her, that he would forfeit his progress in her regard if he overstepped his limits as she saw them.

He went to church with them, driven in the little tin car, sharing the rear seat with old McIntyre and watching Jean's manipulation of the wheel with critical approval. The service interested him as a novelty. He listened amusedly to sermons which contradicted every tenet of his doctrines, to sober discussions of these at subsequent meals. The extent of Levinski's task began to trouble him. If they were all like this a generation wouldn't suffice for enlightening them.

Helga wrote him occasionally—brief hurried letters filled with her work and her plans. She sent him the literature of their common creed—the familiar publications dedicated to the red dawn, which he read in his room at night or on his Sunday walks. Sometimes his conscience prodded him feebly. He had been a month with the McIntyres without taking even a step toward the fulfillment of his mission. He defended himself for this inaction on the ground that he had to learn a new field. Until he understood the system he was to overturn he couldn't attack it intelligently. There was nothing to be gained from hurry in a task like this.

He made another experiment in premature action, however. Wayne McIntyre had driven alone to the village on some business of the local school board. The old man nodded and mumbled over his Bible by the lamp in the kitchen. Matlock smoked on the steps. There was a declining moon, dipping toward the low black rim of the hills, and the air was still and amiable. A languid contentment possessed him. He called to the girl.

"Oh, Jean—come out a minute."

She came to the door. "What's the matter, Joe?"

The tone annoyed him. She took it for granted that he daren't call her unless something was wrong, eh? He pointed toward the barns, a ready lie suggesting itself.

"Can you see anything moving down there? I thought ——"

She was instantly alert. Tramps, sleeping in the hay, were one of Wayne McIntyre's fears and abhorrences which she inherited. Even Matlock had come to share in the feeling. The fact that the hay did not belong to him failed to prevent a proprietary attitude, based on the investment of his labor. The idea that some careless yegg might set it afire troubled him.

"We'd better look, I guess." She stepped back, returning with a lighted lantern. They went down the slope together, inspected the fastenings of the doors, glanced into the open sheds.

"Must have been wrong," he said. He blew out the lantern. "Shame to spoil that moon," he explained. They turned back toward the house. He slowed his pace. "No hurry, is there? Stay out a minute and enjoy it, Jean."

"Can't." She moved away. He took a quick step after her, caught her arm.

"Oh, what's a minute, Jean?"

She stood quite still. "Let go of my arm."

Her voice should have warned him. Even Helga's couldn't have bitten deeper. But the sting of it only sharpened his impulse. He tightened his hold. She whirled swiftly and struck him with her open hand, a blow a man might have struck. It took him utterly by surprise. He let her go as he stumbled back.

"Don't try that again," she said calmly.

She went in without looking back. He stood watching her, his cheek burning where her palm had struck, a dancing anger in him. He'd have to pay her for that blow, he thought.

He followed her. She was busy with her dishcloth when he came in.

"I shan't say anything to father," she told him quietly.

"Why not?" He watched her closely, amused at the reassurance.

"Because he'd throw you off the place, and we can't spare you yet," she said. "But don't try it again."

"Why not?"

He was still amused. Queer, how the land and the work of it ruled them. The farm came first, with her as with her father. For its sake she was willing to conceal what she regarded as a deadly affront.

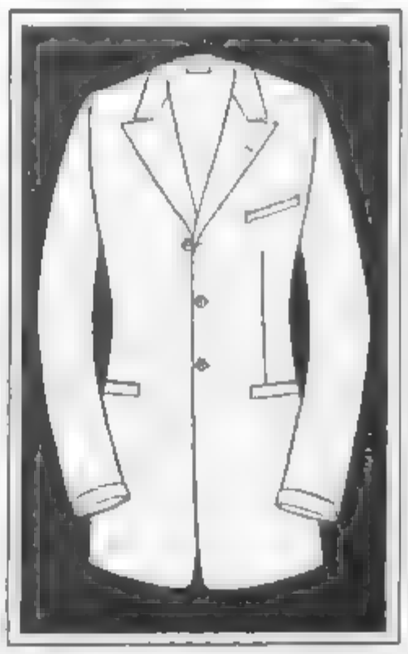
She did not answer in words, but her eyes held his for an instant, and it was his glance which moved away. The barrier had risen again. She looked at him, he thought, as she might have looked at a work horse suddenly turned vicious. He understood class hatred. It was class hatred he saw in her eyes now. He lighted his lamp and went to his room, hating her as he felt she hated him.

He decided to strike at her by quitting. If she was so afraid of losing labor from the farm that she would hide his offense from her father it would hurt her if he left. They'd be digging potatoes in the morning, and he knew that even with his help there would be too few hands. He chuckled at the idea.

He'd go back to see Helga and Levinski. With what he'd learned about farm life, and Levinski's shrewd suggestions, he could begin to work in earnest now. And it would be good to see Helga again after these months.

IV

WAYNE McINTYRE urged him to stay, offered him better pay. But he shook his head, conscious of Jean's silent interest in the conversation. McIntyre gave it up at last, a little irritated.



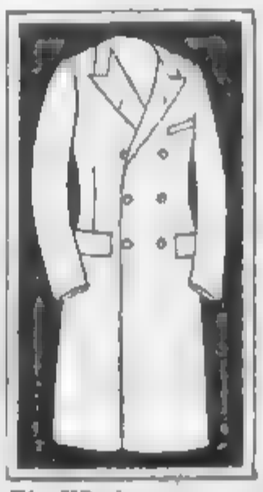
Above—The Monterey, a semi-form fitting model, smartly lapelled

At the right—A belted ulsterette, the Avondale, with Arkly patch pockets

How Much Are Men Paying For Good Style this Fall?

New York City

THE thing that has amazed me about the fall clothing situation, as it has developed in the past few weeks, is the unexpectedly reasonable prices at which really well styled clothes are being offered.



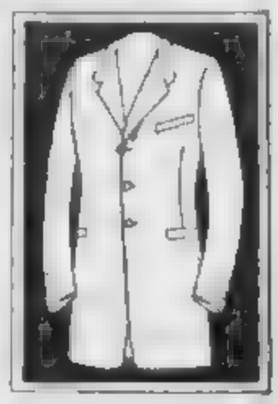
The Winthrop—a conservative dress coat for day or evening wear

Of course some clothing houses, following early indications, have continued to advance their prices. I have noticed, however, that more and more men of the discriminating class are finding that much of the smartest designing is still to be had in the reasonably priced models.

As to the styles themselves, there is a decided leaning toward the conservative. But at the same time the tendencies that met with such marked approval in the spring and summer are again with us this fall.

In general the natural lines of the body are gracefully conformed to, with the result that the impression of youthful vigor, always so attractive in young men's clothes, is again the key-note of the best models. Coats are a little shorter and with shorter vents; lapels are either notched, peaked or Flare. The square Milstande shoulder, so popular early in the year, appears again in the fall models.

And in accepting the models presented under the Cortley name, the well-dressed New Yorker has, in my opinion, once more justified his reputation for good taste. Perhaps no other designing rooms have quite equalled those of Cortley in combining correctness with most remarkably reasonable prices. Cortley fall suits range from forty dollars upward.



The Lehigh, a correct three button model with simple notch lapel and welt pockets

It is gratifying to know that clothes of such excellent styling as Cortley can be had in almost every community of the country.—*H.L.*

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"Round About New York"—the story of the new Fall styles by H. L.

No matter where you live you will find this little book of New York scenes and styles of immense interest. And you will, perhaps, add your opinion to that of men everywhere, who have come to regard H. L. as an authority on correct attire for young men.

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Seek the shop that Shows the Pelter

Seek the shop that shows the Pelter
Try one on;
Note its warmth, its comfy shelter
Gaze upon
All its smartly tailored beauty
See the way it's built for duty
With its rich and natty leather
(That side's for nippy weather)
Then observe the other side
Gabardine that's true and tried
Waterproofed—a perfect shelter
When the rain comes helter skelter.
Try a Pelter on and note
How it looks and how it feels
Man—you'll want to wear that coat
Everywhere, for it appeals
To your thrift and pride and style
—Once you've given it a trial
You'll agree there's nothing brighter
Stronger, snugger, smarter, lighter.
Nothing that will give you shelter
Looks and comfort like the Pelter.

RIGHT near you there's a store that sells Pelters! Do you know which one it is? If not write us. Remember—all leather coats are not Pelters—only the very good ones are. So [illegible] the genuine [illegible] Handsome style booklet showing many attractive Pelter models in colors, sent on request.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

International Duplex Coat Co.

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"Well, I can't make you stay, Joe. Jean'll drive you into town before train time. I was counting on you to help with those potatoes. It looks as if we'd lose some of them anyway."

"You'll get more for what you save," said Matlock.

"Yes—and you city folks'll have to pay it," said the other sharply. "That's one comfort. You've taken our labor away from us, but it's costing you something."

He went out to the barns. Matlock smoked comfortably on the porch, his belongings wrapped and ready beside him. He could hear Jean's steps in the kitchen, the clash and rattle of the dishes as she washed them. There was satisfaction in the sounds. Let her work! The time was coming when —— He stopped in the middle of the thought. She couldn't work any harder than she did. The dawning of the red day wouldn't mean any hardship for her. It struck him suddenly that it must benefit her, along with the rest of the workers. There was a gap in his reasoning somewhere. She and Wayne were petty capitalists; they oughtn't to share in the blessings he and Helga meant to bring. He shook off the idea. That would all adjust itself. It wasn't his business. Levinski would explain it.

The girl came out. He saw that she was dressed for the village. It pleased him to realize that his going meant extra work for her. It would take a good hour of her time to drive to town and back. Serve her right! He cranked the car for her and scrambled in beside her. She did not speak till they turned into the highway.

"I was right about you," she said suddenly. "I thought last night that perhaps I'd been wrong."

He was puzzled. "I don't get that, Jean."

She laughed. "You're quitting. I guess I've always known that you would. Even when you seemed to be—different, there was something. I felt it."

Her tone irritated him. "You talk as if I didn't have a right to change jobs. There's no crime in that, is there?"

"Not the way you look at it, I suppose. It's just a job, with you. You don't see anything else. For a while I thought you did. I was wrong."

"I don't get you yet. A man's certainly got a right to quit working when he feels like it."

She flung out an impatient hand and the car swerved sharply. "Oh, that word! Right! The world's full of it! As if a man had any rights! That's what happens when people huddle in cities and listen to fools. They begin talking about their precious rights—as if there were such things!"

"But ——"

"Oh, I know—you think there are. People do, when they live long enough and far enough away from the land. Rights to vote—rights to strike—rights to wear silk and ride in cars—rights to do everything and have everything they happen to think they want! It's only those of us who live out here on the firing line who know better."

"You're over my head," he confessed. "A man certainly has a right to ——"

"Who gave it to him? Where did he get it? What is it? A right to eat, I suppose. He can't live without it, very well."

"Of course—that and ——"

"Then why don't the crops grow ready to eat? Why does the weather fight us, why do the weeds come up, year after year; and the bugs and the blight? Oh, you can't see it! You've got a right to eat if we feed you. And we've got a right to feed you if we can beat the weather and the weeds! You've got so used to taking food for granted that you don't even think where it comes from—and how. You laughed this morning when father said we'd have to leave some of those potatoes in the ground. It didn't strike you that somebody'd have to go hungry this winter because those potatoes rot! It won't strike you and your kind till you're hungry yourselves—not because you haven't money but because money won't buy food! You've got a right to quit, you say. Well, some hungry child will have a right to starve this winter."

He thought a moment. "There'd be enough for everybody if the deal was square. It's only the rotten system that divides things so that one man has everything and a hundred nothing."

"There'll be enough when enough men and women stick to the land and work hard enough to twist it out of the ground," she cut in. "You can't make wheat grow by holding a meeting, and you'll never kill one potato bug by a boycott! You and your sort can desert and leave us to fight alone—to keep the land alive till starvation drives you back. There'll be enough of us left to do that, I guess."

He grinned at her heat. "I guess the land won't run away. It's been there quite a while."

"That's like the rest of your ideas! How long do you think the land will wait for you? See that field? Two years ago Saul Baker had corn growing there! In three or four more it'll be a pioneer job to clear it. That's happening everywhere for want of men to work it. You're pulling them away from us into your cities—more mouths for us to feed and fewer hands to feed them. But some of us stay. We'll be here when you stop talking about your fancy city rights and begin to look for food—and not to find it."

"We earn our living," he protested.

"You earn money—you never earned your living till this summer. We earned that—we people who stay out here on the front line, fighting bare-handed against starvation for all of us. You live by our favor, by the sweat of our brows and the ache of our bones and the endurance of our faith."

They stopped at the dingy little station. He climbed down.

"That's why you hit me last night?" He smiled at the memory. "I thought——"

"I knew somehow that you weren't our kind," she said quietly. "I must have felt that you'd stop work in the middle of a harvest, without even knowing what you were doing. I—I couldn't stand the touch of hands like that. We're different breeds."

A whistle crept round the bend of the hill. He held out one of the hands, grinning.

"Try to stand it this once," he urged.

She shook her head.

"No. Good by."

He felt the words cut. The little car scudded away as he stood watching it. Queer sort of a girl, he thought. Living alone out in the country made 'em like that. A little crazy—like the old man with his everlasting prayers; and Wayne McIntyre, mooning in his cowshed about dealing first-hand with God. A good thing he was going back to Helga and Levinski and the rest. A little more and he'd get to believing in their fool ideas himself.

Different breeds! He laughed as he swung aboard the coach. She'd hit it right there!

▼

LEVINSKI looked up from his meal, his thick glasses enlarging and distorting the little eyes behind them. Suddenly he reminded Matlock of a sheep—there was an old ram on McIntyre's farm who looked exactly like this—the same long, flat-nosed face, the same foreshortening of the chin, even the same sidewise motion with which Levinski chewed. Matlock grinned at the memory. He had not interpreted that contemplative malice in the pale eyes quite soon enough. Levinski would fool anybody who thought him harmless, just as the meditative ram had fooled Joe Matlock into turning his back.

The room was dirtier than Levinski's quarters usually were. Matlock guessed that he must have been here some time. The food on the tray drew his glance—enough for two men. Levinski always ate heavily, he remembered, with a faint resentment, an impatient wonder at an appetite unstimulated by physical exertion. The air was thick with stale smoke, and his throat was unpleasantly conscious of it.

"Where's Helga?"

He spoke sharply, suddenly hostile without understanding why. Levinski grinned faintly and called out in the alien tongue Matlock could not follow. The door behind the littered table opened and Helga appeared. Matlock drew the inference instantly. He had always been vaguely afraid of this. Levinski's hold on Helga's imagination—he saw the quick flicker of fright in her eyes and knew that his guess was sound. She came toward him, greeting him with an excess of cordiality, below which he felt her nervous apprehension.

"Hello, Helga."

He studied her face. It was gray, like putty, he thought. Even her lips were colorless. Her cheeks had hollowed since his last sight of her, so that he saw the outline of her jaws. Even her eyes seemed paler, the old flame dulled in them. He noted the carelessness of her clothes, the flat, curveless contour of the body in them.

"You're back in time, Joe. We're starting a new paper—right in your line too. We're going after the country labor."

He scarcely listened to her eager talk. Levinski put in a word, in his mumbling, buzzing speech. It caught at Matlock's wandering attention. The proletariat. He remembered, suddenly, what it meant: The child-bearers. It whipped his thought to Lon, with his ten children—twelve mouths to be fed by one man's work. Something in the spectacle of Levinski and the woman made him laugh. The proletariat! What did they know about it?

Bearing children and feeding them! Something made him think of Jean, tireless in her shining kitchen, strong and straight and clear of eye. Different breeds—Jean and Helga.

"We're calling it The East Wind."

Helga's voice broke in upon his consciousness again. Another memory rose before him—that first evening by the lamp, the red-checked cloth and the cheap Bibles, his own voice reading somber, marching words. He laughed.

"The East Wind, eh? Can a man fill his belly with it?"

Helga stared. "I don't see ——"

"Never mind."

He shrugged. Levinski broke into the talk, his all but motionless lips queerly sly and evil in Matlock's sight.

"We mus' reach zose pessants, Joe. You can tell us ——"

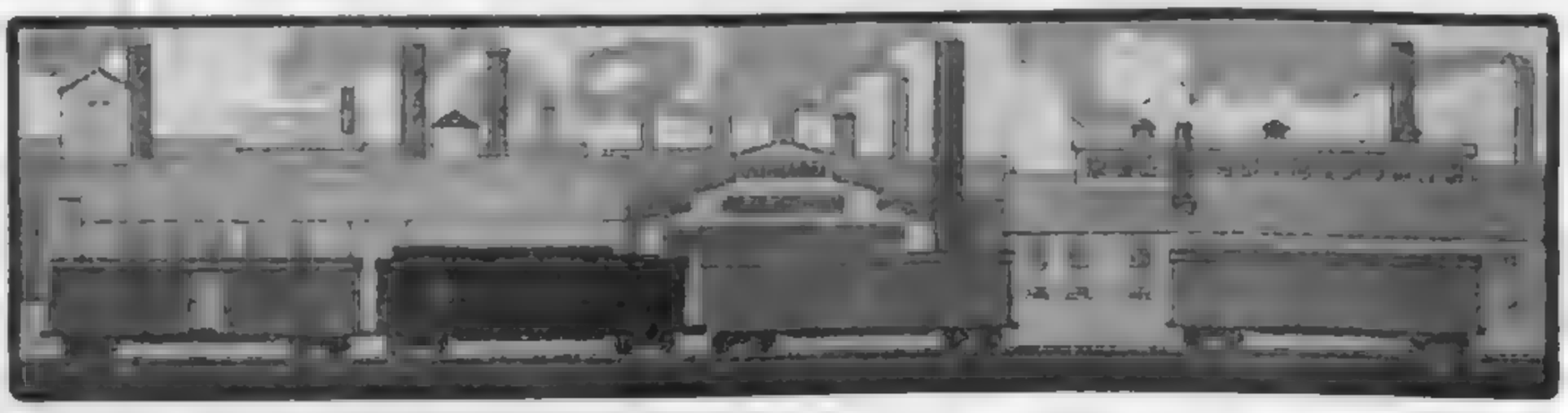
Matlock straightened. "Yes, I can tell you, Levinski. I've seen."

"In Russia zey are beating us, Joe. Aaronson ——"

Matlock laughed. Something cleared in his mind, as if a dawning sun had lifted mists and driven back distorting shadows.

"Yes." His voice was strange in his ears. "Yes, they've beaten you in Russia, Levinski. You can't fill a peasant's belly with your east wind. They're used to standing up to God and fighting him for their food and yours. You and your kind are easy for men that have learned to deal first-hand with God. You can lead your city fools round by their noses till we peasants—we damned peasants stop feeding you. We beat you over there and we'll beat you here!"

He went out. If he caught the night train he'd be there by dawn.



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Fels-Naptha, the super-soap, unites with the washing-machine to save still more time in washing; and to save woman even more from hard work.

Naptha (somewhat similar to gasoline) is that surprising dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen cloth. By the Fels-Naptha exclusive process *real naptha* is combined with good soap.

Smell it! You can tell it is there by the clean naptha odor. Every bubble of the foamy white suds contains naptha.

The naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt, and the washer throws the rich Fels-Naptha suds through the meshes of the fabric, thoroughly cleansing every fibre. Thus Fels-Naptha does all that good soap can do, plus all that naptha can do.

Fels-Naptha is appreciated by washing-machine manufacturers because it helps their machines do even better work. It does not make the inside of machines sticky.

By all means use Fels-Naptha if you own a washing-machine.

Let Fels-Naptha co-operate all along the line to make work quicker and lighter. Three things identify genuine Fels-Naptha—the red-and-green wrapper, the golden bar, and the clean naptha odor.

Smell Fels-Naptha

You can recognize the clean odor of naptha instantly. It is real naptha in sufficient quantity to loosen dirt. Blindfolded, you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps.

Let naptha loosen the dirt while the clothes soak

For especially soiled white pieces (cuffs, neckbands, spots) wet them, rub with Fels-Naptha and let them soak a half-hour or overnight. This gives the naptha a chance to loosen dirt, and gives the machine a good start for quicker, more thorough work. The clothes come out in short order sweet, sanitary, clean and bright.

Why is Fels-Naptha a golden color?

Good transparent toilet soaps are sometimes *brown* or *green*. Good tar soap is *black*. Complexion soaps are green, brown, white, red. Fels-Naptha is *golden* because of the natural color of the good materials used, which help to retain the naptha.

FELS & CO., PHILADELPHIA

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Making an *Excelo* cake is so simple it sounds absurd. First—here's the package. It contains everything you and I ever put into our proudest "company" cake. All you add is water—a tumblerful. It's as simple as 1-2-3. And the best part of it is—it never fails to make a superbly delicious cake. You know—with the real *home* taste.

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There are four delightful kinds—white, light Lemon and Vanilla, rich Chocolate—and also luscious spicy Devil's Food.

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E. C. GATLIN COMPANY, Kansas City, Mo.

Just Add Water

sift *add water and mix* *then bake*

Excelo

CAKE MIXTURE

COOLIDGE—POLITICAL MYSTERY

(Continued from Page 27)

"You refer to the tendency of the public to chafe under frequent and new laws. As I have said, unrest prevails at home. It is evident that we have had too much legislating by tumult, by pressure and by clamor. Our chief task now is to repossess the people of their Government and property. No one knows now whether war or peace prevails. There still hangs over private enterprise the fear of Federal seizure, blighting in its effect and paralyzing in its result, to the detriment of the public. It should not be so. The ideal of America is ownership of the property of the country by the people, and control of the Government by the people.

"But let me say this," he added, no doubt having in mind professional lobbying, "that representative government ceases when influence of any kind is substituted for the judgment of the representative. The opinion of the constituents, of course, is not to be ignored, and as I have explained, the right candidate will know better than anyone else what is the opinion of his constituents. The Republicans think a great deal of this faithful representation."

"Making due allowance for the patriotism and common sense of the American people," I inquired, "what is your analysis of the existing situation, abroad and at home?"

"The Republican Party by the record of its members in the Senate and by declaration of its platform, by performance and by promise, approves the principle of agreement among nations to preserve peace. Whatever covenants or league can be made between the nations, which, without restricting the sovereignty of America or diminishing her power of determining her own affairs, can be made for the purpose of making war more improbable in the future and peace more secure, will meet with our support. Our party, as the people well know by this time, pledges itself to the making of such an agreement, preserving American independence and rights, as will meet every duty we may owe to humanity."

Treaty Ratification

"Bear in mind that America never was and never can be isolated from the great human interests of the world. We began by breaking the shell of isolation in 1776 when Congress sent commissioners to France and appealed to Spain, Prussia, Austria and other European powers for recognition. We refused to remain isolated when under Jefferson we acquired the Louisiana Territory and doubled our original area, perhaps with doubtful constitutional authority and in violation of the principles of his party. We gave further and repeated proofs of the same kind at different periods and through the great war.

"It is evident that a world relationship exists," Governor Coolidge continued, "and this relationship did not come into being as the result of any proposed treaty, just as it cannot be changed by any 'great and solemn referendum.' The course of wise statesmanship is to seek out what that relationship is and put the action of the nations in harmony with it. You need not be told that this is exactly what Senator Harding is proposing to do."

"But we are still technically at war."

"Yes; war is still going on. It has not yet ended. We have had a victory but the world is without peace. Europe is not yet pacified."

"The opposition states that the existing conditions are mainly due to our nonratification," I told Governor Coolidge.

"But ratification of the League of Nations and the peace treaty would have made no difference," he explained. "It would have had no effect on Soviet Russia. Poland would not have been any stronger at its boundaries. The fact is that we have been brought into contempt everywhere by the management of our foreign affairs. Our downfall began in Mexico six years ago. We interfered there but interfered ineffectively. And at that time the Administration had a free hand. Therefore it is no answer to say that the reason for the more recent difficulties in the period following the armistice is that the Administration has not had a free hand. Moreover, under the Constitution, it was not entitled to place the nation under the binding obligation of a foreign treaty."

"It seems evident, governor," I said, "that you do not consider the League of Nations as the paramount issue, though you would object to any attempt to minimize the importance of the problem raised by it."

"Taking for granted that the people understand that the Republican Party will adopt the best plan that can be devised at the time of action, it seems to me that the decision in this election will turn not on an attitude toward world politics but on the attitude toward the home."

"That," I observed, "brings us to what I believe the people want to know about from you."

"The cost of living?" Governor Coolidge looked at me understandingly.

I nodded assent. "That is the common term for it."

"There is more to it than that," he explained.

"What?"

"Earning as well as spending."

"Yes."

"We have been confronted with attempts to translate all success into material prosperity," Governor Coolidge explained, with a sincerity that indicated his thorough sympathy with the subject, which has frequently been discussed patronizingly, "and now a great money prosperity abounds. In accordance with what had for years been so loudly proclaimed many persons supposed that in such prosperity they would find complete satisfaction. In this they have been sorely disappointed. The war has shown that it is not money which must be had, but materials, shelter, food and clothing. Money that cannot be exchanged for these has little value. Yet that fact has not been clearly understood, because there are those who still think that if they could get more money they would find the satisfaction that has thus far eluded them. In fact, there are associations of all kinds of people whose main object is to secure more money for their members. When there is power to purchase, obviously there will be a demand to be supplied."

"What do you think is the remedy, or a remedy?"

"Men have learned very well how to get," he said epigrammatically, "and now is the time for them to learn how to produce and how to save."

"That brings us to the subject of prices."

"The mounting prices of all sorts of commodities has put an unbearable burden on every home," Governor Coolidge said, "but changes in decreased prices will give no ultimate relief. Shortage is met only by saving and production. The only remedy is to put more effort, not less, into production. High prices, of course, produce their own remedy under the law of supply and demand. Already in the great woolen and leather industries there is a recession in the basic elements, which will be reflected in retail prices."

"Profiteering, so called, has disturbed the people."

Where the Farmer Comes In

"It has been brought about, and it should be punished, because it is wrong. But it is idle to look to such action for absolute relief. Men of this class profit by scarcity, but they do not cause it. But whether it is profiteering or any other cause, the force of the Government can and must afford a considerable remedy.

"We lack, too, an organization of our industries to produce and to supply the market," the nominee continued. "Saving and production govern distribution, and greater distribution, too, comes from greater capital. If we can produce and save, economic law distributes, bearing in mind, of course, the problem of transportation, which must be not only reëstablished but perfected."

"What of the farmer?" I wanted to know.

Here the governor's eyes lighted up, for he is a true Vermont farmer, and can speak about the subject from alfalfa to onions, which is the nearest agricultural paraphrase of the Greek alphabet.

"By all means!" he assented. "The farmers need an enlarged power of organization whereby the original producer may profit to a larger degree by the high prices paid for his produce by the ultimate consumer, and at the same time decrease the cost. The people are prepared, as they always have been, and as they always will be, to meet any reasonable burden; they will pay gladly fair prices and fair profits when convinced that prices and conditions are on a natural and not on an artificial basis."

"Yet the farmer is usually the first to feel lower prices," I suggested.

"Yes. And ample production on the farms depends upon the chance to conduct them at a profit. Agriculture is entitled to be suitably rewarded, and on its encouragement and success will depend the production of a food supply large enough to meet the public needs at a reasonable cost."

"What would you advise?"

"To begin with, means should be provided for encouraging agricultural development, for coöperating with the various agencies through which it is promoted, and for assisting in the profitable marketing of its products. Every encouragement should be extended to the farmers. Our efforts should be directed to the prosperity of the men now on the farms."

An Advocate of Home-Buying

"Alarm is frequently expressed about the abandonment of farms for the cities. If the farmer is made successful and prosperous, not for a year or a few years, but steadily; if the rewards of his labors are made secure, there will be no lack of others to enter the field and use all available land, while at the same time making its abandonment on the score of unprofitableness quite impossible.

"In considering that problem, let us bear in mind the fact that the average citizen does not lead the life of independence that was his in former days under a less complex order of society. When a family tilled the soil and produced its own support it was independent. When it produces one article—and that in a plant owned by others—it is dependent. If we want more coal and wheat and sugar we shall get them by giving more cloth and shoes and machinery."

"Is it, in your opinion, the better plan?"

"It should be. In order that we might facilitate the processes of production and thereby increase its rewards and benefits we have turned to a division of labor. We have taken men and put them not in the fields, where their occupation changed from day to day and had a varied opportunity for self-direction; we have harnessed them to machines and made them, in part, a section or a cog in a machine. You ask me if it is better so. It may be infinitely better, but it is evident that as a result labor now needs a protection which before was not required.

"Yet no man, for any price, will ever be content to live the life of a machine. It will not make any difference what his scale of compensation is or may be. He will not find satisfaction in a mere raise of pay. Your true Americans are working for each other, exchanging the results of the efforts of hand and brain wrought through the unconsumed efforts of past days, which we call capital."

"Do you advocate home owning?"

"Yes; more home owners," he exclaimed, "and better educational facilities.

"Home owning must be encouraged. The underlying purpose is to raise the standard of citizenship. Nothing is so effective in this respect as an interest in real estate. But that does not mean a home in the city so much as in the country, because the tillers of the soil hold the ideal position for the development of good citizenship."

"What of the dissenters?" I queried, meaning the radicals.

"There must be a different public attitude toward industry, a better comprehension of the interdependence of capital, management and labor, and likewise better facilities for the prompt adjustment of industrial disputes," the governor replied, after what I sympathetically call a squint at the now unyielding cigar. "We cannot help the people by denouncing fundamental economic principles for their delight, but by teaching them for their advantage.

"Education lies at the beginning of all hope of advancement; that is understood. But we are too prone to take for granted that all our citizens, because of the public school, are educated. Such is far from the case. Millions are not only uneducated but are illiterate. There is no vaster problem of social improvement than the fundamental question of education.

"We have our public schools and state universities, committees, boards and commissions, but the needs of education not only have not been met but they have not yet been adequately stated. The requirements are simply stupendous. We need a broader education, not merely of the understanding but of the sympathies and sentiments. When the problem of education is solved most social problems will vanish. Our party must continue dedicated to a full enlightenment of the people."

Much has been alleged about a growing enmity of organized labor against Governor Coolidge, but the remarkable thing is that he feels that organized labor is in sympathy with his official record. He declared that organized labor—and honest labor of any kind or class—is not a thing to be won over or bought with honeyed words or favors, and that with him it will take the stand firmly that what men have they must earn.

"There should be a purpose in all legislation to recognize the right of man to be well born, well nurtured, well employed and well paid," Governor Coolidge declared; and in these pithy words he conceals a doctrine that surpasses any demand ever made by any labor organization in behalf of its members. "Workers, on the other hand, must likewise understand that what has happened during and since the war has not created magic resources out of which wages can be paid that are not earned.

"You mention the dissenters. There have been systematic efforts to undermine the faith of our people in their Government, to aggravate industrial strife and foment discord. These efforts are a great public menace. There has been a disposition on the part of certain groups and certain individuals to inquire whether they liked a law, and if they did not like it they attempted to disregard it, suspend it or circumvent it, by more or less direct action. Those who disregard any law are disloyal to the country."

"Provided the laws are enforced equitably," was my interjection.

Immigration Problems

"If government is true to itself that means no sectionalism and no favoritism. Impartiality and justice should be the watchwords." Then he added: "Those who urge resistance in the name of liberty are not seeking freedom for themselves, because they have it, but seek to enslave others, frequently with ideas which are for the most part imported."

"Then a question about immigration is in order."

"An intricate and delicate problem," Governor Coolidge assented, "not yet fully understood. We have had to study it because Massachusetts is the haven of many immigrants. There are among us many recent arrivals who are entitled to our consideration and assistance. There are many of them upon these shores who never arrive at America; our country must be carried to them. This may be done—yes, patiently and perseveringly, by means of instruction and good will; by convincing those who are yet in doubt that there is an interest in their welfare, a desire to protect them from imposition, a respect for their own national spirit, and an effort to have them use that spirit in appreciating our own citizenship and supporting our own institutions. This is to a large extent a problem of the national Government, but it concerns the states also."

"The Government," I said, "has other responsibilities of interrelated nature. What of them?"

"The Government has some duties, too," the governor agreed. "It would not be fair to say that upon capital and labor alone rests the burden of our successful national life. Our reconstruction—because our country must reconstruct itself—has to begin at the fountainhead of government by means of revised taxation, reduced official expenditures and the enforcement of existing laws.

"Congress has made a commendable beginning, but though the Congress has reduced the appropriations asked, the executive departments make the expenditures,

Bulging Arches a Signal of Danger

When the arch of a bridge weakens, it is dangerous to put strain upon it. When the arch of one's foot weakens, it is also unsafe to put strain upon it. It is not only disastrous to the arch, but the body also suffers.

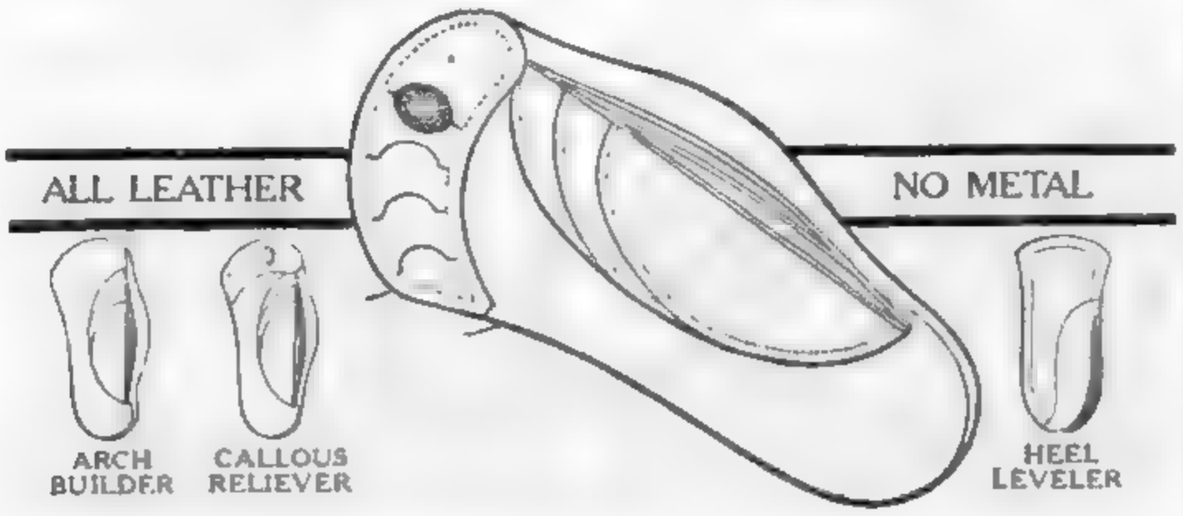
Pain in the foot, ankle, calf, knee, thigh, hip or back is a signal of warning. Not only will trouble be averted, but your shoe shank will not sag if you support your arch in normal position with a Wizard Adjustable Lightfoot Arch Builder.

Beneath these all-leather Arch Builders are overlapping pockets, so located that inserts of any desired thickness can be inserted in exactly the right place to support the dislocated bones in normal position. Adjustments are simply made by shifting inserts or changing their thickness.

Being all leather, Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are light, flexible and are worn without one's being conscious of them.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are sold by leading dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write the Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Company, 1718 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., or 949 Marbridge Bldg., New York City. European Headquarters:—Central Chambers, South Castle Street, Liverpool, England. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charge.

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS



which are not under legislative control. The extravagant standards bred of recent years must be eliminated. This should show immediately in reduced taxation.

"Taxes are paid by the people. They cannot be imposed on any class. There is no power that can prevent a distribution of the burden. But the taxes should be equitably adjusted. That great breeder of public and private extravagance—the excess-profits tax—should be revised. A revision of taxation must be accompanied with a reduction of that private extravagance which the returns from luxury taxes reveal as surpassing all comprehension."

"Due attention, I presume, would be given to the currency?"

"Yes. There is an abundance of money, and the Government should reduce the amount as fast as it can without curtailing the necessary credits."

"Then," I summed, "you believe in good government at the lowest consistent cost—efficiency at a just price, instead of cheap government, as might be the case."

"Yes. Good government, remember, cannot be bought. Every voter must realize that good government is in his hands, that it has to be given, and that national expenditures for governmental purposes are not for the purchase of public service—but to guarantee it. Unless good citizens hold office, bad citizens will."

It was, that, his attack upon indiscriminate patronage regardless of merit.

Is it any wonder, then, that politicians of machine rings are disturbed? How can they share in the spoils in defiance of his aloofness? How can they obstruct him when he renders so unpropitious their task of seeking a vulnerable spot? How can they confuse his sense of direction along the road he has chosen to travel so as to compel him to turn to them for aid? His record in Massachusetts offers no promise. The law-and-order program which brought him to the attention of the nation a year ago is nothing unusual when one knows the man; it would be a grave injustice to Calvin Coolidge to accept him solely upon that policy.

For Calvin Coolidge, year by year, since 1899, has been intensifying his political success in the face of his unstudied disregard of all political theories and rules. To him politics means public service; in his case politics is the product of the man.

The Daily Living Problem

"Thank you, I am ready," he said simply upon being advised by long-distance telephone that he had been nominated for the Vice Presidency. Readiness with him implies the difficult process of preparation and the duty of further activity.

Governor Coolidge's paramount interest has to do with the very prosaic problem of living. With keen impartiality he assembled the issue as confronted by the farmer, the artisan, the clerk. He speaks out of a life rich with experience and problems duplicated in every modest household, and at once one realizes that his discussion is not impersonal or an expedient.

Though as governor of Massachusetts, with a salary, I believe, of ten thousand dollars a year, he does not own a motor car, and Mrs. Coolidge's hope is to own a flivver some day.

I passed an entire day, by way of introduction, in the executive offices, chatting with members of Governor Coolidge's official staff and with many of his callers, especially, who were not residents of the state, so that I might get an idea of how far the voter, who this year is saying little and thinking much, will stand by Coolidge.

Governor Coolidge looks what he is not. His thin lips denote inflexibility, but his inflexibility is devoid of harshness; his seeming taciturnity has nothing in common with aloofness; apparently there are no imaginative tendencies in his make-up, yet he is always planning, and planning is impossible without imagination; he looks unexcitable and yet he enjoys every hour he lives. He is a good listener but he asks few questions; to the interviewer or caller is left generally the choice of subjects to be discussed. Lack of flourish—ostentatiousness it is called in campaign years—looks like lack of style.

A Nice Place to Live

Thus it is easy to understand why he is not "Cal," and here I found the only likeness to President Wilson, in that both find nicknames distasteful. Can you imagine "Woodie"? So it is impossible to imagine "Cal." There are moments when his first name would seem a matter of course—but only then. Likewise he is not a handshaker. He likes to be among his fellow men, but he shrinks from physical contact, largely a matter of habit. He has been too busy, at first studying and then working for his living, to be "one of the boys." As a result, unlike many men in official life, Governor Coolidge has not been the author or subject of anecdotes. The nearest to one is the following:

Five years or so ago, in the course of a visit to Washington—his first, I believe—he was taken to see the sights. In due time they passed the White House. So his Washington friends showed it to him.

"How do you like it?" asked one.

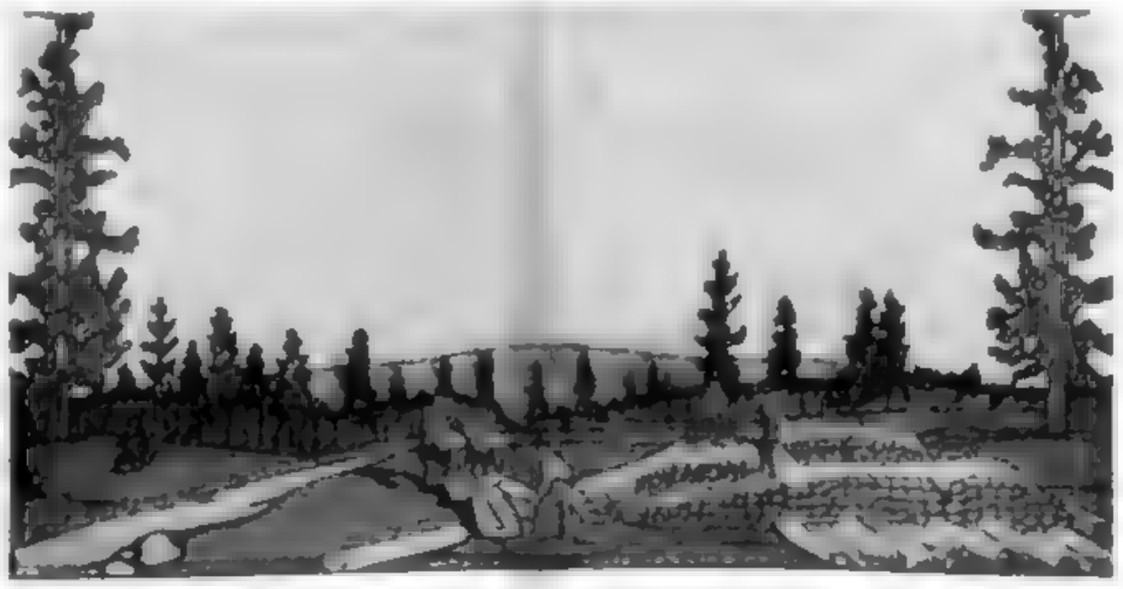
"Nice place to live in," he replied laconically, little imagining that public favor would decide in 1920 if he should become—as Senator Harding has promised—assistant President as far as laws will permit.

Coolidge is a fighter. He won a gold medal for an essay on the principles of the war for American independence. But he fights, working. Perhaps atavism has something to do with this characteristic—plus the influence of his birthday. For he was born July 4, 1872, in rugged Vermont, of an ancestry that runs through a long line of farmers.

This self-reliance is psychological in its influence upon those who work with him. He makes his official aids feel that they are more than workers. Now that he is the Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency it would be easy for admirers to become enthusiastic and laud him extravagantly, but strangely enough, little is heard about him. In his national fame he is quite obscure, little differing from his localized popularity in Massachusetts.

When he attended college he paid little attention to sports. But he had had all the physical exercise wanted on the farm, and he studied because his course was not without a strain upon the family purse. He has made his home in Northampton, where he practiced law, serving later as its representative to the General Court. Later he was elected state senator, then he became president of the state senate, then successively lieutenant governor and governor.

His simplicity of living is remarkable but not ostentatious. He lives a simple life simply. He has remained in public life twenty years or so and manages by adopting a dependable New England formula—holding down expenses. Mrs. Coolidge is said to be a wonder at it. His two boys, John and Calvin, Jr., are following in his footsteps. He will be known to posterity as the author of this dictum: "Do the day's work and be brief."



Ironing by *"the Tissue Paper Method,"* the Improved Service for Housewives

The soothingly soft linen you repose upon at night, the hand towel in the office washroom, the luncheon cloth so snowy white—all are products of ironing by "the tissue paper method."

This ironing process has been named "the tissue paper method" because with it the filmiest of materials can be smoothed without so much as the ruffling of a thread.

Yet this refined ironing operation began with a stick and stone. Ironed linen and apparel were unknown to even our relatively recent ancestors. Clothes, while still damp, were simply smoothed on a slab with a piece of wood.

In the 15th century the Italians improved on this with the "mangle"—a device consisting of two wooden rollers between which the clothes were passed. Two hundred years later the familiar heated hand iron of the housewife came into use.

The tissue paper ironing methods of modern laundries represent the peak of ironing progress.

In the modern laundry bed linen, table linen, and other flat pieces, are ironed by simultaneously passing them under a softly padded roller and over a heated surface as smooth as glass. This equipment is known as a flatwork ironer.

Garments like shirts, skirts, lingerie, and similar pieces are ironed on special presses—tucks and folds, collar-bands, yokes, cuffs, and collars, are all gently shaped and dexterously smoothed into place by presses ingeniously fashioned for these special purposes.

No gas, electric current, or direct heat is used—only steam of constant temperature that cannot scorch is employed. This steam, too, works up through the fabric, sterilizing while it smooths.

Exact pressure of just so many pounds; temperature of a set degree; ironing surfaces finely polished to give gloss without friction—these are what enable modern laundries to impart that lustrous finish to your linen and apparel which is so refreshing to the person, so inviting to the eye.

These are reasons, too, why modern laundries can take all the family washing out of your home—why they can wash for you, and iron, also, in the truly clothes-conserving, sanitary way.

To obtain complete laundering service, send your family bundle to one of the modern laundries in your city.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY
Executive Offices: Cincinnati

THERE GOES THE GROOM

(Continued from Page 25)

that I myself created the opportunity. It was after luncheon—or midday dinner rather—and Hector was on the point of silently stealing away like Mr. Longfellow's Arabs. He had the Asinaria of Plautus under his arm, and I suspected that he was looking forward to a pleasant hour or two in the garden with Deborah. Now I have not read Plautus' Asinaria, but I doubt if most men would enjoy it and I am sure that not one woman in half a million would or could enjoy it. I marveled therefore all the more at Deborah. She was either one woman in half a million or a confounded young hypocrite. Then and there I made up my mind to find out which. But first my business lay with Hector, whom I intercepted in the hall.

"Hector," I said, "where are you going?"

"To the Peters'," he answered. "Deborah and I are engaged in a course of reading. You see, Foster, I have assumed the pleasant task of being her literary mentor. It is a grave responsibility, but Professor Peters has no leisure and there is no one else. I purpose that Deborah shall be the best-read young girl in the world. Yes—actually that—in the world."

"A large undertaking," I ventured.

"Not so large—not so large as you would think—not so large as it ought to be. You see, Foster, there exist very few well-read young girls in the world to-day. Think it over. How many are able to read both Latin and Greek—even simple Latin and Greek? Do you know of any? French, yes; German, yes—before the war; a smattering perhaps of Italian or Spanish. But of Latin and Greek their knowledge consists at best of vague memories of Cæsar's Gallic Wars and the belief that Homer, a blind poet, wrote the Iliad in collaboration with Alexander Pope."

"Well," I observed, "what difference does it make? A woman is a creature of the spirit and of the flesh, but not of the mind. Deborah, for example—she is charming. But why? Not surely because you have taught her to read Latin and Greek. Not at all! She's charming because through some happy accident of birth she was endowed with a beautiful face and a beautiful body and because God or somebody breathed into her an uncommon soul. As long as she has the limbs of a Greek and the Greek's inborn love and appreciation of beauty, it is not at all necessary to her perfection that she should be able to speak Greek."

The professor opened his mouth to reply.

"Wait," I interrupted, "I will walk along with you. I've more to say and you don't want to be late for your appointment, I'm sure."

Hector agreed cordially enough, but I imagined that I detected a trace of worriment in his manner. That I was not wrong he proved by his opening question.

"Is it anything very important you want to speak to me about?" he asked.

"It may be," I said.

He fumbled at his spectacles, removed them, polished them and finally murmured nervously: "Well, what is it?"

"It's Mrs. Jenks," I said.

"I thought so—I feared so. She—she has been talking?"

"A great deal—to me at least. She claims to be Deborah's grandmother, and she hates both Deborah and her father. She threatens them absurdly but atrociously. I want to know if there is any reason to take her seriously."

"What a pity—what a great pity!" said Hector. "She is Deborah's grandmother of course—her mother's mother. Deborah's mother died some time ago, but Deborah lost her before she died. The whole thing is very tragic. She ran away—left Professor Peters when Deborah was a year old."

"Ah?" I said.

"Yes," said Hector—"yes. There was no reason, you understand. I mean that Professor Peters always treated her well. She had no complaint—indeed she made none. She left a note ——"

"They always do," I said.

"Yes, she left a note stating that she had met someone else whom she loved more. That was almost twenty-five years ago. She died shortly afterward."

"May I ask who or what was the other mmm?"

"Yes, of course. It was very strange, completely incomprehensible. He was a young Italian; a—well, a musician of a sort; a strolling player, I might say."

"Ah?" I questioned again.

"Yes," said Hector miserably. "You might as well know. He—he had a hand organ."

"What?" I cried.

Hector nodded—slow, gloomy affirmations.

"And—and a monkey," he added with sad resignation.

"You don't tell me!" I exclaimed, amazed. "That was very brave of her, wasn't it?"

Hector looked at me interrogatively.

"Brave?" he echoed.

"Yes, very brave. It was a great gamble, and she probably lost. Did the Italian neglect her and make her miserable?"

"Oh, no," said Hector quickly, "quite the contrary. It seems he made her very happy. They adored each other and never once did she regret the step she had taken. That's what made it so hard for poor Peters—the fact that an Italian organ grinder and a monkey had been able to make her happy when he, Peters, with all his learning and culture, had failed. That, to me, is the incomprehensible thing—the tragedy of it."

I hesitated before I answered.

"Excuse me, Hector," I said gently, "but that, to me, is the most comprehensible thing about it and, I might say, the comedy of it—the divine comedy of it; and it brings us back to the theory I was just expounding—that charm has its roots in the flesh and in the spirit, not in the mind. The young Italian organ grinder had a body and a soul, doubtless both beautiful. Professor Peters cannot claim those assets. Why, it's the most natural thing in the world, what Deborah's mother did—the most natural and, I grant you, the most unconventional. She had looked through Peters' blue spectacles and found nothing but test tubes, formulas and malodorous chemicals.

"When she looked into the young Italian's black eyes she saw generations of poets, singers, musicians and lovers. She saw the blue sky and the bluer sea; she saw the vineyards and the olives and the cypresses; she heard the plashing of fountains in turquoise pools; she breathed the scent of mimosas and of roses; and she forgot all else and clasped youth and beauty and romance to her breast—and I can't blame her. She's most blameworthy, but I can't blame her."

Hector regarded me silently. I was somewhat flushed and excited, I suppose, but he was perfectly calm, with the calmness of one who has long since weighed the question and made his decision.

(Continued on Page 89)

"Young Man," She Interrupted Severely, "I'm Not Your Dear Mrs. Jenks and Never Was. I'm Only One Man's Dear Mrs. Jenks and He's in Heaven"

The Night the Emily Dunstan Burned

"'Twas right toward that cabin on the Louisiana side I swung her"

Pilot Jim's account — an affair of honor — the fire — Tom Maury, "plucky devil" — in Aunt Jemima's cabin — the Aunt Jemima of pancake fame.

"I CAN'T never go past this spot without a-thinkin' on't," Pilot Jim mused as he gave the wheel a gentle turn.

"Pilotin' on the Massissipp in them days before the war waren't much like this. Thar waren't the sureness about it—but I'm not sayin' it waren't more interestin', 'specially for them that likes excitement. Tom Maury was one o' them. He was my engineer, Tom was, on the Em'ly Dunstan.

"One night we was makin' this very bend, glidin' along nice and easy-like, when who should come up behind us but the Skipper Queen, a bran' new packet on the Natchez Line. Well, she challenged us an' we knew she was fast, but to let her pass without a tussle waren't right—not on this river.

"TOM, he knew the code, an' he loved the Em'ly. An' here was her honor at stake. Down to the engine room he flew. It seemed like we fairly shot for'ard—pitch pine roarin' under those boilers and Tom a-usin' every ounce of steam he could get outen 'em. Fer a while I thought we'd hold the Queen, but no; the boilers couldn't stand it.

"Sounded like a cannon firin' down below an' the Em'ly shuddered, seemin' ter know her time had come.

"And over all the shoutin' and the noise of 'scapin' steam I heard Tom yellin' up to me: 'Jim—quick—to th' land!' An' he swore. 'I'll hold her there,' he says, 'till the last of yer's on shore.'

"'Twas right toward that cabin on the Louisiana side I swung her. And now we was racin' fire an' death. I could feel the boat a-slowin' up. Tom's engines dyin' down. A minute seemed like an hour. Would we ever make that shore?

"Somehow we did; somehow we all got off—save Tom. An' I was thinkin' as how one of them big, bright sparks might be flyin' up inter th' stars with his soul that very minute. Crotched thar I was a-holdin' that landin' board an' hopin', when somethin' gropped my shin like a vise. Nearly upsot me, an' I cussed. But when I looked down, folks—bless me! thar was Tom! An' he says to me, cool and calm: 'What you cussin' fer, Jim? Didn't I hold 'er?'

"The plucky devil—he'd swum it!

"STILL, things looked bad fer us—no landin' by, where we could board the Skipper Queen. But she was loaded heavy anyhow, so, seein' we was safe on land, she steamed sort o' soberly on.

"The women folks trudged into that cabin you see yonder, an' when us men went up we found 'em thar an' a nigger mammy was a-motherin' 'em all. Blast me, ef she didn't have 'em all calmed down! An angel could 'a' done no better.

"Well, it turned out that she was Colonel Higbee's 'Aunt Jemima,' the cook we'd heard tell about from Mizzou clear down ter N'Orleans.

"The Colonel's mansion set back away from the river, up on that hill. There we was welcomed, all of us, the night the Em'ly Dunstan burned. And in the morning we found out what *made* Aunt Jemima famous. Those pancakes of hers——"

But here Pilot Jim was interrupted and the narrator lost the rest of his story.

ACCORDING to tradition this is the Aunt Jemima you know. It is said that years after the Civil War she still lived in that little cabin on the banks of the Mississippi. But things had changed. Colonel Higbee's plantation had gone the way of so many in those trying days of reconstruction; and the "Massa" himself was gone. Aunt Jemima was finally prevailed upon to sell her recipe for those pancakes. And so it happens that today *you* can have them.

Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour is made by that magic recipe! It comes to you even with milk already in it (in powdered form), with every ingredient she herself used except the water.

So rich it needs no eggs!

Simply stir in the water with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and you have, in a jiffy, perfect batter for the most delicious cakes you've ever tasted. Tender, golden-brown, fine-flavored—*every* time they come off the griddle the same.

Get from your grocer today a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and, *tomorrow*, have some of these pancakes!

Since the night the Emily Dunstan burned, they have become famous *all over the nation*.

You can give a pleasing variety to your pancake breakfasts by the frequent use of Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour. It, too, is ready-mixed. And from exacting methods of milling it gives always the fine, old-fashioned buckwheat flavor.

How to get the Funny Rag Dolls

Look on the top of any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour to find out how to get the funny Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

"I's in town, Honey!"

Copyright 1930, Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri

Look under the lid!

Be sure it is a Victrola

Both the picture "His Master's Voice" and the word "Victrola" are exclusive trademarks of the Victor Talking Machine Company. When you see these trademarks on a sound-reproducing instrument or record, you can be sure it was made by the Victor Company.

Being a registered trademark, the word "Victrola" cannot lawfully be applied to other than Victor products.

For your own protection see for yourself that the instrument you buy bears these famous Victor trademarks. They are placed on all Victor instruments and records to protect our customers from substitution.

Look under the lid. On the portable styles which have no lid, these trademarks appear on the side of the cabinet. One or both of them also appears on the label of all Victor Records.

Victor Talking Machine Co.

Camden, New Jersey

Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

VICTROLA
VOICE

Any man will do more work with a good shovel

The President of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, in an appeal for economy sent to all employees of the road, said: "If only one scoopful in every twenty could be saved by locomotive firemen—not an impossible thing—it would result in an actual saving of more than $700,000 a year to *that one railroad system.*"

Such a statement as this may seem to you unbelievable. Yet it is quite true.

We know that it is true because for the past six years Red Edge shovels have helped many great railway systems to save thousands of tons of coal.

Not long ago a locomotive fireman wrote us that by using a Red Edge shovel he saved a ton and a half of coal *a day!*

It may occur to you to ask how it is possible for one shovel to insure greater fuel economy than another shovel. The answer lies simply in the unconscious reaction of the shoveler to the condition of his shovel. In order to save money and materials today you must provide your workmen with tools which they respect.

If a shoveler is obliged to work with a shovel whose blade is worn short or uneven, or dulled, or turned, or bent, or cut, he soon loses interest in doing his job well. If his shovel loses its "hang," he soon tires and shovels wastefully.

Red Edge shovels promote good feeling among shovelers and win their confidence from the very start. They don't wear dull or thin; buckle or bend or nick. They hold their size and shape, keep their edge and "hang." They permit a man to take an honest shovelful—and they outlast an ordinary shovel two to three times.

And why are Red Edge shovels so good? Because they are the only shovels whose blades are made of Chrome-Nickel steel. In our own rolling mill we roll the sheets from which these blades are fabricated. In modern furnaces they receive an exact heat-treatment. The result is a blade as hard as tool steel and as tough as spring steel.

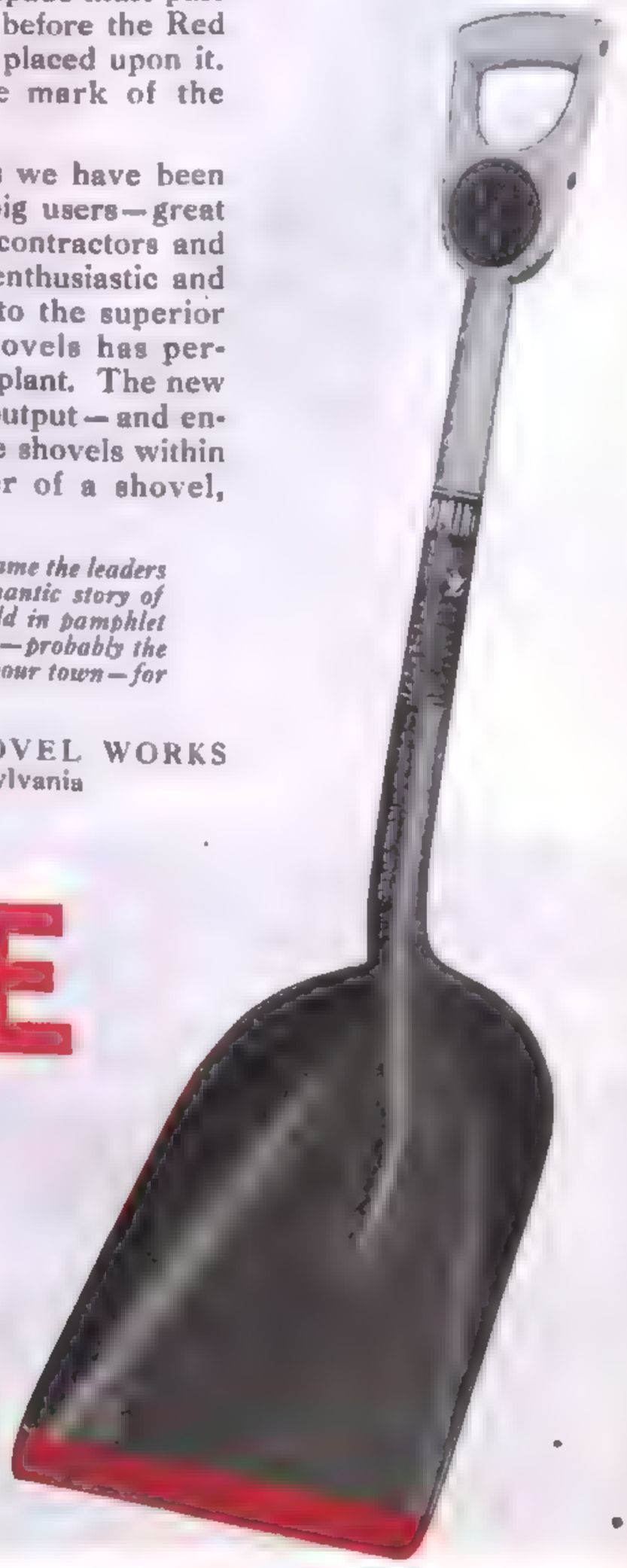
Each shovel, scoop or spade must pass three severe strain tests before the Red Edge trade-mark can be placed upon it. (Note on the blade the mark of the Brinell test.)

For the past six years we have been able to supply only the big users—great railway systems, mines, contractors and large industries. Their enthusiastic and appreciative testimony to the superior merits of Red Edge shovels has persuaded us to enlarge our plant. The new factory has trebled our output—and enables us to put Red Edge shovels within the reach of every user of a shovel, scoop or spade.

How Red Edge shovels became the leaders is an absorbing—yes, romantic story of modern industry. It is told in pamphlet form Ask our distributor—probably the leading hardware store in your town—for it, or write us.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
Wyoming, Pennsylvania

WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS - SCOOPS - SPADES



(Continued from Page 84)

"Oh," he said quietly, "of course I don't blame her. I never said that I blamed her. I only said that I was very sorry for poor Peters—and incidentally for Deborah. Mrs. Jenks, you see, sided completely with Deborah's mother—so completely and so—so loquaciously that Peters ordered her out of the house. That accounts for her animosity. She attempted once to kidnap Deborah, for at heart she really loves Deborah, but I myself foiled that scheme. Mrs. Jenks is very garrulous, as you've noticed, and is apt to give her plans away to strangers. What is her latest threat?"

"Her latest threat," I answered, "is to poison Professor Peters with his own gas."

Hector pursed his lips in a whistle.

"She is very vindictive," he said.

"Very," I agreed.

By now we had reached the gate of the Peters' garden, and while we lingered there we saw Deborah coming toward us down the path. Over one arm she carried a large straw basket filled with a tumult of flowers—blue and white clematis, cardinal-red poppies, marigolds, larkspur, irises, asters—all jumbled together and flowing over. The splendor of it was barbaric, and she herself was barbaric, or at least primeval. She came noiselessly, save for the humming of the bees that accompanied her basket. Her eyes were clear and open; her head was high; her clothes as she faced the breeze clung to her like Greek drapery. I thought of the Winged Victory, and then I thought of Proserpine, and of the wide garden where as a mortal she plucked her flowers.

"Good afternoon," said Deborah. "I've finished my gardening and am ready for the Asinaria. Did you ever see so many flowers?"

"No," I said; "I never have. I might add that they become you—more, certainly, than the Asinaria. You shouldn't be reading decadent old Romans, my dear young lady. You should be singing in the tree tops."

She laughed lightly, and it sounded, in truth, like a song in the tree tops.

"I am being educated," she said. "Come and listen to to-day's lesson, Mr. Langley. The professor is a wonderful teacher and I think it's very interesting. I like learning things. Your nephew for some reason or other disapproves horribly and we couldn't induce him to sit still for more than ten minutes. He says that Professor Ramsen can teach me all the dead languages he wants, but that he himself will teach me a new live one."

"Did George say that?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Isn't he funny? Very nice and very handsome, but terribly funny, don't you think?"

"If you mean funny in the sense of strange, why—no, I don't think so. I'm inclined to agree with George."

"The trouble with George," said Hector, "is that he's too restless—lazy but restless. That combination doesn't make for repose and meditation."

Again Deborah laughed.

"You wouldn't choose to have me reposeful and meditative either, would you?"

The professor considered both the question and the questioner.

"No, my dear," he said, "I should choose you as you are—only emphasized."

For reply she put a scarlet poppy in his buttonhole, adjusting it with her slim, brown, boyish fingers and patting his lapel affectionately. Hector beamed idiotically behind his spectacles. Suddenly he seemed to me comical, and yet very pathetic, standing there adoring her in his dapper gray suit with its convex white waistcoat, his little feet incased in foolish-looking new brown shoes and his disreputable panama in his hand: comical, because physically he was so ill fitted for the rôle of lover; pathetic, because I was at last convinced that he earnestly and hopelessly worshiped her.

XIII

ANATOLE FRANCE, the wisest man alive, has said that two things were necessary to render women the terrible force they are to-day: civilization, which gave them draperies; and religion, which gave men scruples. Sometimes I believe that we are in a fair way to lose both. But those are moods of pessimism, engendered usually by a deplorable dinner in the society of freethinkers, free versifiers and free lovers. These women—and they are women, at least physiologically—have become so very free that the draperies are in grave danger, and with the departure of the draperies go, too, the scruples of men. And then, if we believe Anatole France, women will cease to wield the power in the world that they wield to-day. It is all very sad, is it not? The influence, the authority, the charm, the desirability of a sex destroyed by the intolerance of that sex for the very qualities that have enabled it to sway the world!

Drapery, mystery, the unknown! What is there in these near synonyms that has beckoned to all men through the ages? I asked my nephew, George, about it, and he answered me in his usual blunt but not very enlightening fashion.

"Well," he said, "it's perfectly natural. It's what I was taught in mathematics to call an axiom—one of the things that are sure as death and taxes. Take all those fellows that went to look for the North Pole. They stopped going pretty quick, didn't they, as soon as one of them found it?"

I agreed that they did and begged him to continue with his exposition.

"Well, then," he said, "take a child. A child wants to live because life's a mystery to it. But an old man doesn't insist so strenuously on living as a child, because life's no longer a mystery to him and death is; in fact, death's about the only one left. And now," he continued, "if the ladies in the audience will kindly refrain from interruptions I shall proceed to my final point, which is of special value to them. Ladies, it is this: If you would attract men, see to it that you behave, look and think as little like men as possible, for men know pretty well what men behave and look and think like, and they all inwardly agree that it's pretty poor stuff. I thank you."

There were unfortunately no ladies present to take this sterling advice to heart, so—aware of its pricelessness—I set it down here for the benefit of all and sundry.

"George," I said when I had thanked him, "it occurs to me that in Deborah Peters we have a girl who lives up to your ideal. She wears no stockings, but she is nevertheless clad in spiritual drapery. She is a beautiful closed book—she breathes mystery."

George nodded.

"Yes," he said—"oh, yes. But the professor's ruining her mind—trying to cram it with the trash that's in his. Too bad."

That was all I got from George. He left almost immediately afterward, with the intention, I suspected, of trying to undo some of Hector's work. That was his habit in those days—to monopolize all of Deborah's time that was not devoted to Hector; and, as I have hinted, my nephew's teaching was quite dissimilar from that of the professor. Thus the poor girl was torn between the ancients and the moderns. I am not sure which she preferred, and I am not sure that she herself was sure. She found pleasure in the company of both—in that of Hector a constant and certain pleasure and in that of George a surprising, uncertain pleasure. For George could be very moody and on occasions unnecessarily frank almost to the point of brutality—the old Daniel Coventry characteristics.

One evening Annabel came to me and announced that she was bored. I could readily understand that she should be, for recently she had been thrown much in the company of her mother. True, the admiral and Victor Ramsen had taken her sailing and fishing and I had taken her walking and driving. But George had scarcely taken her anywhere.

"Come for a walk in the moonlight, Uncle Foster," she suggested. "I am deserted by everyone except mother and I'm too young to be left alone with her."

"Very well," I said, "if you don't think me too old for moonlight."

To my surprise she blazed up quite angrily at this innocent remark and said: "Why do you keep harping on your age that way? You're such a fool! Can't you see that you're only old because you pretend to be? Anybody would think from your conversation that you were a paralyzed octogenarian traveling in a wheel chair."

I was puzzled, for I had never seen Annabel's serenity ruffled before and now she was almost violent. However, she quickly recovered herself and ended her little outburst with a laugh.

"You aren't exactly a Romeo, my worthy uncle, but neither are you a Methuselah. So give me your hand and throw out your chest and rejoice, young man, in your youth. Besides, it's a lovely moon."

"Annabel," I said, "you're adorable."

"That's better," said she.

It was, as she had said, an excellent moon—a moon full and fat as a butterball. It was a warm, sensuous moon, unlike some that are pale and cold and rather melancholy, and there were no clouds to annoy it. I dislike a moon that is constantly being harassed by clouds, and if they chance to be black, ragged, hurrying storm clouds I shiver and am afraid.

"Let's go down to the road," said Annabel. "There's something I want to show you; something very exciting and scandalous—at least I hope it's scandalous."

So we went down through the forlorn village to the shore road. From there we could see the quiet ocean, with the moon's golden path stretching across it to the horizon, and we could hear the tide stealing gently in among the rocks almost at our feet.

"Oh-h!" cried Annabel, enraptured. And then she added: "If it only weren't for the dead fish!"

"Annabel," I rebuked her, "we cannot expect perfection in this life. There are always dead fish."

"You wise old owl," said she, squeezing my arm. "Come on. We turn, I believe, to the left, and the dead fish decrease as we proceed."

We paced slowly, arm in arm, up the road and Annabel began to talk of George.

"Just why, Uncle Foster, are you so eager for George to marry?"

"Just why? Well, I don't know just why. But on general principles I believe that young men should marry."

"You believe that men should marry?"

"I said young men," I reminded her.

"Oh," she said, "I see! Well, you surely don't believe that Deborah Peters is the right girl for him?"

I hesitated. I was, as a matter of fact, not wholly sure. I foresaw that Deborah would need at least a few minor adjustments before she would fit without friction into the life and environment of a Coventry.

"She is an extraordinary girl," I answered, temporizing.

Annabel tossed up her head impatiently.

"Yes, she's an extraordinary girl. She's far too extraordinary. What on earth can George do with a wife who is interested chiefly in Greek, Latin and apiculture and who dresses as she does? Don't you see that George is superficially unconventional but that at bottom he is highly civilized? There's nothing primeval about George."

"Granting that you're right, whom would you suggest as a suitable person?"

"Pooh!" she exclaimed. "What business is it of mine or of yours or of Hector Ramsen's to suggest anyone? That's George's own business. What's more, he resents the suggestion that has already been made."

"Annabel," I said gravely, "are you quite sure of that? Are you quite sure that George has not fallen in love with Deborah?"

She laughed in what I deemed a patronizing, irritating manner.

"I'm quite sure," she said cheerfully—"and only a stupid old blind idiot would think otherwise."

"But," I objected, ignoring the insinuation, "he sees a great deal of her—he's with her almost constantly."

"Yes," she agreed. "That's his revenge. He's getting back at poor Hector Ramsen. I think it's very blameworthy of George, but he's had great provocation."

I stopped short in the road. I was disconcerted. More, I was annoyed. And for some reason or other I was annoyed not so much with George as with Annabel—the calm, cool, lovely, inscrutable Annabel. I could have shaken her. But she was so perfect and frail and exquisite as she smiled in the moonlight that I dared not lay violent hands upon her.

"In heaven's name," I cried, "if he's not in love with Deborah, whom is he in love with?"

"George is in love with George," she said demurely.

I regarded her angrily, suspiciously, but the calm smile never left her lips and she did not turn her eyes away from the sea.

"I'll put the question differently," I said at length. "Who is in love with George?"

At that she turned her head slowly toward me, opened wide eyes and repeated, "George is in love with George."

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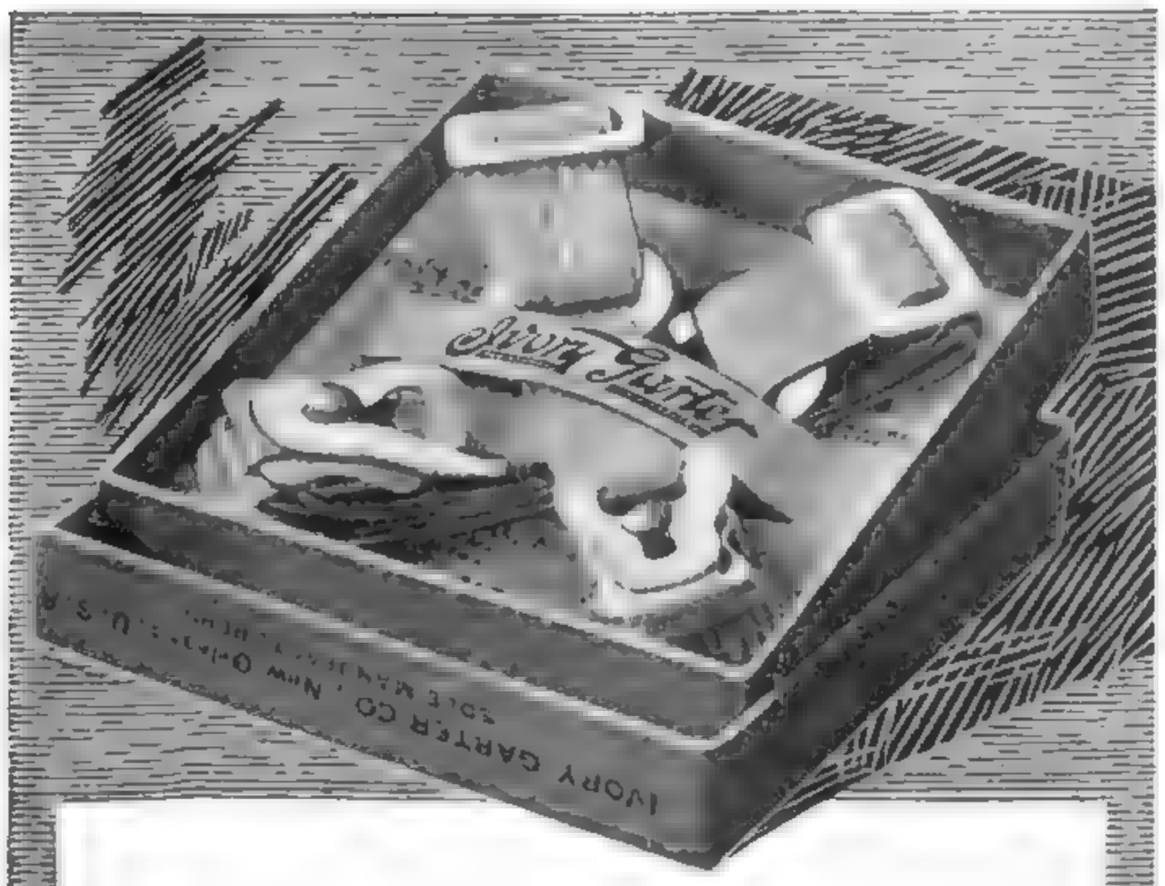

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"You little blonde devil," I muttered, "it wouldn't surprise me if you were in love with him yourself!"

"It probably wouldn't surprise George either," said she. "But—I'm not. George is too immature. Come, uncle, stop sulking or I shan't walk any farther with you. We've a quarter of a mile farther to go too."

We walked in silence that quarter of a mile. Presently we came to a narrow wagon track that led from the road down toward the sea. At this point the land jutted out, forming a rugged promontory, on which stood a cluster of pines blacker than the sky. We turned to the right down this wagon track and forthwith were plunged into almost complete darkness. The moon just barely filtered through in occasional bright splotches. Hidden in the midst of the pine grove and invisible from the shore road, we suddenly came upon a house. A white house it was, with green shutters, done in an adapted colonial style and evidently of modern construction. It was the first vestige of anything neat, orderly and modern that I had seen at Sun Harbor. The lights that glowed behind the window curtains showed those curtains to be of fine lace and the two pots of green shrubs that flanked the entrance gate had obviously not been purchased in the village.

"Well, well!" I said, amazed. "Where did all this come from? Who lives here?"

"That," said Annabel, "is the excitement; and that, I hope, the scandal."

"Don't stop," I urged. "Tell me all."

Even as I spoke the sound of a piano floated out to us—a piano pleasantly and efficiently played—and then a very fair soprano voice began to sing. The song seemed to be mostly about someone's baby's arms. When the eulogy of the baby's arms was over we heard laughter and men's voices.

"Well," I repeated, "who lives there?"

"The house," began Annabel with the intonation of a Cook's guide, "was built about the year 1910 by a real-estate firm which was trying to boom Sun Harbor. It is the only one of its kind in existence, as Sun Harbor wouldn't boom. Neither would the house sell, though it is a beautiful specimen of Dutch colonial, equipped throughout with modern improvements. Eventually, in despair, the real-estate man was forced to live in it himself with his wife and three small children. This suited neither him nor his wife nor the three small children, so he spent a great deal of money advertising the house for rent at a sacrifice, and at length the advertisement was answered. This, I am informed, occurred but two weeks ago, or shortly after our arrival at Sun Harbor. The present tenants moved in day before yesterday."

Annabel paused to mark the effect of her revelation.

"Who are they?" I persisted.

"Ah," said she, "he desires to know their names! His curiosity is insatiable. There are two tenants—a brother and sister. The brother is known in refined vaudeville circles simply as Florian. He sings romantic ballads in French, but he is perhaps not a Frenchman. The sister—ah, the sister! Even you may have heard of the sister. She is a musical comédienne—also possibly French—called Esmée. Just Esmée. She's the leading lady in that charming, delicate, intimate little production entitled The Pink Teddy Bear."

"Yes," I said, "I've heard of her."

"Oh, well, then you know all that I know; except of course that their visitor this evening—and last evening too—who is making so merry with them is a Mr. George Coventry, the well-known millionaire orphan and man about town."

XIV

THE uncanny ability of women to discover all sorts of things of interest to themselves but of no value to mankind in general or to human progress is a matter that has often roused my comment. Where merely personal interests are concerned a woman is a first-rate sleuth, an untiring Columbus of the trivial. She stops at nothing to ascertain the shop where some total stranger bought her gown, and she devotes the cunning of a criminal lawyer to detect some flaw in any man's relations with his wife. If only all this energy could be harnessed like Niagara and made to turn the wheels of progress and civilization, what a world we should have—and, alas, how little would lazy, blundering man have to do with its development!

Witness Annabel. In two days she had learned the names, professions and careers of the new tenants of that house, to say nothing of the name of their visitor and the hours of his visits. Yet after twenty-five-odd years of living and learning she could not have told you who Hannibal was or the name of Dido's best-known visitor. I do not claim that this latter knowledge is especially valuable in itself, but it is certainly knowledge difficult to avoid acquiring, whereas the former knowledge obviously implied much time and labor spent in its attainment—or did it? Annabel, I knew, had become very friendly with many of the villagers and their wives and offspring, and it was exceedingly probable that the village gossips kept themselves thoroughly well posted on current events in their community. The presence of George at the house of Esmée she might have ascertained by recognizing his laugh. The young have keen ears.

At any rate I marveled at Annabel—and I marveled as much at George. What was the boy up to? I shuddered to think of old Daniel Coventry's wrath had he lived to learn that his son was associating with a—well, an actress. Old Daniel had always called them painted women. I mean he called them that in public. What he called them in private I have no means of knowing.

Before we returned that night, Annabel and I, I requested her earnestly not to inform her mother of our strange discovery. To this she readily assented, adding that her mother, if informed, would doubtless become annoyingly hysterical. Mary, I well knew, lived in a world of her own, and in that world there entered nobody who had trodden the stage. I suspected that her world was peopled mainly by bishops—Episcopalian only—and by directors of charities and rich philanthropists. Once indeed she had received a renowned actress in her house, but the actress on that occasion had been one whose liaison had endured so long that it had taken unto itself something of the virtue of fidelity. No, we would not tell Mary.

But I resolved to consult with the admiral and Victor Ramsen, for the admiral in his way was a keen student of life, and Victor was a practical, hard-headed man of affairs. I got them together the next evening in my bedroom and I laid before them briefly but accurately the facts of the case as narrated to me by the omniscient Annabel. To my surprise they took it calmly enough. The admiral indeed seemed to be amused.

"Well," he said, "where's the harm? A girl and her brother, and George calls on them a couple of times, and she sings and they all three laugh. Anyone's lucky that can raise a laugh out of Sun Harbor! Don't be an old woman, Foster—where's the harm?"

"George is supposed to be—er—attentive—shall we say?—to Deborah," I pointed out.

"Who says he is?" demanded Victor Ramsen.

"He has made it fairly obvious himself," I said.

"How?" asked Victor.

"He has spent a great deal of time with her."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the business man. "What does that prove? He's put nothing on paper, has he? Signed any contract? Well, then, he's as free as he chooses to be. A suit for breach of promise would be thrown out of any court."

"I wasn't considering the legal side of it," I ventured. "I don't think it's fair to Deborah—I don't think it's quite decent."

"It seems to me," observed Victor gloomily, "that Deborah is able to take care of herself; and if she can't there's always Hector round, I notice, to help her out. Hector's making an old ass of himself. Personally I don't think it's fair to George. He got George into this after all and now he's always in the way. This whole business is a farce anyhow. I'm sick of it, and heaven only knows what's happening in the world—the papers are about three days old. I'm tempted to go back to town and call my pleasure outing at an end. As long as the whole country's going to the devil, why not let George go too along with it? The bottom's dropping out of the market, the nation's a hotbed of socialism, the Democrats are making a hash of everything, call money's up to ten per cent, a lot of old women won't let us drink and nobody wants to work. Things have reached

(Continued on Page 92)

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(Continued from Page 90)

a pretty pass when the sewer digger drives down in the morning to his sewer in his limousine. It's all the fault of the administration."

"Do you mean," suggested the admiral, "that George and this—what's her name?—this Esmée are the fault of the administration?"

Victor snorted.

"I didn't mean it, but I've no doubt it's true. Just another example of the unsettled conditions—the feeling of unrest—due to the delay in making peace."

"Victor," I said, "you are a great help. I will think over what you say and act accordingly. May I not suggest that I wire to Washington in your name?"

"You may not," snapped Victor. "What do you want to know anyhow? What to do with George? Simple! Go over yourself and have a look at the girl. If she's loose and impossible tell George she's a wonder, congratulate him on his taste, tell him she's pure as Easter lilies and has the face of Saint Cecilia. That will take him aback. If she's nice and a good sort tell him to bring her over to meet his Aunt Mary. That will take him aback too. All George wants is a little relaxation. He wants to be a devil. I don't blame him, but nothing will cool him off so quickly as encouragement. No one can be a devil unless everyone says, 'How devilish!'"

"You old rascal!" cried the admiral admiringly. "Where did you learn all that? Foster, I think that Ramsen has lived—what? That gloomy manner of his has deceived us—tired business man and everything. Nothing to it! I'll bet he's not tired at all."

Before the bet could be accepted or refused there came a knock at the door and George entered.

"Hello!" he said. "I saw your light going, so I thought I'd drop in."

There was an embarrassed silence—even Victor did not vouchsafe a word.

"Sit down, George," I said.

"Hope I don't interrupt anything weighty," said George. "If this is a cabinet meeting, say the word and I'll clear out. I'm just back from a call on Florian and Esmée."

We were all, I believe, startled at the casualness of his tone, and he must have been aware that we were startled, for he said: "Oh, I forgot! I don't suppose you know about Florian and Esmée, unless Annabel's told you. Annabel knows everything. She's a walking encyclopedia and a Who's Who."

"Annabel," I said, "mentioned to me the presence in Sun Harbor of two new arrivals with whom you seem to be on fairly intimate terms. I was a little surprised that until now you yourself had said nothing of this sudden friendship."

"Sudden?" echoed George. "There's nothing sudden about it. I've known them for years. It was I in fact who urged them to come down here and liven things up. You'll all be glad to meet them—all except perhaps Aunt Mary, and she needn't have anything to do with them if she doesn't want to."

"Why, then," I asked, "did you maintain such a discreet silence regarding their existence until now?"

George shrugged his shoulders and smiled a little.

"Oh," he said, "you know how it is. We're all so darned pure in this country. We think everybody on the stage is immoral and so of course don't play round with them openly for fear of injuring our reputations for spotlessness. We're especially shy about being seen with people from musical shows unless they have reached the rank of star. Then, I believe, they have become whitewashed and on special occasions are allowed to perform for charities. Once they have performed for charities everything is quite all right. Well, Esmée and Florian have recently performed for a charity of some sort and I now consider it safe for you to meet them and—if you care to—to be seen in their company."

"George," said the admiral, "you're becoming cynical."

"Not I," answered George cheerfully—"not I. I'm merely trying to learn and to comply with the high code of my country."

"What's the nationality of these two—er—artists?" asked Victor Ramsen.

"French," said my nephew firmly. "Annabel probably insinuated they were Germans or Austrians, but they're not. They're French. Florian fought in the war."

"And they're decent people?"

"That depends entirely on what you consider decent," said George frankly. "They aren't very hypocritical, I'm afraid. Esmée, for instance, isn't as well behaved as Queen Victoria was. Florian—well, aside from Saint Anthony, he's about as good as any of us, and perhaps he's got some virtues that Saint Anthony lacked. They're both—Florian and Esmée—very wholesome, amusing, delightful people, and you'll all like them, I'm sure—except Aunt Mary."

"Very well," I said, "I for one shall be delighted to meet them."

"Do they speak English?" queried the admiral.

"Perfectly," said George—"so perfectly it makes me ashamed of mine."

"I'll chance it then," said the admiral.

"As for me," observed Victor Ramsen, "I shall consider it a great pleasure. I confess I'm in need of some cheerful companionship. This administration and the Eighteenth Amendment have filled me with gloom."

"Don't worry!" said George. "Florian and Esmée have no politics, but they're well stocked up with the forbidden stuff. I'm afraid they look on it once in a while when it's red—or yellow or deep amber, for that matter. But, being French, they never do it to excess."

Thus terminated what George called our cabinet meeting, and I will admit that I was somewhat relieved in my mind. I am no prude and, as I have said, my concern over George's new intimacy—or, rather, recently revealed intimacy—had been mainly on Deborah's account. George, I presumed, was bound to have his fling, and if he was treating Deborah fairly there was no great harm brewing.

The following afternoon George took me to call on Florian and Esmée at their house, which they had rechristened—sarcastically I suppose—Elysée Palace. We went in the canary-colored runabout and I felt like a college boy trying to be a devil of a fellow. The canary-colored runabout seemed peculiarly appropriate to the sensation. I had seen just such runabouts stationed in front of ornate little hotels on the West Side with a blonde beside the driver's seat and a brunette clinging to the running board. Generally both the blonde and the brunette wore coats of leopard skin and small red hats—a blaze of color that attracted a not unwelcome crowd. These things, I say, I associated with canary-colored runabouts, and half a century of life and wisdom was unable to rob me of the not unpleasant feeling that I was being a young devil. I found that I was glad I was unmarried, and I rejoiced to believe that the admiral and Victor Ramsen, whose visit had been postponed until the morrow, were eying me with envy. There was some advantage after all in being younger than they.

George had his foot on the throttle most of the way and the roadster made nothing of the distance. We swung up gallantly in a cloud of dust before the entrance. George rang and Florian himself opened the door. We went into the living room, where Esmée was waiting us, stretched gracefully but informally on a chaise longue. She was clad, I remember, in yellow silk, and that is all I do remember about her clothes. At any rate they seemed handsome and adequate and Mary herself could not have labeled them immodest. Mary perhaps would have said that she wore them immodestly, and if she would have meant by this that Esmée did not perpetually pull them down at the knee and up at the neck she would have been correct. Esmée apparently was of the belief that clothes, once on, should be left alone and permitted to cover or not as they pleased.

George introduced me and laughed—vulgarly, I thought—when I bent and kissed her hand. All great artists—especially foreign ones—like to have their hands kissed. I knew that better than George.

She was a fine, striking woman, this Esmée—a big, abundant, full-blown woman and built on the lines of the Venus of Melos. She was not heavy, but she was big. Everything about her was big, from her eyes to her feet, and she was very dark. She had a great deal of black hair piled on top of her head and done into those little sickle-shaped curls that Frenchwomen like to wear about the forehead. She had a pair of great dark eyes, shaded by long black lashes and—I think—by the black crayon. Her wide red mouth was startling against the pallor of her skin. Mary, I am sure, would have disapproved violently of her mouth, and so would have, I suppose, any other woman. But it was too good-natured a mouth to be sensual, and it was almost constantly parted in a smile that dimpled her cheeks like a child's. I remembered that the beautiful Lantelme had just such a smile. It was strange; it was almost miraculous—paint and powder and black crayon all over her, and through them all and in spite of them all this gay, unsophisticated smile that transformed her face into that of a child.

Is it only Frenchwomen that possess this transformatory smile, and if so, why? I think it is because they take the business of living less seriously than we Americans. They play when they can and when they play it is not merely to benefit their health. They are not sure at the bottom of their hearts that life is real and life is earnest, and they are, moreover, not anxious to be convinced that it is any such thing. In this they are like children, and that perhaps is the reason why they are able to smile like children.

I am of the opinion that the majority of us brood overmuch over our own defects. It is a form of egotism, this constant beating of the breast and crying of *mea culpa*. We admit readily enough that man is born sinful, but we forthwith proceed to shudder when the admission is proved correct. It may be very unmoral of me and contrary to the approved teachings of the church, but I believe that if, like the Boy Scouts, we performed one good, generous, Christian deed a day we should be doing extremely well. Then, I think, we could forget our ninety and nine sins and smile like children, thereby adding to any chance virtues already in us that rare and inestimable one of cheerfulness.

All of which brings me back to Esmée, who was cheerful. Not a cheerful saint—there are few such—but a cheerful, human sinner.

"Doubtless," said Esmée, when after greeting her I had seated myself beside her—"doubtless you are warm. May I offer you something cooling? A gin fizz? An ice tea? A syrup?"

"He'll have a gin fizz," said George, "or I miss my guess."

"George is very fresh," said Esmée. "He is quite spoiled."

I agreed that he certainly was, but that in this case he did not miss his guess.

She pressed a button beside her and a maid appeared—a French maid, as unnatural as those seen in current dramas.

"*Deux jeen feez pour ces messieurs*," said Esmée.

"A perfect household," I murmured. "I have seen nothing like it, madam, since I came to Sun Harbor."

She laughed deeply and gently.

"I try to import civilization," she said. "I like to be comfortable. I am like the English who take their bathtubs to the Sahara."

"How," I ventured, "did you happen to come to this Sahara?"

"Didn't George tell you?" she asked. "We came on purpose to amuse George. He said he was very bored."

I glanced at my nephew severely, but he was talking to Florian by the piano and paid no heed.

"Florian and I," Esmée continued, "were bored in New York and George was bored at Sun Harbor. We are old friends, so we decided to rescue him. Now we are here I understand so well why poor George was bored. It is dead, this place—it is the morgue."

She shuddered artistically and smiled at me as if already convinced that I agreed with her. I found it subtly flattering that she should take it for granted that I was a man of her world and that therefore Sun Harbor would unquestionably bore me.

"It is not Paris," I answered platitudinously. "What do you find to do? Anything?"

"Nothing," said she. "I read my books; I make music; Florian sings; I sleep all morning; I do my physical exercises to keep supple; I take half an hour of air in the late afternoon when it is cool. The repose is good for me, but it is boring. Florian especially finds it boring. There are no women for him to make love to, and my brother is never happy when he is not making love."

Hearing his name mentioned, Florian moved over and joined us. He was a slim, dark young man, with smooth, glossy hair and a skin as pale as his sister's. Women doubtless considered him handsome, but I found his eyes too large and his lashes too long and his hands too small and white. The very traits that made his sister beautiful were, it seemed to me, defects in him. But I never admired his type and perhaps I do not do him justice.

"Esmée," he said in his rich, suave voice, "you speak as though I were a phenomenon. Is anyone happy when he is not making love? Are you yourself?"

"Oh, I," said Esmée—"I'm only happy when I'm out of love!

"Have you ever been in love?" she asked, turning to me abruptly.

"Heavens, yes!" I said. "I find it a mixed pleasure."

"I don't," said she. "I find it constant torture. I'm in love with George now, and it's very painful, because poor George is not in love with me."

"Ah!" is all I could think of to say.

"Yes, it is very sad. Your nephew has a heart of ice which I cannot melt."

"George," I said, "do you admit this accusation?"

George grinned cheerfully.

"You mean about the heart of ice? Not I! Esmée only says that to rouse your sympathy for her. She's trying to lure you, and you'd better look out, because she's a very dangerous woman. She's a vampire."

"No," disclaimed Esmée, "I'm not! I'm not thin enough. Did anyone ever see a fat vampire? Besides I am too good-natured, and no successful vampire is good-natured. And I have no mystery—I'm always completely frank. And I like men—almost all men. And a great many I love, which is bad. Bad for me, I mean, not for them. Women I detest. They are hypocrites, and the only brains they have they employ in concealing their defects and their vices. Here in America all women are supposedly white doves frantically struggling to escape man, the cruel huntsman."

"Huntsmen don't shoot doves," suggested George.

"I know that!" said Esmée. "It's merely an American fairy tale I am telling. I say that is what they pretend to be."

"What are they in reality?" I inquired.

"Amorous little idiots," said Esmée. "Florian," she added after a pause, "sing something for us."

Florian went to the piano and sang some French love songs, modern—and not so modern. He sang them delightfully, I thought, with a lyrical tenor voice well adapted to the romantic quality of the themes. I have always enjoyed French love songs, finely rendered. They possess a spirit of subtle and sophisticated melancholy that one does not find in quite that degree elsewhere. In them the season is generally autumn—both actually and metaphorically—and the woman is faithless and love is without hope. They come very near to being tragic and only escape it because one feels reasonably confident that the forlorn lover will find consolation the following spring.

Shortly after the songs George and I went back to the Hoffmann Arms.

"Well," said George on the way, "what do you think of them?"

"I don't know," I answered. "They seem all right. Is Esmée in love with you too?"

George laughed.

"What do you mean by too?" he asked.

"Oh, Deborah—and I have no doubt, Annabel."

"That's silly," said George.

"Maybe it is," I agreed, but without conviction.

XV

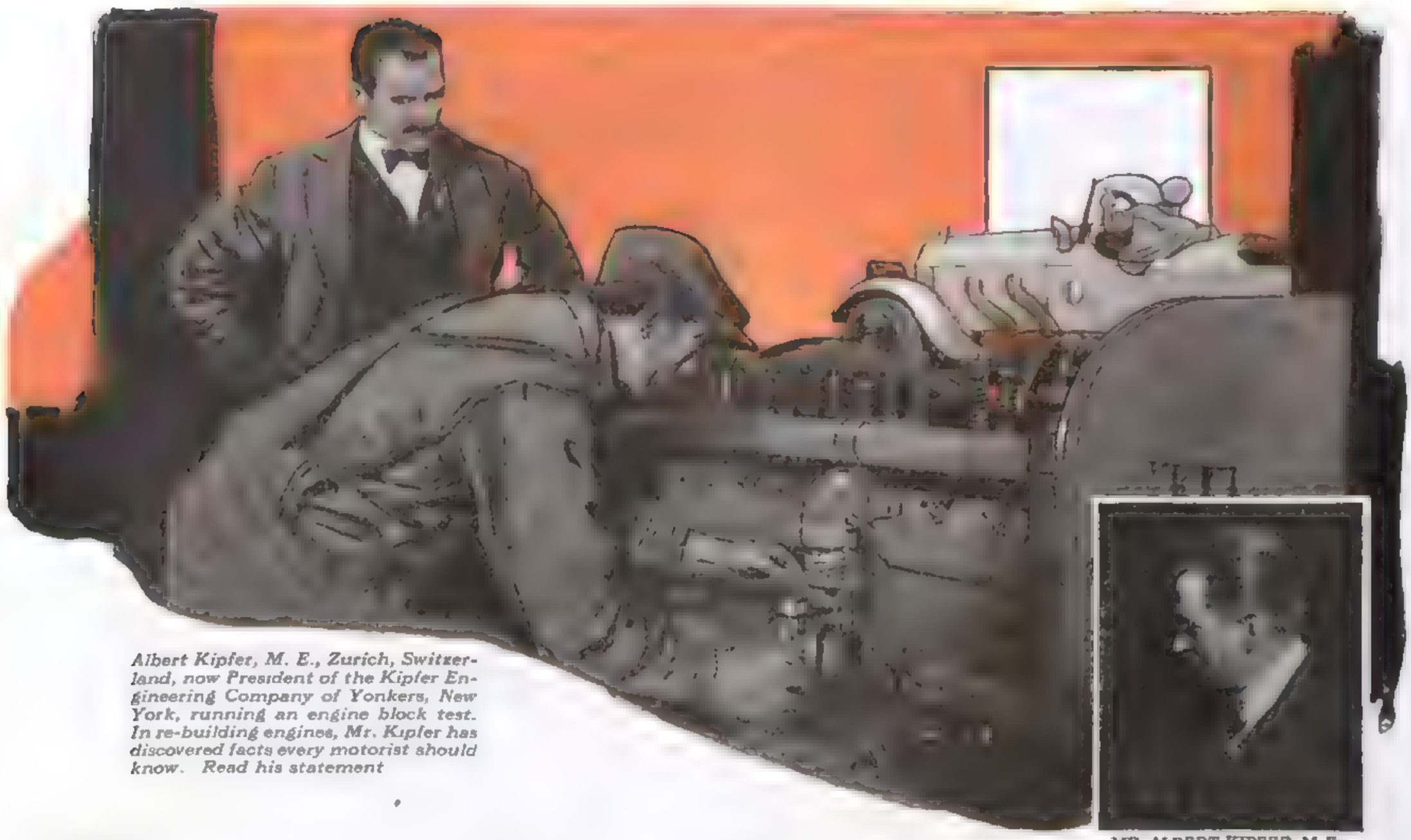
DURING the next week George divided his time impartially between Deborah and Esmée, and I reached the definite conclusion that he was a philanderer. This distressed me not a little, for I had ever believed that, the heart being too important an organ to trifle with, a man should be in earnest in his love affairs.

"That theory," Annabel assured me, "would stamp out most love affairs."

I found myself in Annabel's company a great deal. Without boasting, it was evident that in the absence of George she preferred me to the rest of our party and I certainly preferred her. She was always pleasant, almost always happy and she had no imaginary ailments or grievances. When Annabel was offended it was for just cause. That, I think, is a great asset in a woman's character.

Annabel went very seldom to visit the Peters and when she did go she did not seem to care to stay long. She and Deborah had little in common, as was

(Continued on Page 96)



Albert Kipfer, M. E., Zurich, Switzerland, now President of the Kipfer Engineering Company of Yonkers, New York, running an engine block test. In re-building engines, Mr. Kipfer has discovered facts every motorist should know. Read his statement

MR. ALBERT KIPFER, M. E.

What complaints do car owners most often make?

Important facts this re-building engineer has found out as a result of years of study

NO matter how fine the engine, after it has been run several thousand miles by the average driver, something inevitably goes wrong.

Usually this is because the average driver, not fully understanding the mechanical requirements of his engine, has not found out and applied the essential things he must do to keep the engine up to par.

Even though most cars are splendid machines, the majority of owners *do have difficulties.*

What these complaints most often are is told by the famous engineer whose picture is shown above. Each of the seven most common complaints is listed in the box in the center.

Why car owners sometimes have trouble

"Ninety per cent of complaints on engine performance are due to improper lubrication," says Albert Kipfer of the Kipfer Engineering Company, Yonkers, New York. "This is the great outstanding fact which we find in our work of re-building engines. The lightest car suffers from poor oil in exactly the same way that the most expensive machine suffers."

Automotive engineers all over the country find this same condition. Each of the seven complaints listed sooner or later results when ordinary oil is used.

Complaints all engineers sometimes hear

Lack of power
Poor pickup or acceleration
Knocking
Overheating
Low gasoline mileage
Irregular or jerky running
Noisy engine

The hidden toll taken by sediment in ordinary oil

Ordinary oil breaks down under the terrific heat of the engine—200° to 1000° F. Great quantities of sediment form which has *no lubricating value.* Even when first put in the engine, at operating temperatures, ordinary oil is generally too thin to prevent leakage of the unburned gases past the pistons. Consequently all the lubricating oil is contaminated by fuel. The oil film is destroyed. Metal-to-metal contact results. Friction and wear begin. The engine overheats. Bearings burn out. Carbon forms rapidly. Serious trouble inevitably follows.

How the sediment problem was solved

To produce an oil that reduces sediment to a minimum, engineers experimented on the road and in the laboratory for years. They evolved the famous Faulkner Process, used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat

Veedol reduces the amount of sediment formed in the engine by 86%. Notice the sediment test below. In spite of the lower grade of gasoline in use to-day, Veedol maintains the piston seal, preventing leakage and contamination of oil in the crankcase. Common engine troubles are almost eliminated. It also reduces evaporation from 30% to 70%—giving long mileage per gallon of oil.

Make this simple test—buy Veedol today

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of oil and kerosene and refill to the proper level with the correct grade of Veedol.

A run on familiar roads will show you that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills better and has a lower consumption of both oil and gasoline.

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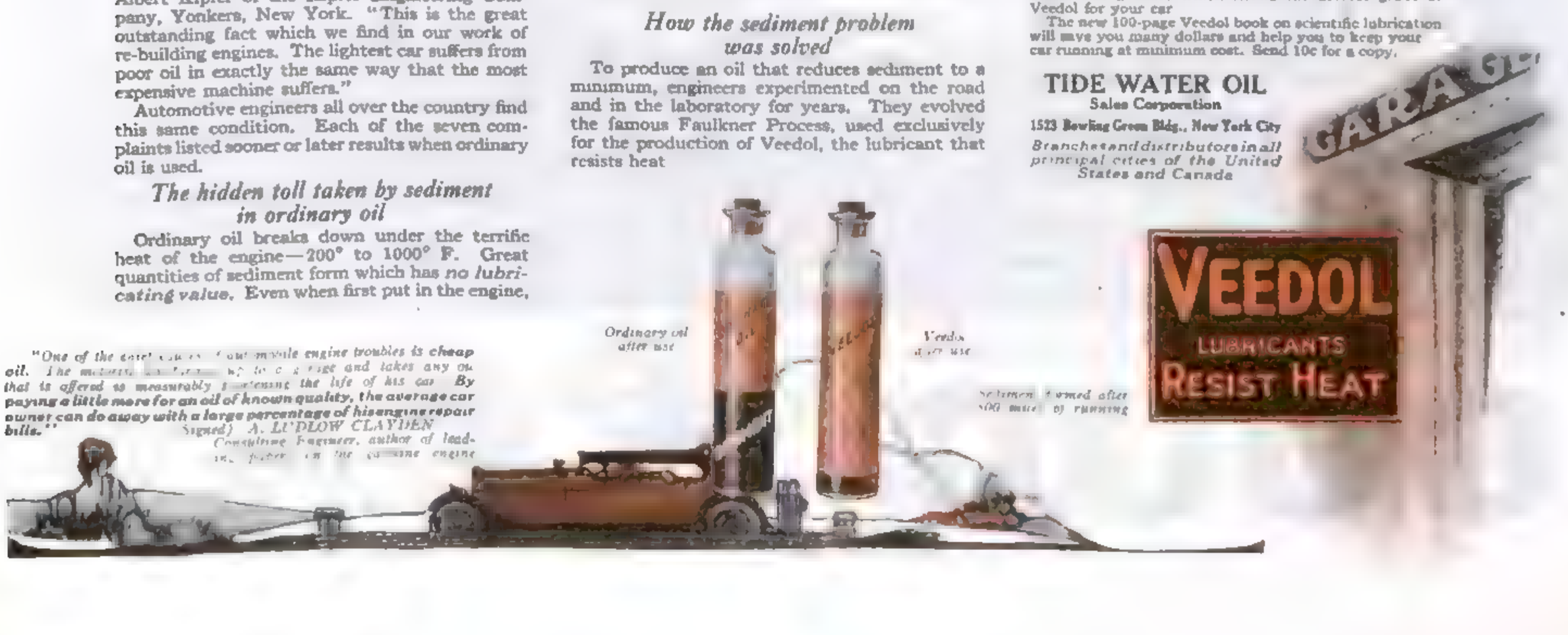
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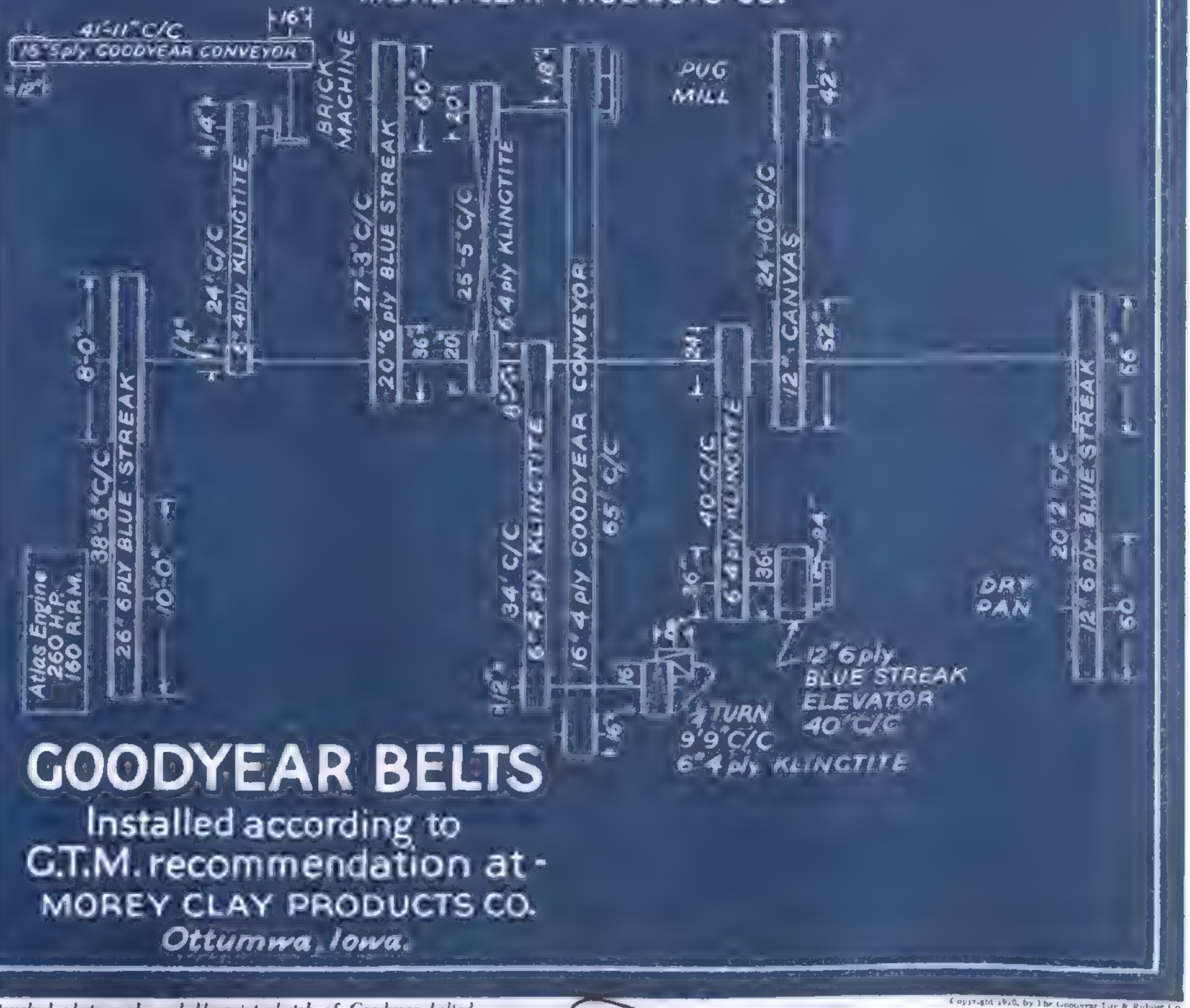

GOODYEAR BELTS

Installed according to
G.T.M. recommendation at -
MOREY CLAY PRODUCTS CO.
Ottumwa, Iowa.

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Un-retouched photograph and blueprint sketch of Goodyear belted drives in the plant of the Morey Clay Products Company, Ottumwa, Iowa

GOODYEAR

Eleven Out of Twelve Belts —And the G.T.M.

Belting an entire plant called into play the all-round expert knowledge of the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—for the Morey Clay Products Company, of Ottumwa, Iowa, when it rebuilt after the fire that destroyed its original factory in 1918.

The responsibility was as broad as the opportunity; for on the accuracy of the G. T. M.'s analysis depended the efficient relation of all the drive and conveyor processes, and thus, in large measure, the economy and profit of the Company's production.

Many kinds of belting had been used by the Company in its first plant, so the officials were able to give the G.T.M. much co-operation, in the form of data on operating conditions, from their earlier experience. Just one belt of the original equipment—that on the pug mill drive—had survived the fire intact, and the G.T.M. agreed that it should be used to the limit of its usefulness.

Eleven Goodyear Belts were installed on the recommendations made by the G. T. M. after his careful survey of the plant requirements. They are of different types, to perform different functions—a Goodyear Conveyor for carrying materials and products, Goodyear Klingtites on the smaller and slower drives, Goodyear Blue Streaks on the intermediates, and a big, strong 26-inch, 6-ply Goodyear Blue Streak running like a top on the main drive from the engine to the line shaft. From least to greatest, they are Goodyear quality and Goodyear construction throughout—built to protect our good name.

Their performance is characterized by the superintendent as "excellent service." They are powerful. They require less attention. They give less trouble. And already they have to their credit records for longer life than the Company received from its best previous belting.

Your belting problem may involve a single drive or the complete equipping of a plant. In either case, the principle of the Goodyear Plant Analysis is the same. Its underlying object is the specification of the right belt to the particular duty required, so that it will perform efficiently, last a long time, and prove its genuine economy in its work for increased production at lower cost. For further information about this Plant Analysis and services of the G.T.M., write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company at Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

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THAT Boy of Yours will need only half as many suits —if they're Jack O'Leather.

Long after the ordinary suit has been worn out, Jack O'Leather continues to give good service—because it's lined at seat, knees, elbows and pockets (just the very spots that wear out first) with soft, pliable, real leather.

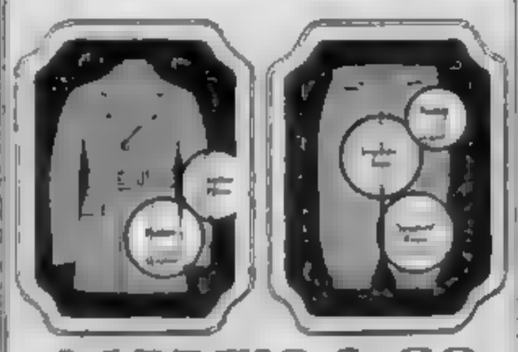
And that's not all—these suits are made only in all-wool fabrics and are tailored in the smartest boyish fashions to delight the heart of Young America.

In school and out, Jack O' Leather is the suit that gives you most for the money. Think of the saving! A Jack O'Leather suit costs no more than an "ordinary" suit, yet it wears twice as long.

There's a wide-awake dealer in your town who'll gladly show you Jack O'Leather.

Send for Free Sample

Write us for a free sample of the leather that lines the seat, knees, elbows and pockets of Jack O'Leather Suits (see diagrams below). This sample will show you just what we mean by "soft, pliable, real leather." It's like a piece of chamois. Drop a post card to our address today.



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(Continued from Page 92)

perhaps only natural, since Deborah was essentially a child of Nature, while Annabel was a daughter—and a very creditable daughter—of civilization. Deborah could read Greek, but Annabel could read human beings, and I am not sure that hers was not the more desirable ability.

One day, nevertheless, Annabel and I found ourselves in the course of our walk in front of Professor Peters' gate.

"Shall we go in?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders a little, smiled a little and said: "Very well."

As we loitered along the untended path through the confusion of flowers up to the house we were surprised to hear a voice singing in the garden. It proceeded apparently from a small grove of maples that grew in a far corner where the beehives stood. We stopped to listen and Annabel said: "Since when has Hector Ramsen acquired a velvety tenor—or is it George that has turned troubadour?"

But she knew as well as I that it was neither Hector nor George. Perhaps she did not know as well as I that it was Florian. No other man in Sun Harbor but Florian could have sung a French love song so gracefully or so passionately. I doubt if any other man in Sun Harbor could have sung one at all.

"The complications multiply daily," I observed after an interval of perplexity. "I am inclined to throw up my hands in despair. Does no one in this year and generation know his or her own mind? Has it become now the way of young men and young maids to flit about like butterflies from flower to flower? Annabel, do you know who that singer is?"

"Who?" said she.

"That is Florian—the famous Florian."

"I thought as much," said Annabel pensively. And then she added: "Score another scalp for Deborah. That makes three. The child is irresistible, isn't she?"

"Don't ask me," I objected. "I am in total darkness. It was only the other day that I rebuked George for being a philanderer—for playing with Deborah's young affections."

Annabel laughed.

"You did that?" she said. "How amusing of you! Don't you see that George is just trying to play safe and he believes that there's safety in numbers? George is doing his darnedest to escape the matrimonial net and at the same time to be decently gallant to all women. That is," she added, "to all but me. George isn't very gallant to me."

"No," I agreed, "he isn't. But you don't seem to care very much."

"I? Oh, no, I don't care very much. I didn't come on this absurd party to be with George."

I ventured no observation in connection with this last, for I felt that I was far beyond my depth. If Annabel had not come on George's account, why had she come? Conceit, which is an ever-present factor in the character of any male, hinted to me that I myself was perhaps not totally unattractive to Annabel. I make this confession in all humility and fully cognizant of its absurdity, but I dare to say that most men have at one time or another pleasurably surmised that their presence was very welcome to some woman.

Moreover, the man who has reached that conclusion is more than normally modest if he does not add in his heart of hearts: "Poor little thing, I'm afraid she's getting to like me too much."

Male readers, I know, will claim I am doing them a deep injustice.

Women readers of all ages will say: "So that's what men are like, the poor fools!" And then if they're at all honest they'll admit that's exactly what they are like themselves. For there is no human being alive who does not secretly believe that, given an adequate opportunity and an understanding companion, he can make himself devilishly attractive.

As I say, I ventured no comment on Annabel's remark. But I immediately began to perform some confused but rapid thinking. On that account we walked in silence to the door of the house and still in silence—lifted the rusty old knocker. The servant—there was but one in the establishment—admitted us. Yes, Professor Peters was home. He was just washing up. He had been working in the laboratory. If we would sit down she'd tell him we were here.

Almost immediately the professor appeared. If he had been just washing up he gave little evidence of it. As he advanced toward us on his spindly legs it was apparent that he was very excited. His bald head was shining with soap or perspiration, his eyes were blinking nervously behind the blue spectacles and his fat, stained hands were fluttering about incessantly like fat, stained birds.

"You have arrived at the great moment!" he exclaimed. "My experiments have reached the stage where I am about to test their correctness, or—if I may say so—I am about to prove that they are correct. As for me, no doubt exists in my mind. My poison gas is a success—an overwhelming success. Only this morning in the laboratory I killed a large beetle with an infinitesimal quantity of it. Now I am planning more conclusive proof—proof on a bigger scale. I am going to try it on the chickens."

He beamed from Annabel to me, seeking our congratulations and applause.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Annabel. "The poor chickens! Are you going to exterminate them all?"

"All!" said Peters sententiously. "That is, all but a few which I shall remove from the yard and send to the village for safety. If you will accompany me to the chicken coops I will explain to you what I plan to do."

There was nothing to do but go with him. The poor man, I was convinced, was crazy. A sane man, even a chemist, would not propose to slaughter his good chickens with poison gas. I only hoped that he had no intention of serving the victims for dinner, and there and then I resolved never to eat chicken in his house. That Annabel was obsessed by the same qualms she evidenced immediately.

"But, professor," said she, "isn't it very extravagant to waste good edible chickens that way?"

"Extravagant!" he exclaimed. "Extravagant! Chickens! What are chickens, however excellent, compared to the advancement of science? My only regret is that I cannot legally test my gas on human beings. If the state would but turn over to me the criminals in the death house—or if there should be another war!"

Annabel shuddered.

"I think," she said, "that after all I'd rather have you try it on the chickens."

Now Professor Peters' laboratory was in a small brick outhouse connected with the main house by a covered walk. As we emerged out to this walk we heard once more the sound of Florian's voice drifting up from the remote corner of the garden.

"What's that?" demanded the professor, stopping abruptly and cocking his head to one side. "What's that?"

"Someone singing in the garden," suggested Annabel.

"Who singing in the garden?"

Annabel hesitated. I did not help her—I was at a loss what to say. The professor became openly disturbed.

"Who singing in the garden?" he repeated. "I don't tolerate singing in my garden. Everyone knows that."

He was so exaggeratedly annoyed that, seeking for the reason, I remembered the history of his wife and I recalled that she had eloped with a man who made music—music, to be sure, with a hand organ and a monkey, but nevertheless music.

"It's in some foreign tongue!" cried the professor. "I won't permit it! Whoever it is, I won't permit it!"

Before we could interfere he was off, hopping down the garden path with amazing agility. Annabel and I followed more slowly, distressed and anxious. Before we reached the grove of maples the song had abruptly ceased and we could distinguish the professor's angry voice hurling invective. Then we came upon the culprits.

Deborah was seated on the grass, pale, alert, surprised. Her dark eyes were wide with what must have been fear. Perhaps she had never before seen her father in a rage. I hope not. Florian stood beside her and above her, very much at ease, a calm, suave smile at his lips. But Professor Peters confronted them, a quivering fat little figure of wrath. It seemed incredible that his thin legs could sustain the weight of his anger.

"Who is this—this man?" he cried, as if man was the darkest name he could think of to call him by.

Florian bowed with perfect grace and urbanity.

"May I not present myself?" he asked. "I am Florian. You, I suppose, are Professor Peters, the eminent chemist. I have had the pleasure of knowing your daughter for several days, Mr. George Coventry having been gracious enough to introduce me. To-day I ventured to call upon her, and since singing is my one poor accomplishment, I ventured to sing. I only can hope that I have not disturbed you."

"Disturbed me!" echoed the professor. "Yes, young man, you have disturbed me. I tolerate no singing on my grounds; and what is more, I tolerate no strangers inside my gate."

At this Deborah surprised me exceedingly by getting to her feet and saying, with her hand on Florian's arm: "Come, Florian, let us go outside the gate. It is just as pleasant."

I looked for a violent outburst from Professor Peters and it came.

"I forbid you, Deborah!" he bellowed, pointing an arm at her. "I forbid you, do you understand?"

"Yes," she answered quietly, "I understand. Come, Florian, let us go."

The professor took an impetuous step toward her, but Florian intercepted him. There was a collision of bodies and it was the professor's that recoiled.

"You must not use force, sir," suggested Florian mildly. "Your daughter, I believe, is of age, and besides you will only make yourself appear ridiculous."

"I order you off my grounds!" yelled Peters. "And if you don't go I'll—I'll shoot you!"

"That is not the question. You are quite justified in ordering me off your grounds and I am quite willing to go. But that, if I may remind you, is not your main desire. You desire that I should go and that your daughter should stay. Am I not right?"

"Of course you're right! That's what I desire and that's what will happen."

"Perhaps," said Florian. "But it is for Deborah to decide."

He turned to Deborah and looked down at her gravely.

"I am sorry," he said—"I am very sorry. You see how it is. I only plead that I did not know I was so unwelcome. You will not be angry if I go now—at once? It is better perhaps."

At that moment Florian got all my sympathy. It was he who was conducting himself decently and the professor who was the boor. I wondered if the Italian who ground the organ had not had something of Florian's appeal. One talks a lot about the dignity of age, but there is a quality more impressive still and that is the dignity of youth. Florian possessed that dignity, and I could not but admire him.

I waited—we all waited breathlessly—for Deborah to speak. She hesitated for a while, her eyes turning from Florian to her father as if weighing the value of the two men. I could not fail to see the look of bewildered anger that her father's attitude roused in her. He was not, it must be admitted, presenting an admirable figure—unreasonable rage never does. But nevertheless she was young and the habit of obedience must have been thoroughly instilled within her, so I was not greatly surprised when I saw the anger gradually fade from her eyes, leaving only the bewilderment. It amazed her that her father could conduct himself so outrageously—it amazed her, but it no longer angered her. That at least was the interpretation I put upon it.

Her arms dropped to her sides and she said: "I will go with you as far as the gate, Florian."

He bowed. She gave him her hand and he bent and touched it respectfully with his lips. Then without further words they walked together to the gate. What they said on the way I did not learn until later.

The professor removed his blue spectacles and wiped his face with his handkerchief. I saw that as I had surmised he had little darting bird eyes. And then I ceased to look at him, for as in some hideous dream I thought I detected an evil, shrunken face peering at us from behind one of the maples. I passed my hands across my eyes and looked again. The face had gone, but I heard distinctly a crackling in the underbrush. Annabel grasped my arm convulsively. Wide-eyed and with lips parted, she was pointing toward the hedge.

"Mrs. Jenks!" she whispered. "She just vanished like a witch!"

"So you saw her too!" I exclaimed. "Thank God for that! I thought I was going mad."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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The Long-Bell Lumber Company

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REWARDS AND FURIES

(Continued from Page 21)

fires of recklessness and ferocious Cockney gayety in his being; his stagnant eyes showed a sudden heat.

"Ah!" he cried strongly. "That's done the trick, that 'as! Wouldn't pay nobody to try anythin' on wi' me now." Even his limp as he strode to the hedge and plucked forth a stake for a staff was less marked. He swung the stick in his hand. "Now pick up this 'ere trash o' yours an' we'll be goin' on."

Daw nodded agreeably, gathered his belongings and set off. Behind him, using the stake as a walking stick, followed Smith. They made a detour of the village through fields dotted with small copses, Daw in the lead, the bigger man limping behind him. In one of the larger copses he called a pause.

"'Old on a minute!" he cried.

Daw halted and turned. Smith was smiling with that sidelong sag of the mouth which he had, and his little eyes were alight with a demoniac glee.

"I ast you a question back there," he said. "A civil question it was, an' you never give me no civil answer. I ast you 'ow much money you 'ad. Well, now I'm goin' to ast you that civil question ag'in."

His great discolored hand tightened on the hedge stake; he was plainly willing to strike. Daw, imperturbable as ever, seemed to meditate the matter ere he decided.

"I got about four shillings," he answered. "It'll see us 'ome nicely so long's we're careful. What you want to know for?"

"'Cos," jeered Smith, "I'm goin' to 'elp you carry it." He thrust out a cupped palm. "'And it over."

Daw's calm broke in a slight smile of merest kindly amusement.

"I don't want no 'elp, thankin' you all the same. I c'n carry more than that. But"—the smile broadened—"if so be as you want the money for yerself you c'n 'ave it. I wish it was more."

He dived a hand into a deep trousers pocket and extracted the poor remainder of his funds.

"'Ere y'are," he said, passing the money to the paw which snatched and clutched. "You're right, mate; you'd ought to 'ave something out of it."

Smith was too exultant over his easy triumph to examine the form of words with which the other yielded.

"You know what's good for yer, you do," he grinned, flourishing his stick. "An' now we'll get along ag'in!"

They halted for their midday meal in a small wood carpeted with wild flowers on the edge of a roadside hamlet. Ere he was suffered to cook a meal, Daw was furnished with a shilling and dispatched to buy another supply of gin. He went docilely enough, but once within the village his procedure would have startled Mr. Smith. Entering the single public house, he ordered ale and bread and cheese, ate and drank with appetite, and when the time came to pay for his meal he unknotted a single half sovereign from a corner of his neckerchief. Not till then did he invest in a shilling's worth of gin, stow his change safely about him, and with the smoke of content trailing from his pipe set forth to rejoin his companion.

Smith meanwhile had stowed away the bundles. He had satisfied himself at the previous bivouac that they contained nothing worth making off with, and now occupied himself in choosing a lurking place on the edge of the wood whence he could observe the road. He smoked here contentedly till his pipe burned out, and then returned to the bundles to rummage them for more tobacco. He searched in vain, and swore viciously at the absent Daw, even then setting forth from the inn, and made to return to his post of observation at the roadside.

"Blanky l'il' fool!" he was rumbling. "Wot th'ell does 'e think 'e's doin' of? I'll ——"

He smashed the branches of a bush out of the way and lurched forward to the sunlight—and the surprised and interested gaze of a lanky young policeman.

Both were startled and stood an instant staring. It is probable that the young policeman, a mere yokel in uniform, had no notion that within reach of his long skinny arm there stood a reward of a hundred pounds, notoriety, promotion—all that makes a policeman's lot a happy one; or that the ragged tramp before him was in any way a lawbreaker. It was only his training that caused him to speak up.

"Hullo!" he said gruffly. "What you up to in there? Come on out o' that!"

The murderer's face was white through its grime. Terror ran cold in his veins. It was in mere desperation that his shoulders fell to the fighting crouch and his grip shifted on the heavy stick in his hand. For here was doom, grisly and imminent.

"Ain't doin' nothin'," he quavered in answer. "You lemme be, guv'ner."

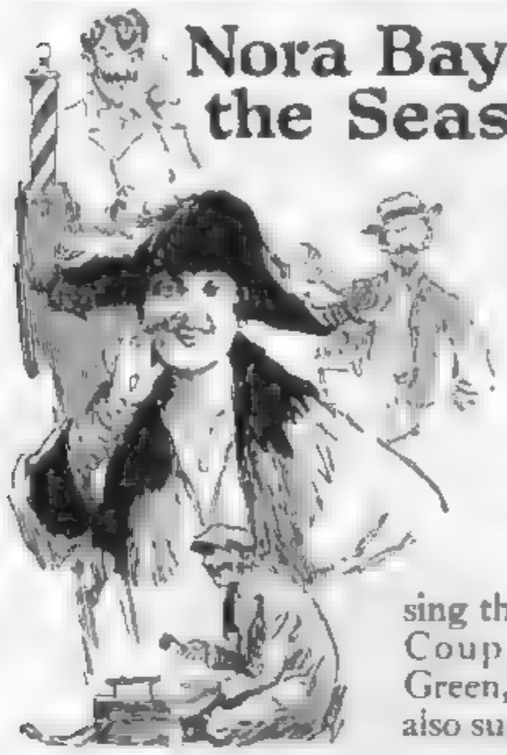
"Come on out 'ere then, an' let's 'ave a look at yer," commanded the policeman. "You ain't got no business in that there wood—it's private. Out you come now, else I'll 'ave to fetch you."

He stepped forward briskly, as though to carry out his threat forthwith. Smith

(Concluded on Page 102)

"Got Anything t' Eat?" Demanded the Man With a Price on His Head in a Voice That Crushed and Quavered

New November Numbers Columbia

Nora Bayes Sings the Season's Hit

True, Columbus discovered America, but "The Argentines, The Portuguese, and The Greeks" uncovered America's solid comforts. Hear Nora Bayes, *exclusive* Columbia artist, sing this melting-pot hit. Coupled with "Sally Green," the Village Vamp, also sung by Nora Bayes.

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Hear "Cuban Moon," the latest popular fox-trot, played by Art Hickman's Orchestra. Coupled with "In Old Manila," fox-trot, by this same *exclusive* Columbia orchestra. Don't miss its singing chorus by Crumit.

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Carmen—*Habanera* (Love is a Wood Bird Wild)	Contralto solo, Jeanne Gordon	49858 $1.50
Coronation March, from *The Prophet*	Gino Marinuzzi and His Symphony Orchestra	A-6164 $1.50
Pomp and Circumstance March	Gino Marinuzzi and His Symphony Orchestra	
Kathleen Mavourneen	'Cello Solo, Pablo Casals	79154 $1.00
Dear Old Pal of Mine	Tenor solo, Charles Hackett	79196 $1.00
Until	Baritone solo, Riccardo Stracciari	78099 $1.00
A Matrimonial Mix-up, introducing **The Nigger and the Bee**	Vaudeville sketch, Golden and Hughes	A-2974 $1.00
The Bell Boys	Vaudeville sketch, Golden and Hughes	
I Love the Land of Old Black Joe, from *Ed Wynn's Carnival*	Character duet, Van and Schenck	A-2976 $1.00
So This is Paris!	Character duet, Van and Schenck	
The Love Nest, from *Mary*	Violin solo, Sascha Jacobsen	A-2977 $1.00
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I'm in Heaven When I'm in My Mother's Arms	Tenor solo, Henry Burr	A-2978 $1.00
There's a Vacant Chair at Home, Sweet Home	Tenor duet, Campbell and Burr	
Save a Little Dram for Me	Bert Williams	A-2979 $1.00
Lonesome Alimony Blues	Bert Williams	
Cocoanut Dance	Banjo solo, Fred Van Eps	A-2983 $1.00
Persiflage	Banjo solo, Fred Van Eps	
You're the Only Girl that Made Me Cry	Tenor, Henry Burr	A-2984 $1.00
Drifting	Peerless Quartette	
That Naughty Waltz—Hawaiian Guitar duet	Frank Ferera and Anthony Franchini	A-2985 $1.00
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Macushla Asthore (Pulse of My Heart) from *Macushla*	Tenor solo, Chauncey Olcott	A-2988 $1.00
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Marion (You'll Soon Be Marryin' Me)—Medley Fox-trot	Yerkes' Jazarimba Orchestra	A-6166 $1.25
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(Concluded from Page 99)

backed a pace, showing his teeth in a beastlike snarl and swung up his stick.

"Oh!" said the young policeman, and paused. "That's yer game, is it?"

"Then you lea' me alone!" cried Smith, and lowered his bludgeon.

He raised it again next instant, but too late. The young policeman was built on the lines of a stepladder and furnished with brains on the scale of a rabbit, but there was nothing lacking of speed and suddenness in his dash forward and his grapple with the big tramp. His skinny arms were tough as wire; they wrapped the other about, pinning his elbows to his sides. His helmet tumbled into the bushes and the pair of them stamped and wrestled to and fro over the gold and purple of the primroses and dog violets.

This was the grouping that Simon Daw beheld as he came to the wood end, his pipe alight between his lips, the flask of spirits in his pocket. He stopped about a dozen paces from where Smith and the policeman swayed and staggered in battle. Even now there was little in his face but careful consideration of the situation. He was of the true Kent breed, slow in judgment, deadly in decision. Deliberately he tapped out his pipe bowl on his fireproof palm and put the pipe away.

"Got you!" gritted the young policeman then.

He had back-heeled his man and they fell together, Smith underneath. One hand was on the murderer's throat, a knee was on his right wrist, the other hand felt for the handcuffs.

It was then that a stout, iron-hard arm came round the policeman's neck from behind, jamming his scrawny throat in the crook of an elbow, and the calm face of Daw looked over his blue-clad shoulder into the convulsed and frantic face of Smith upon the ground. The policeman was hauled backward, and Smith, thrashing and plunging, tore clear. Before Daw could stop him or release his hold he was on his feet and his bludgeon crashed viciously down on the policeman's defenseless head. The struggling man in Daw's grip was suddenly a limp dead weight. Daw dropped him and sprang up in time to catch Smith's arm as it swung for another blow.

"Lea' go!" said Smith, struggling, but the stonemason's grip was master of him.

"You fool!" said Daw. "It'll be murder!" And that word had power to quell the madness of rage and fear in the other. He checked and stared at the body of the man who lay among the flowers.

"Come on out o' this!" he burst out.

Daw gave him another of his looks of quiet curiosity.

"Not if 'e's dead," he said, and bent to the body.

The blow had gashed the scalp to the bone, but the young man yet breathed. Daw concluded his inspection.

"'E's livin'," was his conclusion. "Now, I'll just lift 'im to the side o' the road where somebody'll be sure an' see 'im. Then you'll throw away that dangerous great stick what you've got an' we'll shift out o' here."

"What d'jer mean—throw away the stick?" demanded Smith.

"I mean," answered Daw, "that if ye don't leave that ole stick 'ere you'll 'ave to leave me 'ere. You c'n choose for yourself."

He waited for no answer, but busied himself in dragging the unconscious man forth from the bushes.

When he returned Smith was waiting empty handed.

"An' now," said Daw, when he had gathered up his bundles, the food and his simple cooking gear, "we got to shift 's quick as we can. An' we got to keep off o' that road."

He explained his plans as they cleared the wood and emerged to the open of the fields.

"If we'd kep' on along the road we'd ha' come to the river at Wateringbury, but they'll be huntin' for us both ways along that road soon's the p'liceman can talk. But if we keep on to the north we're boun' to find a road as'll carry us on to the New Bridge. Only ——"

"Only what?" growled Smith.

"It don't make much odds in the distance we got to go, but there's villages at all the bridges. We c'd cross after dark, but seems to me, after what ye say ye done before I met ye, an' what ye done now, they'll be keepin' a watch on all the bridges. Ye can't swim, can ye?"

"Swim?" Smith spat contemptuously. "I ain't a blanky duck!"

Daw nodded.

"Then we ain't got no choice. It'll 'ave to be the old 'orse ford above New Bridge!"

"What th'ell's that?"

Daw explained.

"It's a kind of causey, a ole stone road on the bottom of the river, where a man can ride a 'orse across. We'll 'ave to wade it, and it's plaguy easy to tread off the edge o' the causey into deep water. An' we got to do it in the dark too. But now, 'less you want to stop this side, 'stead o' goin' on to London, there ain't no other way."

Smith blasphemed. It was not alone the fright he had had and the hardships of the prospect ahead that wrought on him, but that in the struggle his injured ankle had suffered, and walking was each moment more painful. He dragged his foot and limped more and more. Several times he sank down to rest it, but Daw would hear of no delay so near the scene of the crime, and when he refused to move, walked calmly on and left him to scramble up and follow as best he could. Finally, when the last hedge let them through to the road they sought, he dropped with a cry like a whimper.

"Swelp me," he groaned, "if yer lea' me now I'm done! I got to 'ave a sit down! Me ankle's 'urtin' like 'ell!"

Daw judged him gravely. It was the moment he had counted on, for which he had waited. He set his bundles down and extracted from one of them a colored cotton handkerchief.

"You want a wet rag tied round it," he said. "Let's 'ave a look."

Smith for the moment was past resistance. He suffered the filthy trouser leg to be turned up and the sockless ankle to be exposed. Daw bent above it. Here was the final proof. The dog—it must have been a big one—had done his work thoroughly. If he had chanced upon a more fleshy part he would have bitten his mouthful out. Every tooth mark on both sides of the ankle was distinct.

"But 'ow did ye get these—these cuts?" he inquired.

Smith opened weary eyes.

"I—I got a bit o' fence wire round me leg in the dark."

"Ah! Nasty stuff, that wire," said Daw. He soaked his handkerchief in the ditch and made a bandage of it. Smith groaned and swore feebly. "An' now," said Daw, "we got to get on, an' I got some med'cine for ye."

And he produced the forgotten gin from his pocket. He watched almost paternally while, under the power of it, Smith swelled to his customary ugly self again.

It was well after nightfall when they came through the misty water meadows above the New Bridge to where the old horse ford, a relic of the days when goods traveled from maker to market by pack horse, held its unseen and unmarked course across the mud of the river bottom. There was a crescent of moon aloft whose small light turned the mist to silver. A quarter of a mile away a village slumbered soundly as a pyramid. The river showed a surface calm as a pond, yet uttered minute noises of trickling and rippling.

Daw found the shoreward end of the horse ford and gave instructions.

"No use strippin'," he counseled. "If ye fall in ye'll lose yer clo'es any'ow, an' then if ye do get out ye'll be naked. Feel with yer foot before ye put it down, an' go slow. Come on after me now. Ready?"

He had his bundles slung from his neck, his matches and tobacco in his cap.

"Mind, now!" he cautioned finally. "She's a deep ole river downstream from the causey, an' it's easy to drownd." And with that he went down the bank and into the water. A dozen feet out from the bank he turned carefully. Smith, maintaining a sotto-voce babble of oaths, was just letting himself down into the stream.

"Come on!" called Daw. "You c'n catch 'old o' my coat be'ind an' I'll draw ye safe."

And in this fashion they proceeded. It was a grotesque venture. Daw progressed with feet that slid rather than stepped, exploring his way over the antique underwater pavement and speaking cautions to the man at his back. "Big 'ole 'ere—step wide! . . . 'Ere's a loose stone—see she don't throw ye! . . . Mind—we're walkin' on the downstream edge o' the causey!"

The water deepened, it rose to Daw's throat, to Smith's armpits, and the midstream current thrust at them gently but firmly.

Daw uttered a little laugh.

"She's too deep for me," he said. "I swallered a mouthful of 'er then. I'll 'ave to swim this bit, an' you come on careful. Leggo o' my tails."

Released, he splashed forward, swimming strongly despite his clothes and his bundles. In a dozen yards he found foothold again where the causeway sloped upward to the farther bank. Smith was in the middle now and up to the neck.

"'Ere, come back!" he called. "I can't go no deeper!"

"Hush!" answered Daw. "Don't speak so loud! She don't get no deeper—ye're in the middle of 'er. Come on careful."

He heard Smith swear and saw him move forward a pace, then pause.

"That's right," he called guardedly. "Feel in front o' ye for yer footin'."

Smith moved as he took another pace; what happened to him then was never quite clear to him. Actually, having ascertained the presence of a paving block with too cautious a foot, he put his weight on it; it was loose and turned under him. It seemed to him as though a mouth of stone suddenly opened and sucked him in; his scream was no more than a yelp ere the water strangled it. And then he was under, clutching at water, breathing water, moving, a kicking, writhing thing, with the current, a witless agony that did not trouble the moon-reflecting calm of the surface.

Something solid touched him and he snatched at it. It tore loose, but returned; and then he was grasped from behind and his head came forth again to the air. Still he kicked and clutched.

"Keep still, damn ye!" spoke the voice of Daw. "Still, or I'll let ye drownd! I ain't goin' to be drownded for the likes o' you!" And again, after a minute of backward progress, "Now put yer feet down an' stand up!"

They crawled to shore, and there Smith fell face down in the grass and lay while Daw sat and panted. The big ruffian was near the end of his endurance. Fear and fierce hardship had been his lot for eight days, and now he had tasted death. For full half an hour he lay, unable to stand on his feet; then Daw hauled him up.

"We got to be goin'," he insisted. "'Ere—lean on me. I ain't got no bundles to carry now. Ain't got no matches neither. Come on!"

He took the other's arm across his shoulders and passed his own right arm about the big man's body. So supported, Smith made a shift to walk, and the pair of them passed together from the mists of the river to the moonlit night of the empty roads and the fields.

They were fortunate enough to find a broken straw rick into which to burrow their wet misery and sleep between shivering fits, and the following day dawned bright and sunny.

At the first village they came to, the three last shillings remaining to Smith—Daw's money had gone with his coat in the river—were expended in food and gin, and slowly, with this fortification of spirit and body, the long, painful miles dissolved under their sore feet. During the last hours it was again needful for Daw to prop his companion along the way.

"You done a lot for me," Smith went so far as to say once. "I'd never ha' got this far be meself."

Daw turned his steady, interested look on him. The fiber of the Kentish man was unbroken.

The strain of the days was graver on his face in lines of fatigue, but he had yet his tranquillity of mind and soul.

"Oh, you'll do me a good turn yet when yer time comes," he answered.

Night had come again, when upon the brow of a hill they saw lights at the foot of the farther slope and Daw uttered a shout.

"Nestley! Ten minutes more an' we're 'ome—we're 'ome! Only ten minutes, mate! Ye c'n walk that! An' if anybody stops to talk to us you jus' move on a bit an' leave 'em to me." He spoke with quiet pride. "Man, woman an' child, ev'rybody in Nestley knows me."

But none accosted them in the village street. Folk were at their suppers. The lighted windows showed their gleam only to the strange pair who hobbled on stiff legs toward a row of small cottages halfway along the street.

"'Ere—I'll go first," said Daw at the door of one of them.

He brushed his companion aside and lifted the latch. Within was a cottage kitchen. A paraffin lamp hanging on the wall and a fire in the grate lit it cozily. A table was set for a meal, and beside the table stood a thin girl, with a face whose coloring, too delicate and faint, told its own story.

She uttered a cry:

"Sim! Sim!"

"Susy!" cried Simon Daw, and strode forward to meet her as she ran toward him, his arms open. She fell into them.

"Oh, Sim," she sighed, "I bin waitin' an' hopin' for ye to come 'ome!" She raised her head to look at his face, but gave a small scream as over his shoulder she caught sight of Smith standing within the door.

"Oh, what's that?"

"That?" Daw had turned, one arm still about her. "That's a man what's been travelin' in company wi' me. No call to be feared, Susy. Come in," he bade Smith. "Shut the door an' sit down. This 'ere's my wife."

Smith grunted and closed the door. His eyes traveled over the room and all its evidence of a life rooted in the established order, buttressing it and supported by it. His face took on its jeering twist, for lives like these are the enemies of lives like his. He let himself down with a gusty sigh of relief in the one cushioned chair by the fire.

"'Ell!" he said. "I'm 'arf dead. Ain't yer got a drop o' somethin' to drink?"

Daw stood surveying him, but his wife answered, speaking to her husband rather than to the dreadful guest:

"There ain't nothin' 'ceptin' 'alf a bottle o' the port wine as the doctor sends for my coughin'."

"Pork wine!" Smith spoke from his chair as he had spoken in the hollow among the gorse and briers, in a voice that was half a croak and half a snarl. At the sound of it Susy shrank back. "'And it over—j'ear?"

"No!" said Daw very clearly. "That's my wife's med'cine, that is. You can 'ave none o' that!"

"Th'ell I can't!" What had happened to the man was plain. He felt himself in security; it was sufficient to revive the loud and murderous bully in him. "Well, get me some gin then. You c'n get the money out of 'er."

Daw's calm was intact but a little rigid. He turned to his wife.

"No call to be afeard," he told her. "'Ave you got a shilling, Susy?"

She gave him the coin. He found himself a coat and cap from some clothes that hung in a corner, and heedless of her scared face opened the door and went out. It was time to make an end. He passed down to where the windows of the inn shone out upon the green, and paused. Providence had arranged the perfect means for him. Here in the roadway was not only Lovel, the policeman, but also, leaning upon his bicycle while he talked, Superintendent Lambert upon his rounds. The superintendent was a man honorably known throughout the district for scrupulous uprightness, kindliness and good sense, a churchwarden and the father of a family. He could not intrust the affair and his own interests to better hands. And in the instant that this was clear he perceived also that what he contemplated was impossible. He had fed the man, endured robbery at his hands, saved him from the certain death by hanging which would have followed his arrest by the young policeman and from an equally sure death in the Medway. Benevolence is a habit that increases with indulgence, and he could not do it. The money was blood money, foul, accursed and carrying an infection of curses.

"I'll get 'im 'is gin an' kick 'im out," he said, and walking wide of the superintendent he entered the bar, made his purchase and turned homeward.

His hand was raised to the latch when voices spoke within, and he stayed it. He laid an ear to the door.

"You give it 'ere—see? That pork wine—'and it over or else I'll ——"

His hand jumped again for the latch, but again halted. Susy's voice, shrill with terror, reached him.

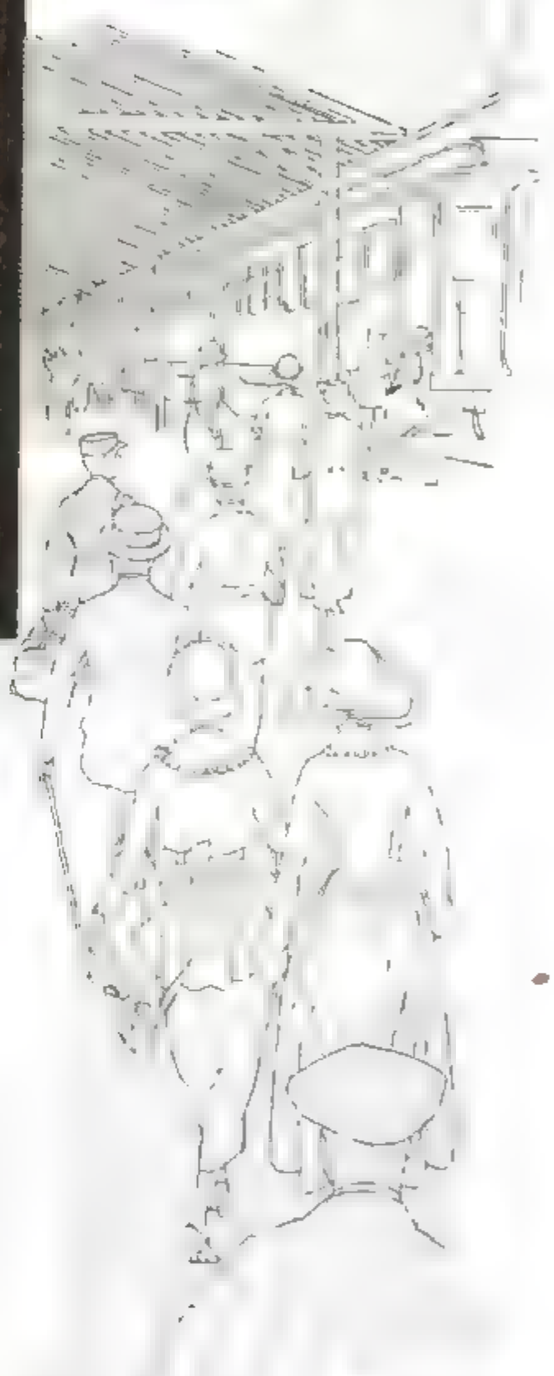
"Don't 'it me—don't 'it me! I'll get it!"

A jarring laugh followed.

"You better, you ——"

Outside Daw turned and moved away toward the inn. The superintendent and the constable were still there, and he went to them forthwith.

And in due season he got his hundred pounds, and there was no curse upon it. But Smith believed to the last that he was being executed for mere murder.



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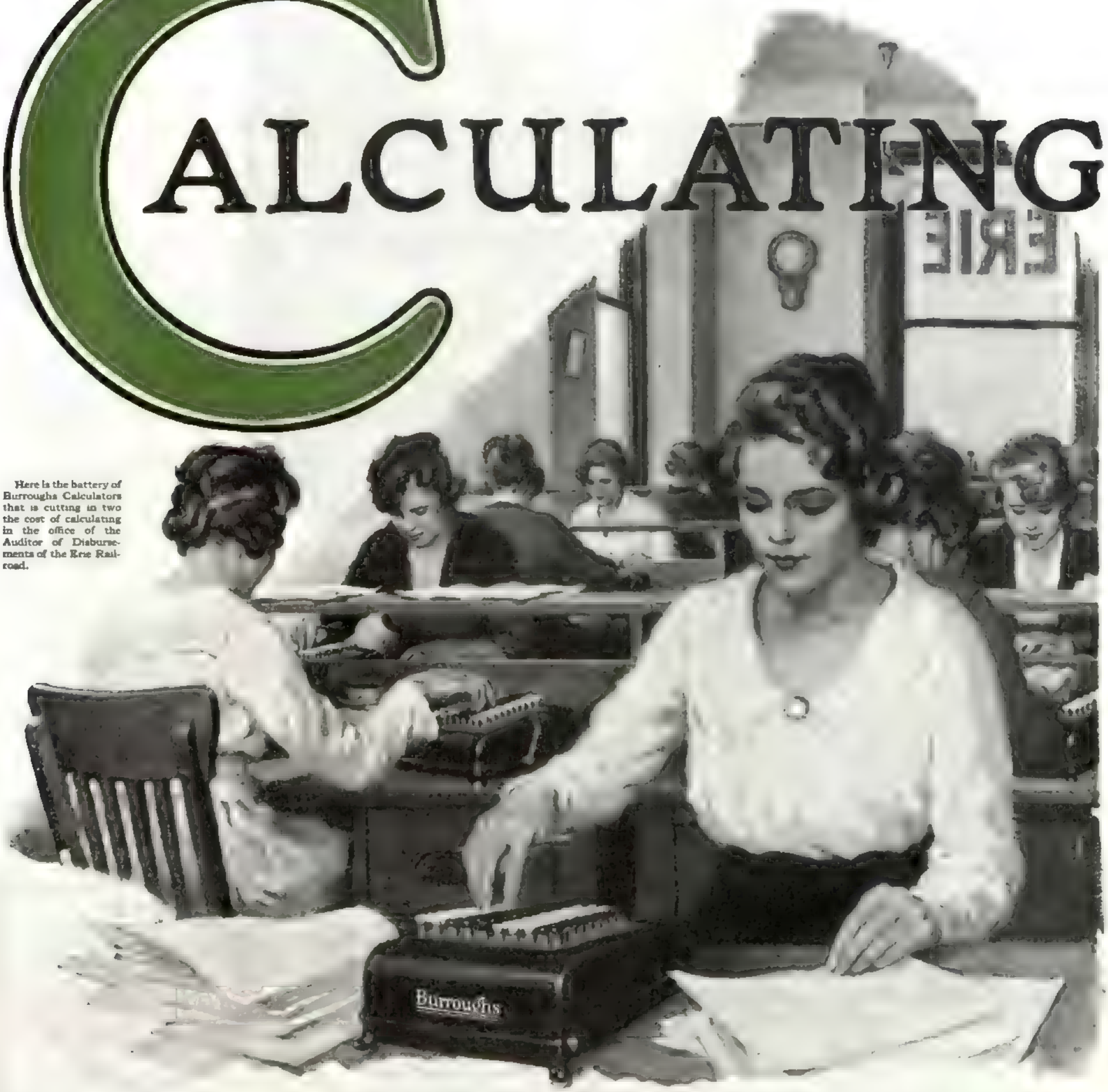

Here is the battery of Burroughs Calculators that is cutting in two the cost of calculating in the office of the Auditor of Disbursements of the Erie Railroad.

ADDING-BOOKKEEPING-CALCULATING

A-B-C

CUTS DOWN THE COST OF COMMON CARRYING

In no type of business does administration involve more accounting than in the railroad business. And besides the recording, analyzing and transmission of statistics to the executives, numberless other detail operations, such as the figuring of pay-rolls, freight vouchers, and invoices, help to swell the magnitude of the railroad's accounting problem.

You get some idea of the infinite amount of that detail figuring when you consider that the cost of carrying every freight shipment, whether it be a barrel of apples or a carload of lumber, has to be calculated and brought into a classification which insures its bearing a necessary proportion of the general operating expense.

How Mr. Austin, Auditor of Disbursements of the Erie Railroad, has brought his figuring operations within the economical limits of time and expense is shown by the record of performance of fifty Burroughs Calculators in his departments.

Says Mr. Austin, "Seven years' practical experience has proved to me that Burroughs Calculators have doubled the figuring capacity of my clerks.

"In my departments millions of figures used to be made every day and thrown into the waste-basket, only the answers being saved. Now the same answers are found with Burroughs Calculators in half the time and nothing but the answers have to be written down. Scratch pads have been literally abolished."

Mr. J. G. Austin, Auditor of Disbursements of the Erie Railroad, who has found Burroughs Calculators a big efficiency factor in railroad accounting

The Erie Railroad is an example of the adaptation of a large number of Burroughs Calculators to a large business organization of a special type, but thousands of concerns of all types and sizes have found that wherever their accounting calls for addition, subtraction, multiplication or division, Burroughs Calculators can be depended upon to save time and money and prevent costly errors.

Whatever your business may be and however large or small, an investigation of Burroughs Calculators will be well worth your while.

These little machines are so light and compact that a Burroughs representative will be glad to bring one to your office for your inspection. He will show you how Burroughs Calculators will accomplish all your figuring operations in less time, with less help and fewer errors, than the old pencil-and-page way.

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The A B C of Business

Besides Calculators of different capacities, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company manufactures Adding and Bookkeeping Machines in many models, among which can be found a machine that will fit the figure needs of any business, large or small.

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

Burroughs

TOP SERGEANTS OF INDUSTRY

Continued from Page 11

"The other day he told me: 'I spend an hour a day seeing that the men thoroughly understand their instructions. That would have seemed foolish in the old days before I had my eyes opened by the discussions in the foremen's meetings. The old way, of course, was to tell a man to do a certain piece of work, take it for granted that he knew enough to carry out the briefest of instructions, and if it was found later that he did not understand, the proper thing to do then was to give him the devil and charge up the expense of his mistake to profit and loss.

"'That day has about gone in these works. Such a practice was too expensive to be continued.'"

Very recently, in a talk with his general superintendent, this man made the remark: "I used to think that I knew the meaning of the word 'cooperation,' but since I began attending the foremen's meetings I came to realize that I didn't even know how to spell it. The tie-in between departments and gangs and individual workers that we have been able to get since this company started to educate its foremen to the full size of their jobs has been simply astonishing. The management has had the good sense not to load us down with textbook and high-brow lecture stuff, but has put it up to us to thresh out the real problems of each shop and all the shops as a whole until the wheat is separated from the chaff."

Underpaid Bosses

"When you get a bunch of hard-working foremen together and give every man a chance to open up on every problem that is tackled you are bound to bring out a whole lot of good sense and practical ideas that will work."

Another top-notch official informs me: "Our production superintendent has repeatedly and voluntarily declared that the campaign to develop foremen to the full size of their jobs has made a change in production throughout the works that is remarkable. Foreman development is the biggest idea that has ever hit our company. To my notion it is about all there is to the great problem of industrial relations. The deeper I get into the work of developing foremen to the full stature of their jobs, the more I am impressed with the fact that as a rule foremen are not paid enough for their work, especially as compared with the wages earned by the men immediately under them.

"In the last five years it has been easy to go into a plant and find foremen receiving less money, by considerable, than the wageworkers for whom they are responsible and over whom they have authority. Of course such a situation is an absurdity excepting in rare cases where piecework men make big earnings on a spurt. Responsibility and executive capacity should be paid for at a better rate than the work that carries no responsibility and demands no executive ability. As a matter of fact, foremen have been quite generally in almost the same position, in the years since we went into the war, as the white-collar men. They have in thousands of cases stood the gaff of underpay for two reasons: because they recognized that their positions were permanent and in the line of advancement, and because they were big enough to feel that it was a matter of patriotic duty for them to stand by the ship and push production to the highest point possible.

"They felt that it was not becoming of them to make a fuss or quit their jobs because their pay was not what it should be. Therefore they stuck and said nothing and trusted to the future to compensate them in one way or another for their temporary sacrifice. Now is the time for industry to settle that score and put the foreman's pay where it should be.

"Another thing that should not be overlooked in considering the foreman's problem is that the foreman handling common labor needs to be the very best obtainable. A great many employers have a notion that almost any old kind of foreman is capable of handling common laborers. That is a grave mistake. The commoner the labor the better the grade of supervision required. Put it this way if you like: The foreman who gets results out of a gang of ignorant laborers has to furnish all the brains for the whole operation.

"Once when a superintendent on a big construction job decided to promote an uncommonly intelligent laborer to the position of foreman he turned to the timekeeper and said: 'Put him down for ten cents an hour more than the others are getting.' This remark gave me the measure of that superintendent's mentality and of his inability to grasp the situation as nothing else could."

In commenting on the necessity of educating foremen one Du Pont man made this point: "The time taken in foremen's meetings more than pays for itself in the progress that the foremen make along safety lines. For example, before these meetings began we put out a gang on a rush piece of concrete work. It was an emergency job and was required to be done in a hurry. The mixer was run continuously for twenty-four hours, with the result that the rollers gathered a coating of grease which had to be wiped off. The foreman on that job, who had never had the benefit of the discussions on carelessness that come up in the foremen's meetings, decided that in order to save time he would wipe the grease from the rollers without stopping the mixer. He had wiped nearly all the rollers with a burlap bag when his fingers were caught and crushed. I figured the cost of that accident as carefully as I could. The company was out two hundred and fifty dollars for his wages, one hundred dollars for added supervision and one thousand dollars for reduced efficiency on the whole job. Other considerations brought the cost up to fully one thousand five hundred dollars. This never would have happened if that foreman had received the education that our foremen are now receiving in their meetings, in which the matter of carelessness is discussed in all its phases. As a matter of fact, one of those very discussions resulted in equipping that mixer and all others owned by our company with an automatic device for scraping the rollers and protecting the workers from any possible injury by them."

In considering the question of educating the foreman it should always be remembered that this is the quickest and the most direct way of educating the men themselves. Put it this way: The natural agency for feeding ideas to the men is through their foreman. You must educate the foreman first; he will inevitably feed the new ideas that he gets on to the men.

There are many things going on in the troubled ranks of industry that warrant the most depressed toiler and the most anxious employer in taking heart and in cherishing the hope that understanding has not wholly perished from the earth and that there are still left, on both sides of the pay-roll fence, those who are taking serious thought for the future and trying to build for the common good.

The Industrial Association

There is nothing sensational about these efforts; they have come into being under pressure of urgent need, and the best and soundest of them make the least noise. This seems to be a family characteristic of really sincere and constructive movements. Those leaders who have the clearest vision of the necessity of constructive work in the various fields of production appear also to have too keen a realization of the obstacles to be overcome to allow them to toot their own horns very loudly.

Experience in practical affairs has taught them caution and an instinctive dread of an anticlimax. Leaders of this type almost invariably preface any account of what they are attempting in the way of a new and progressive program for the betterment of industry with the remark: "This thing is educational. We are feeling our way—and not looking for miracles. Our effort is based on the premise that it takes time to accomplish anything worth while and permanent."

Whenever a man in industry talks this way it is time to prick up both ears and give one-hundred-per-cent attention. This is why a few weeks ago in an informal chat with a group of alert employers I registered decided interest in an organization of which I had never heard before—the Industrial Association of Cleveland. It was introduced in the modest terms just recorded. Its founders make no claim that it is going to lead to the industrial millennium, but investigation discloses the fact that it is a mighty cheerful thing for the distressed employer to think about and an excellent example of those quiet educational influences that are moving in the distressed field of industry to the mutual help of workers and employers. It will be passing strange if it does not spread to scores of other manufacturing cities and become national in its scope and in its organization.

The Industrial Association is pivoted on the foreman. It turns on a clear and profound recognition of the fact that the foreman is the human key to production, and incidentally about the most vital and sensitive problem with which industrial management has to deal.

As one large employer puts it: "The foreman is the lad who gets the thing done—or fails to! To a large extent he is the personification of management to the men. They look to him for the law and the gospel so far as shop matters are concerned. If he's the right sort he'll take the production objective every time; if he's the wrong sort he'll prove the most fertile source of trouble and failure in the whole organization. Show me a shop that has a foreman who is alert, fair, progressive and thoroughly human and at the same time hard-boiled enough to look out for the interests of the management as fairly and as firmly as for the interests of the workers, and I'll show you a shop that delivers production in spite of every obstacle. We've all been more or less asleep as to the importance of the foreman. The swift changes that have come with war have jolted some of our eyes open and prodded us to an appreciation of the power for good or ill—for production or for labor trouble—that is inherent in the foreman."

Reconstructed Foremen

"We have been made to realize that we must find a new footing of understanding with the worker or see production shot to flinders; but the average manufacturer has been slower to see that the old traditional type of foreman—the shop autocrat and driver—is a menace whose possibilities for mischief and harm have multiplied under reconstruction labor conditions. On the other hand, a really reconstructed foreman who is in close sympathy with the changed attitude of progressive management has powers for good and for constructive leadership that can scarcely be exaggerated.

"He is the man who must make the workers understand that the management looks upon them as economic partners in production and is willing and eager to give them a fair and generous share of the profits of production. The foreman is the man who must get this message across to the workers or it will never be delivered to them. If he doesn't interpret this new attitude to them in his own attitude, then he will act as a standing discount of the new declaration of faith. Unconsciously, perhaps, he will give the lie to all the attempts that the official heads of the company may make to establish a genuine spirit of coöperation between the men and the management.

"Ever since industry expanded and delegated authority grew into a big system the worker has always looked to the foreman as the personification of management. All the shop communities in the world can't cure the worker of that habit or correct this traditional viewpoint completely. Employee representation may modify it—undoubtedly it is doing so—but the worker will never be wholly sold on the partnership between ownership, management and labor until his foreman is a practical and living embodiment of that principle.

"This is only another way of saying that one of the reconstructed industry's big jobs is to reconstruct its foremen. Of course industry isn't going to scrap its foremen in a mass and attempt to solve the problem by picking a full set of new ones from the ranks of the workers. It must go at the job sanely and justly and do its level best to educate its faithful and intelligent foremen to the new viewpoint. This is precisely what we are attempting to do in the Industrial Association, and the results have been highly encouraging; so much so that probably every employer in the organization would feel it a calamity of the first order if anything were to prevent the work from going forward.

"The plant whose men and foremen and executives rub shoulders in the rooms and the classes of the Industrial Association feels its influence on production to a marked extent. If you were to say that it has been a wonderful shock absorber in these days of bumps and jolts you would be telling less than half the truth. It is a positive constructive force that has brought the workers and the supervisory force of the plants taking an active participation in this movement much closer together and has given each a far better understanding of the problem of the other. This thing is working out something substantial and constructive that spells itself in terms of production."

This organization has about five thousand members who are either employers or salaried employees—superintendents, foremen, departmental directors, business and industrial leaders, and clerical, sales and production men. The constitution specifies that the term "salaried employees" shall be liberally interpreted.

The constitution also says that the association is formed "for the purpose of assisting in the establishment of industry on a basis of justice and to aid in securing and maintaining industrial conditions which shall be just to all and promote the welfare of all concerned." The association is pledged to:

Promote production;
Promote collective industrial purpose;
Promote right thinking in business and right thinking of business;
Show the employer his obligation;
Show the employee his obligation;
Discuss and study political, social and economic questions affecting industry.

These are by no means all the things undertaken by this organization, but they suffice to indicate its purpose and scope.

In the year past it has held more than twenty-five meetings, with a total attendance of better than twenty-five thousand. The educational program, even in skeleton, suggests that there has been no beating about the bush. Under the general subject of Supervision, the topics studied and discussed in this year's course are: The Superintendent and the Foremen; Discipline; Methods of Control; Shaping the Minds of Men.

Increasing Production is another big topic, which is subdivided under these heads: Placing the Worker; Bonus and Piecework Systems; Physical Condition of Plant and Reduction of Absenteeism.

Subjects Studied

Labor Problems is the general heading of a line of study into which foreman and supervisors of various sorts have entered with great energy and interest, considering such subjects as Industrial Peace, Reduction of Labor Turnover, Women in Industry, and How Shall We Get Our Workers?

In the opinion of both the employers and the salaried employees one of the most fruitful lines of study followed has been that devoted to Creating Factory Spirit. The elements considered under this classification are Service, Employment as a Relationship, Harmony in Organization, and Mutual Benefit Associations and Coöperative Buying.

One more sample from the educational menu of the association is necessary to give a fair idea of the nourishment it offers to the foreman who has the purpose to be up on his job and to push up into a higher one. Business and What it Means to All of Us, The Business Man of To-day, What Sells the Product, and The Nation's Business—are some of the subjects with which these alert and ambitious workers have wrestled. These subjects have been presented by able speakers in forty-five-minute addresses with an equal period devoted to open discussion. And it should be remarked that these discussions have been decidedly open.

Many an employer has found himself in the position of being grilled and cross-questioned by a foreman in his own employ. But not once has an employer sought refuge behind his dignity. Every one has taken his medicine in the spirit of good comradeship and played the game squarely and with keen enjoyment.

In these lectures and discussions, about the whole structure of business economics

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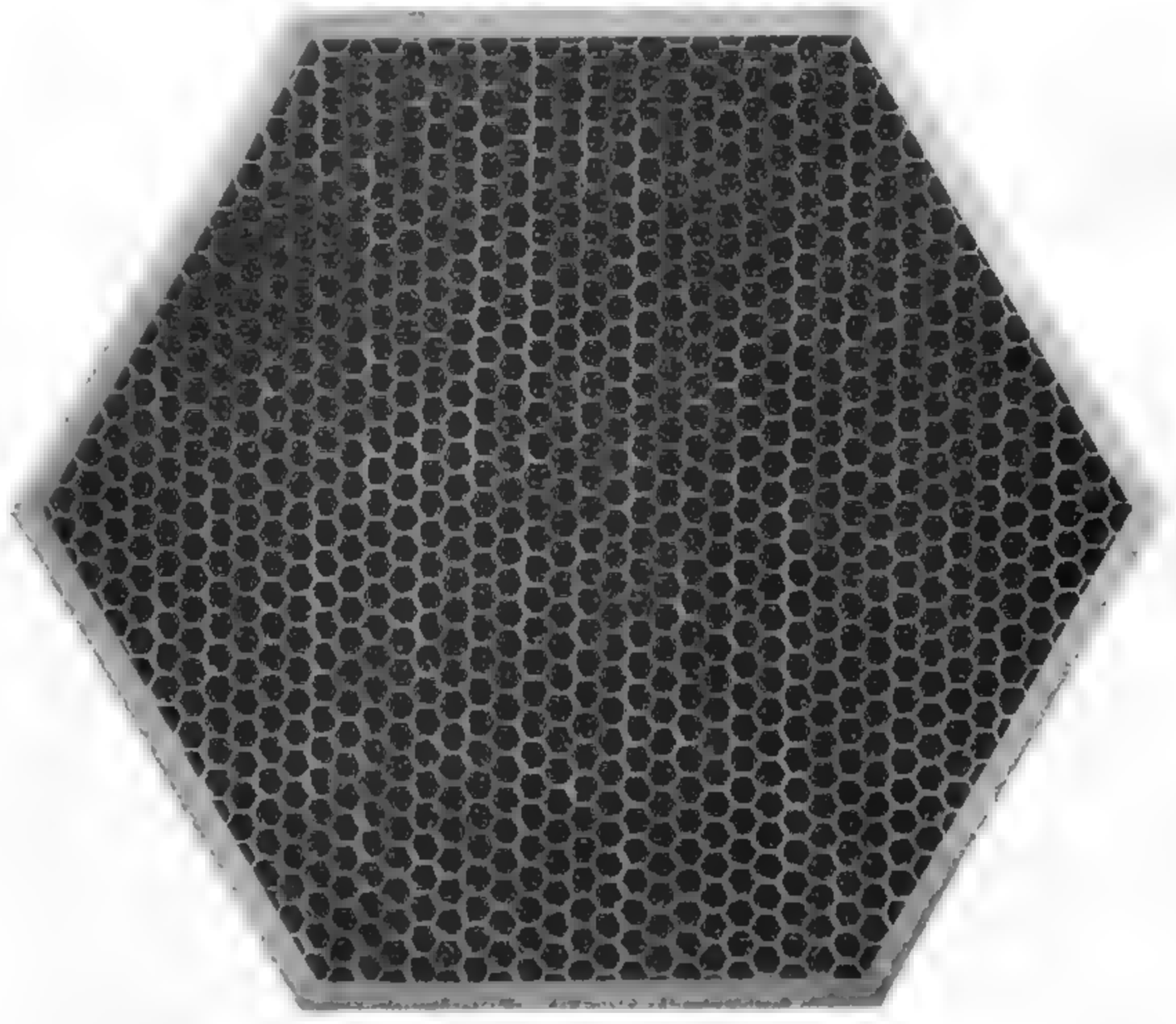

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WEAVING through the melody with a fascinating tone and a lifting lilt that gives zip, zest and tang to a fox-trot or one-step—that's the saxophone, king of the popular orchestra.
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Play the scale in an hour, popular airs in a week or two. Exclusive features of Conn Saxophones make it doubly easy; for the Conn is built to be quickly mastered.
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(Continued from Page 106)

has been exposed—and in shop language that did not go over the head of any man present. There has been a plenty of plain talk, too, on the morals of business as is—both as to the relations between the employee and the employer and also as to the deal the consumer gets as a result of those relations. The standing cabaret feature of these Tuesday-evening sessions is the dance of the factory skeletons.

As one foreman puts it: "If we haven't dragged 'em all out into the open and made 'em do their turn, then I don't know where to look for 'em. Certainly nobody has been bashful about getting off his chest a lot of things that he used to think about a heap but never talked about. Now the beans are all spilled on the table and threshed out in the open."

If you can find an employer or a high man in the ranks of management who has attended the meetings of the Industrial Association who will not admit that he has benefited by them quite as much as any foreman you will have encountered an odd one. And the bigger the foreman the keener is his zest for these sessions. One of them admitted to me that these meetings put new pep and fresh hope into him and that he was acquiring a settled conviction that something very much like a new race of employers as well as of foremen was being gradually worked out by this intimate, give-and-take kind of contact.

Stepmothers in Industry

The seriousness with which all hands attack the questions under study and discussion is one of the most assuring phases of these meetings. No outsiders could sit through one of these discussions without being impressed with the fact that all present are mentally up on their toes and determined not to let any good stuff get past them. Members of Congress might learn a lesson in the art of intensive application by attending a few sessions of the Industrial Association, where foremen are grasping the principles of business economics and employers are learning something of what their foremen and production managers are thinking and feeling.

Ex-President Charles Woodward declares: "There is no large employer of labor in America who takes his great responsibilities with any seriousness who has not recognized the foreman problem as one of the biggest now pressing for solution. He knows that the foreman is the contact point between himself and labor and that if this agency of transmission is weak or in any way unable to carry its load and perform its function to the full there's going to be trouble in his camp.

"The time has passed for pussyfooting on this subject for fear of giving offense. There is a type of foreman, developed under the old employer attitude, who is highly appreciative of his authority, and sometimes more concerned that others observe and appreciate it than he is to maintain production, to give his men or his employers a square deal or to build up a spirit of coöperation in his shop.

"There are fewer of this kind than there were before the war, but the race is by no means extinct. These survivals belong to the old order. Fortunately there have been many desertions from their ranks. Hundreds trained in their school have read the signs of the times and gone over to the colors of those who recognize that industry is passing through a profound humanizing process and that shop kings as well as political kings are decidedly out of vogue.

"That day of little tin god is done for in industrial as in state circles. So far as this particular industrial community is concerned, much of this change of viewpoint and of allegiance has been brought about by the quiet constructive work of the Industrial Association. And it has been all-round teamwork too. No one man is entitled to take any particular credit to himself for the solid results. In the very nature of the work, the progress made has had to come from consistent coöperative effort.

"Because there are still hundreds of employers who do not yet appreciate the urgency of this foreman problem it is important to dig into it a little deeper. Look at it from the viewpoint of the men. The worker's contact with management is through the foreman. There's a lifelike description of a typical old-school foreman in the Scriptures. I mean the centurion who saith unto one go and he goeth and to another come and he cometh. He's the big man on the horizon of the wageworker.

"Now what would you expect from a child who had been brought up by a dozen different mothers or stepmothers? Not much, I think! His chance for consistent development would not be regarded as very high. It seems certain that he would have struck some mighty poor mothering in the course of such an experience. The wage worker who hasn't been under a dozen foremen is fortunate. Thousands of them have taken orders from fifty to a hundred foremen. And I'm of the opinion that foremen do not average any higher than stepmothers in the matter of bringing out the best in those under their care and training. Foremen are too often the stepmothers in industry. It's a safe bet that the worker who has served under a dozen foremen has struck several that he would be glad to forget, but can't. They stick in his mind and he just naturally expects the worst from every new one that he encounters.

"We are trying to reverse this attitude, to make intelligent and kindly supervision so common that the workers will expect it instead of the other thing. And we have succeeded to a most gratifying degree. For example, I feel warranted in saying that there is not a foreman or a supervisor of any sort who has been in our organization long enough to take half the course, who would not welcome the opportunity to explain to a workman just how to do a piece of work or who would not welcome a suggestion from a worker as to how a job might be done to better advantage. And I could name many foremen whose attitude in that respect has undergone a radical change since coming into this association. Before, their men worked under them; now they work with them.

"Let no one draw the inference that this is an assault on foremen. It isn't. The foreman has always had the hardest job in industry—and he still has it. The burden of production rests squarely upon his shoulders. He must turn out the work or be turned out himself. He must keep his men with him and at the same time give results to the management. He has had to cope with almost every kind of difficulty that imagination could suggest—with ignorance, stupidity, malicious cunning and shiftlessness.

"This kind of grind has had a tendency to sharpen his suspicion, to wreck his disposition, and to make him a driver rather than a leader and teacher. His load of responsibility has put a high pressure upon every moment of his shop time. In addition to all this the average foreman has been trained in the school of drive. He is the product of a system that has suffered a radical change of base—and a rather sudden change too."

The Most Vital Link

"His position as the contact point between management and labor—with the responsibilities of production bending his back—makes it natural that he should be the last man in the chain of production to get a broad vision of the great change in employment relations. He is too close to the work, too deeply buried in its details to catch the broad general vision and observe elemental changes and tendencies.

"The men above him and below him have beaten him to it. The workers have realized their power to demand more intelligent and less arbitrary treatment, and in hundreds of plants the higher executives have realized the justice of that demand. In short, the two extremes of production have come to see that a readjustment of relations between management and labor is necessary and inevitable and in the line of man-to-man justice.

"Because the foreman is the most vital link in the chain of production—the one that must stand the greatest strain—this shift from the old to the new industrial relationship cannot be achieved until the foreman is educated to understand the great change in the elements with which he is dealing. He is the real master of production, and industry cannot carry on and take its objectives until he is reconstructed and brought into harmony with the new viewpoint that all men of real vision recognize.

"As a matter of fact, this movement is about the highest possible recognition of the foreman's importance to industry. The employer whose foremen are not up on their jobs in the matter of human relations as well as shop equipment and methods is in no position to keep up with the procession in these days of radical reconstruction. Therefore the foreman problem is uppermost in the minds of all large employers and all engineers of production. And it will continue to be until it has been much more generally solved than at present. We do not claim that the work of the Industrial Association has solved it, but we do feel that it has made mighty encouraging progress in that direction."

The country-wide interest which the work of the Cleveland Industrial Association has already roused has virtually compelled consideration of its nationalization. This fact is highly significant and is one of the most cheering proofs that industry as a whole is beginning to appreciate as never before the need of developing the possibilities of the foremen to their full.

"Talk about achievement," declares ex-President Woodward, "is always much more convincing than conversation about plans. In fact the only consideration which makes me at all willing to discuss the possibilities of the nationalization of the association is the fact that a nation-wide knowledge that this work is in process will be of immense help in forwarding that work and hastening the day when the benefits which we have realized from the association in Cleveland will be available to foremen, workers and employers in every part of the country.

"Then, too, it should be remembered that this Industrial Association idea, with the foremen as a pivot, has been tried out for three years in this city and represents the shoulder-to-shoulder work of more than five hundred employers and more than two thousand foremen and other supervisors of work who naturally belong to the foreman class.

"Just to indicate how strongly all concerned are taking hold of this work let me cite the fact that the average attendance at the weekly meetings of the forum for the past thirty-six weeks has been one thousand men to the session. The enrollment in our special classes of study has averaged one thousand."

Plans for the Future

"Of course the actual test of the practical value of all this work is shown in the shops where these foremen and supervisors are employed.

"These shop results cannot be stated in figures, but there is not a single employer concerned in this work of educating the foreman up to his job who could be induced to withdraw from the association or who is not enthusiastic as to the direct results of the work on production.

"As consistent teamwork is the very foundation principle of the association, this principle should be adhered to in extending the association to other cities and manufacturing centers. These industrial communities to which the association is extended should hold the work to the lines which have been proved practical through actual demonstration here, and should be so conducted as to secure consistent coöperation all along the line.

"There are approximately a hundred thousand foremen employed in plants machining iron and steel—plants which are on a basis of quantity production. These will undoubtedly be the first to be included in our extension movement.

"A part of this nationalization movement should undoubtedly be a magazine, under the editorial control of these associations. The appeal of this magazine would be especially to foremen and all others having direct supervision of work and workers. The fundamental purpose of the magazine would be to promote sound thinking on all subjects vitally related to production. In other words, the magazine should not be held to the one subject of industrial relations.

"A bureau of industrial research will undoubtedly play an important part in furnishing the magazine with information and findings of an extremely valuable sort. If you choose to put it that way, the magazine should be an expression of the best collective thinking and experience in industry to-day.

"The economic necessity for profitable production is inevitably the inspiration of this entire movement. That necessity is just as urgent for the employee as for the employer, and the man to interpret that idea to the worker is the foreman. If he

(Concluded on Page 111)

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When you need raisins, why not use this plump, tender, meaty, juicy kind, since SUN-MAIDS cost no more than others and you can get them at all stores?

SUN-MAIDS come in three varieties for home use: Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*; Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*; Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*.

SUN-MAID Raisins are highly nutritious, containing 1560 units of energizing nourishment per pound.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to serve.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Don't say merely "raisins"
—say "SUN-MAID."

(Concluded from Page 108)

fails to put it across it is almost a moral certainty that no one else will be able to do so. When you refer to the foreman as the top sergeant of industry you use a comparison that is almost perfect. Military experience has taught us that the morale of an army is largely in the hands of its sergeants. The sergeant comes into close and intimate contact with the men and is the medium by which they are reached with instruction, with discipline and with inspiration. He is the buffer block between the men and their officers.

"Ask any of the boys who saw service on the other side, and you will get the answer that the company with a poor top sergeant was out of luck no matter how capable its lieutenants or its captain. So it is with a shop that has a poor foreman or one who is anything short of first-class as a human being, an executive and a technical classman. He must be up to the modern standard in all these qualifications or the morale and the production of that shop will suffer.

"As I see it, the industrial and economic future of this country is going to be determined by the thinking done by the great body of employees. If that thinking is sound it will be well with us; if it is decidedly unsound we shall have about as big a bagful of trouble as any country that could be named.

"A long and intimate contact with workers has given me an unhesitating confidence in their reactions to fair and intelligent treatment. The radicals have been able to make the headway which they have scored in many parts of the country for the simple reason that employers have had so little confidence in the moral and intellectual integrity of the average worker.

"In other words, the average worker has the intelligence and the decency to respond to sound statements of fact and sound argument. Thousands of such men have been recruited by the radicals simply because the specious arguments and the falsehoods of the red propagandists have not been met by employers and by those who hold with them. These employers have not thought it worth while to offer sound argument and logical statements of fact to the workers. This has been their big mistake. And they have made it because they have not been close enough to their own men to understand their feelings and their habits of thought.

"Our big job is to educate the workers, to stimulate them to do more thinking and to do it on the basis of a broader and more accurate knowledge of the facts and of the fundamental principles of business economics. The place to begin that education is with the foreman. From him it will naturally percolate to the worker. Certainly it will do so if he is a real foreman in the modern sense of the term. And if he isn't he should be made so or displaced."

Education That Pays

"In all the work with foremen in the Industrial Association's classes and discussions we put strong pressure on the point of stimulating thought on the part of workers. And about the best way to do this is to give the worker credit for a capacity to think. The foremen who meet in the association gatherings are virtually of one voice in declarng that they can do more to rouse and inspire a worker by asking: 'What do you think about this?' than by any other means. It is a compliment to the intelligence of the worker to which he reacts instantly. This has been tried out literally thousands of times by our foremen members—it is an established practice on their part—and they report that it seldom fails to bring out the best in the man to whom the question is put.

"Of course the shrewd foreman will not fail to follow up the answer to his question by information which will make it clear that he did not ask the question because he did not himself know its right answer. On the other hand, many a foreman has secured workable information by asking this question. But most important of all is the attitude implied by the question – the direct acknowledgment that the foreman, as the direct representative of the management, has respect for the opinion of the worker. This attitude carries conviction. If the foreman should begin asking it purely as a matter of policy the replies which he will get from the more intelligent shopmen will soon cure him of that conceit. He will quickly discover that men have ideas about their work to which a foreman may listen with profit."

Alexander C. Brown, the new president of the Industrial Association, declares:

"Mr. Woodward has covered the ground; my job is to carry on the big work which he began. It is almost impossible to overstate the industrial importance of the foreman."

Any employer or executive who is roused to the conviction that the foreman is the key to greater and more dependable production and that he should do more for the development of his foremen is likely to ask the questions: What will be the attitude of our foremen toward this educational drive, and what is the best way to rouse their interest, coöperation and enthusiasm? If I were pressed for an answer to these questions I would relate the story of the recent experience of the International Harvester Company in respect to this problem. As this great industrial corporation has about twenty-five hundred foremen in its employ it certainly has a wide field for foreman study and experience. About one thousand of these foremen are in Chicago. This fact affords a rare opportunity for observing what the psychologists would probably term mass foreman action.

One of the most impressive meetings I ever attended was accidental so far as my presence was concerned. I had been delegated by a commercial association to ask the late Judge Post, vice president of the harvester company, to address its members.

An inquiry at his office brought this response: "About the only way you can get in touch with him is to go out to McCormick Works, where he is holding a session with the foremen. Walk right into the meeting in the assembly hall, and then wait until you can get a chance at him."

Judge Post on the Carpet

These directions were followed, and I was astonished at the character of the meeting. More than two hundred foremen were listening to an intimate statement by Judge Post of the history of the harvester company. At that time no announcement had been made that the company was about to spring its great employee stock-ownership project; but it was instantly apparent to the unsuspected visitor from the outside that something big was in the wind.

When the official representative of the company had concluded his statement the foreman presiding over the meeting said: "If any man here has any question to ask now is the time for him to get it off his chest. Judge Post says that you may hop to it as hard as you like. You know how necessary it is for every one of us to understand this whole thing and be able to explain it to the men. He doesn't want you to hold back from any false sense of delicacy, and he agrees to give every man a straight-from-the-shoulder answer to any question that he is able to answer."

Instantly a foreman was on his feet and fired a leading question that would have done credit to a government attorney on a cross-examination in a trial to convict the harvester company of combination in restraint of trade. I waited to witness a masterly maneuver in side-stepping, for I knew that Judge Post was a remarkably able man and well qualified to cope with almost any situation of this sort.

But the side step was not executed! Instead came a statement of the utmost frankness, and one which was specific to the point of detail.

Then, from another part of the house, another foreman took a shot at a certain feature of harvester financiering which had been the subject of legal contest in times past. Instantly Judge Post came back with a concise statement of the whole subject—one which evidently met any suspicions the foreman who had put the question may have cherished. Anyhow the man sat down with a comment: "Well, that clears up something that a good many of us have wondered about."

And so the barrage of questions continued until every foreman present was apparently satisfied. There was no dodging, no soft-pedal work on the part of the high official of the company who had voluntarily placed himself and the corporation on the carpet for a grilling by the assembled foremen.

At once I started out to learn what had been done for these foremen, what special facilities for development had been placed at their disposal. Naturally I was not surprised to discover that there was a consistent and carefully organized plan of education behind their remarkable development.

The story of the origin and evolution of that plan is one to challenge the enthusiasm of every progressive employer of labor.

When the problem of providing better means for the higher development of foreman came up in a meeting of the higher officials of the company having a direct responsibility for production, the director of industrial relations said substantially this: "The intimation that the foremen want something in the way of an improvement course has come from them. This company has never had much faith in superimposed schemes of any sort. Why not pass the whole thing on to the foremen, find out what they want, and then simply do our part in providing them with the means for working out the thing which they want?"

This suggestion was strictly in line with company policy and was adopted. It was arranged to have a committee of one foreman from each plant meet and formulate preliminary plans. They concluded that they would like to give the enterprise a good send-off by having a fish dinner for harvester men only and have a recognized leader of industry who had once been a foreman talk to them.

The dinner was declared to be a whirlwind. It was addressed by Charles R. Hook, vice president of the American Rolling Mill Company. A secretary especially equipped for this work was drafted from one of the plants and further questionnaires were sent out to get the widest possible consensus of opinion as to what should be included in this menu of mental nourishment for foremen.

Even the members of the works council of each plant—representatives of the body of workers not in supervisory positions—were consulted as to their ideas of what foremen might do to secure greater production and stronger coöperation from the workers. The result was the making by foremen of a foremen's development course. Probably there is not another course like it anywhere.

"We think this is a big thing," the officers of the company told them, "and that it's worth doing in a big way. You tell us what you want; we'll undertake to get it for you."

They came back with the requisition: "We want the best men in the harvester organization to give us some talks that will be right down to brass tacks. For one thing, we want President McCormick to talk to us about what he thinks foremen should be to everybody concerned."

Remarkable Results

"It is also our notion that we can get more out of these talks if they are all reduced to black and white and a skeleton furnished us of the high spots to be touched on before they are delivered. Then a shorthand report of the most important lectures should be made for careful study.

"So far as we can see we would like to make a fifty-fifty split between economic and technical subjects. In other words, we feel that a foreman of to-day who is really up on his toes must post himself on the principles of business as well as on the technic of production."

The foremen's course, which started about a year ago, was conducted along these lines and began with an enrollment of eight hundred and forty-eight. To-day about eleven hundred and fifty foremen are taking the course. As an indication of the foreman interest that this course inspired it should be mentioned that more than ninety-four per cent of those who signed up for the course stuck to it to the end.

The executive officers of the corporation who were drafted by the foremen as their instructors met the situation with a loyalty and interest equal to those displayed by the foremen themselves. There were no failures or fall-downs on the part of the officers who were requested by the foreman organization to give them the benefit of their experience. Each official on the instructor course delivered fourteen talks in a period of ten days.

According to officials of the company the reaction from this foremen's course was not only immediately apparent but far beyond their expectations. The results in the improvement of foremanship technic were conspicuous. This was particularly true in selling the most important general executive policies of the company to the supervisory force. To use the expression of one foreman: "We got the slant of the men who made the policies, and got it so well fixed in our minds that we were able to put it across to the men in our shops."

One development of this homemade foremen's course has been a systematic exchange of visits between the foremen of the various plants—followed by open discussion held to the lines of constructive criticism and practical recommendations. Commenting on this feature of the course an official of the company remarks: "One single recommendation developed by this exchange of foremen's visits has literally paid for the whole course."

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,

Of The Saturday Evening Post, published weekly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for October 1, 1920.

State of Pennsylvania } ss
County of Philadelphia }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared George H. Lorimer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Name of — Post Office Address

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Editor, George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Managing Editor, None
Business Manager, P. S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)

Edward W. Bok, Merion, Pennsylvania
William Boyd, Touraine Apartments, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Philip S. Collins, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Estate Louisa Knapp Curtis, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
John Grigg, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
Edward W. Hazen, Hartford, Connecticut
Chauncey T. Lamb, Riverdale, Illinois
George H. Lorimer, Wyncote, Pennsylvania
C. H. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Ethel S. Ludington, Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Fredrik F. Mayer, Farmer's Loan and Trust Company, New York
E. W. Spaulding, Ridgewood, New Jersey
Public Ledger Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

The Curtis Publishing Company,
George H. Lorimer, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1920.

(SEAL) W. C. Turner,
Notary Public.
(My commission expires April 1, 1923)

Note.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification, Washington, D. C.) and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

The Giant Man of Manchester

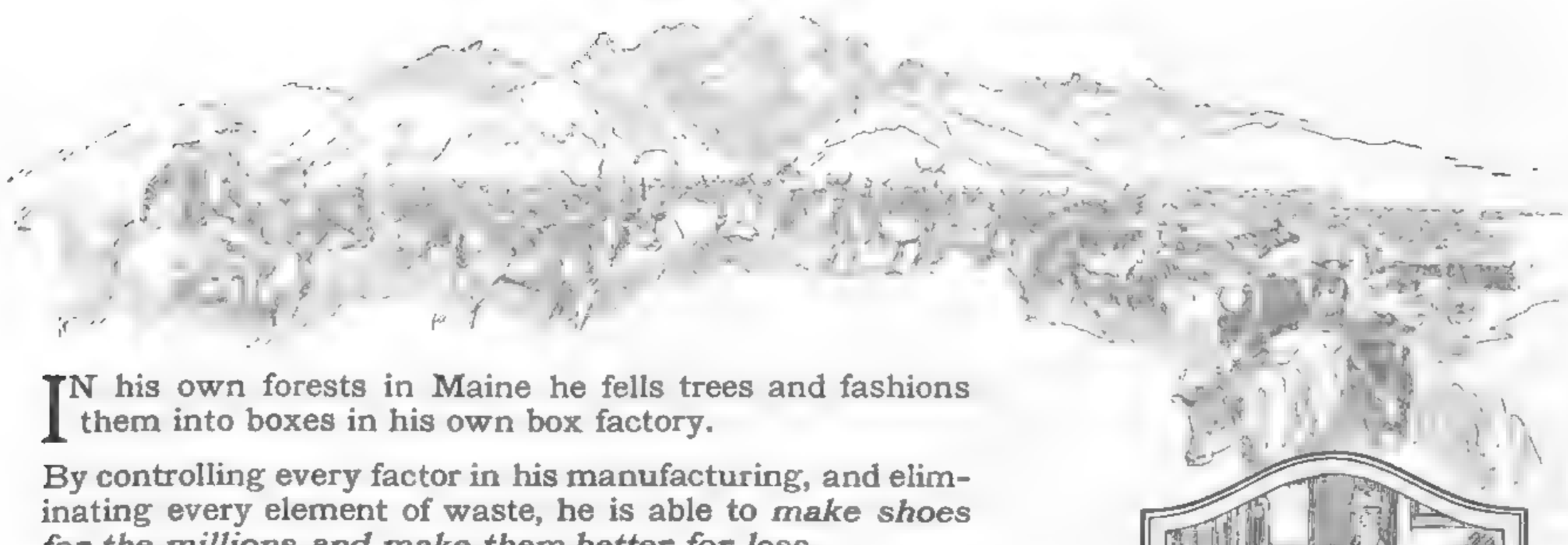
IN Manchester, New Hampshire, a giant shoemaker works. His strength is the strength of seven thousand men and women workers.

To make sure of the best at the lowest price he has his buyers of hides in the markets of three continents.

In Merrimack and Manchester he owns and operates great tanneries where his choicest leathers are produced.

McELWAIN

TRADE MARK



IN his own forests in Maine he fells trees and fashions them into boxes in his own box factory.

By controlling every factor in his manufacturing, and eliminating every element of waste, he is able to *make shoes for the millions and make them better for less.*

Until recent years few men have heard the name of this giant shoemaker. Thirty thousand men and boys each day have bought his shoes, simply by asking shoe dealers for "the best shoes you have at a medium price."

So year by year the giant has grown, each pair of shoes that was sold making possible a little added measure of economy and skill.

Your shoe dealer may not carry his shoes; but every shoe dealer will tell you that they are good. And the 25,000 leading independent shoe merchants who do carry them are proud of the distinction, proud to point to the name on the sole.

You can buy McElwain Shoes at 25,000 leading independent shoe merchants' throughout the country.

Send to us for the booklet "How to Make Your Shoes Last." It will help you to make a definite reduction in your shoe bills; and it is free. A card will bring it to you.

W. H. McElwain Company, 356 Congress St., Boston 3, Mass.

In less than a week McElwain could make a pair of shoes for every traveling salesman in the United States.

MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOES
FOR DRESS AND EVERYDAY WEAR

Little boys like this good looking, sturdy wearing Black Gun Metal Boot.

Exceptional style distinguishes this Men's Boot of Brown or Black Gun Metal. Goodyear welt construction with leather or "Light Tread" rubber heels.

This rugged shoe for all-round wear for men is a Black Gun Metal Blucher of Goodyear welt construction.

SHOES

V FOR VIPER

(Continued from Page 13)

"All I said was that I was not opposed to marriage as an institution, and in answer to a question I denied that working girls were less attractive than society girls."

He paused with a thoughtful look and said: "I guess I won't come up to this headquarters any more. It is a center of bad news. By the way, that pretty little girl reporter who talked to me about it—she was a friend of Lew Vaughn's."

"Well, of course you'll deny this interview. That will be a way to show up the campaign of vilification being conducted against you!"

"By George, you're right! The thing has gone too far! They'll hear from me!"

The next day the Democrat came out with a most offensive article headed: "Dominick Driven to Retraction Denies that He Made Bid for Labor Vote by Promise to Marry Working Girl."

Little by little Elmer discovered what he was. He was a liar. He was an oppressor of the poor. He was a host of gay parties where the wine flowed red. He was a bachelor because of a mysterious reason that had to do with some unknown woman's threat to sue him for breach of promise. He was a rich man's candidate and a stockholder in predatory corporations. The profits of his machinery plant were shown to be some terrible per cent of which Elmer had never heard. He had once taken a trip to Germany and it was rumored that he had opposed the war. He denied this by showing that nothing but pleading upon the part of the Government had prevented him from joining a Treat-'Em-Rough regiment as a private. Then he was exposed as a militarist. He criticized the sedition bills passed by the legislature and the home-defense organization called him a Bolshevik. He wrote a letter to the chief of police condemning a mob that had gathered one Saturday night on Front Street, and the radicals called him a Prussian autocrat.

"I know what's the matter," he said to Jenkins, the cashier of the bank, who had volunteered to be his campaign manager.

"What?" interrupted Annabel Swift, who was leaning out of her touring car with her polished nails reflecting the sunlight.

"I'm not a friend of Lew Vaughn," he said. "Everybody else in the world is!"

Annabel said, "Patience!" softly.

She had begun to believe he would lose the election, but she did not care. If he won it would always appear to him that it was a joint enterprise with her; if he lost he would turn to her for comfort. He had already begun to hold her hand whenever she willed him to do it. She was like the corporations; they played the result both ways.

The corporations forbidden to contribute to campaign funds began to loosen up, as the expression goes. Elmer knew that he had their support. It was a great secret, of course. They had sent word to him that contributions through certain individuals would be forthcoming because there was faith that he, being a business man, would appreciate the difficulties suffered by legitimate business. He took great satisfaction in replying that no one would be allowed to contribute more than five hundred dollars to his campaign. Jenkins told him that this did not mean anything, since there were plenty of ways to make a large contribution come in five-hundred-dollar lots. "That statement of yours will be regarded as pure bunk by the wise ones," said Jenkins. But it gave him a solid feeling to know that the business interests were behind him. It enlightened him when he found out later that nearly all were contributing also to Lew Vaughn's campaign fund.

The days that followed not only added to his conviction that he himself was not so worthy as he had believed but that the rest of the world was even less worthy than he. Little by little, "idealism" became a hideous term. All the idealists and reformers and the holy rollers, as Lew Vaughn called them, gathered round Elmer, and he gradually learned to know them.

"Your backing is so respectable!" said Annabel Swift.

Dominick grinned dryly. "They are the idealists," he answered. "And personally I'd rather have the support of the burglars. Mind you!" he went on. "All my life I've believed that I myself was an idealist. But I've found out that ideal idealists are rare birds. The great majority are like Zenas Cross; he wants something he can't define, and when he talks about it he always looks frightened, as if he were afraid someone would ask him to give a few cold hard facts. Or they are like Elizabeth Rippensole, who helped to get women the vote here; their idealism won't blossom under anything but the calcium light of publicity. She's the one who resigned because her name wasn't on the stationery. Or they are like Beman Coldfatt; honest as the day is long and idealists through and through, but unless you favor some crank plank like the introduction of the metric system of weights and measures they won't play."

"Any others?"

"Yes, Annabel. There's the idealist who cries about the downtrodden not having a square deal but never gets round to paying the fifteen dollars he borrowed. And there's the idealist who thinks he was a pioneer of idealism and believes that I have stolen his shoes right from under him. Somehow, my dear girl, a right large proportion of them have arrived at idealism through being sore. And they are all so quarrelsome among themselves, and they won't stay put like ward politicians, and so many of them knife you and break promises with the sweet hymns of idealism on their lips! I would not like to be quoted, and of course it is impossible, but it would be a relief to be dealing with some good hard-boiled dependable crooks who stay put and keep their word and aren't jealous and have their ego tied in its stable and hate to see their names in the newspapers and know that oratory is a kind of chloroform."

"You shock me, Elmer."

"I shock myself," he said. "I shock Aunt Mary. I shock you. And I'd like to shock everybody. Between Lew Vaughn, and the citizens who wish me well and are going to vote for Lew, and my friends, idealists and managers, and the publicity men who are selling me to the people—they've got me on the run. You know what I'd like to do?"

"No."

"By George, I'd like to buy the election and then dare 'em to put me in jail for it! I tell you, dear, a man who starts out as an amateur in this game either continues to be pure and feels like a silly sheep or else becomes corrupted and feels like a great big shaggy successful wolf."

"Oh, Elmer!" she exclaimed. "I love to hear you talk fiercely! But you must promise me that you will do nothing to smirch your good name. And I think it is very unwise to spend too much money. I thought this was to be called an economy campaign."

"My foot!" exclaimed Elmer humanly. He paused and added: "An economy campaign is one that gets no contributions from anybody but the candidate."

Annabel leaned back against the cushions of Dominick's cruising motor boat and spread her nice arms along the rail.

"You're very beautiful," he said with a sense of comfort in her presence.

He had felt a thrill or two about her. She always talked to him as if he were a statesman. She looked at him with admiring eyes. She always appeared to be offering refuge from the jostlings and bumps of this accursed new political experience. Others who talked to him as if he were not going to be elected talked to him as one boob to another; Annabel talked to him as if he were a martyr getting ripe and ready to fall. Her outspread skirt would catch him before he reached the cold hard ground. It is easy to be a bachelor when everyone wants you; not so easy when you feel that nobody would. Furthermore, having taken the risks of politics, the risks of love look less.

At this point, about a month before the election, Col. William Wilkinson See came to Port Jackson.

The colonel was from Pennsylvania. He had led a hard red-nosed life in the oil fields. His eye was gray by day and green by night and looked out from under a rich and tangled white eyebrow. His nose was beaked; his lips were thin as if from practice in saying nothing. He was Elmer's great-uncle and had reached eighty and had never before visited Elmer for more than a few hours. He had seen life through, and he saw through Annabel Swift. Whenever she trailed her perfume near him his hawk nose almost turned up into a retroussé.

After his lean, tall, angular personality had visited the Dominick home for a week he said to Elmer: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Elmer knew that he meant the election.

"I shall present issues that the people want—that will make them think."

"Poppycock!" said Colonel See. "The people don't care a dime for issues. They want action, personality and personalities; something lively, entertaining, full of pepper. They hate to think."

"The women think," said Elmer. "And in this election they'll be voting! They want to protect the home."

"Women? You're thinking of that Swift girl," snarled the colonel. "I've been here eight days and said nothing. I've had my eyes and ears open and my mouth shut. You puppies in politics think elections are a matter of emotions. They're not; it's mathematics. And as things stand to-day you're beaten to a custard."

"What would you do?"

Elmer asked because Colonel See was the kind of man who had always known what to do in bad weather and almost never gave advice. If he ever passed out any counsel it was made of one-hundred-per-cent conviction.

Now he threw his cigar out on the lawn and watched it until the blue curl of smoke had ceased to rise. He gazed out over Lake Erie and turned up his old nose when he saw Annabel's queenly approach along the driveway.

"I'd send for Jack," he said. "That's what I'd do."

"Who is Jack?"

"Jack? Well, Jack is a New Yorker. There's somebody who knows the game! Jack treats 'em rough. Jack's advice is all right; it ought to be right. Jack has been taught by a good man. Jack could be made a comfort to friends and a barbed-wire entanglement for enemies.

(Continued on Page 117)

He Had Seen Life Through, and He Saw Through Annabel Swift

Standing at his desk in the offices of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, N. Y., Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz has evolved the solution of the most important achievement of the day in the world of electrical engineering.

Photograph Copyright by Bland and Stiller

How the world's highest salaried engineer gets his relaxation

In order to give this famous scientist his needed moments of rest, the rules of a great company have been set aside

BRIGHTLY lighted streets and houses—swift elevators—fast-moving cars—these modern marvels of science are possible only because of one tireless brain. It is the ceaseless work of Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz that is the real basis of many of the greatest electrical inventions of our day.

Today he is known as one of the few "hundred thousand dollar" men of America. For years he has been chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company

And he alone among the 60,000 workers in this great firm is allowed to smoke.

His long thin cigars are almost as famous as his Law of Magnetism. They represent his method of making hours of work and *moments* of rest count to the full.

All the world's leaders—all the men and women who have accomplished the most have had this same faculty. They have known the value of alternating work with *brief* moments of relaxation. It is only this *frequent momentary recreation* that has saved them from breaking down under the strain of their efforts.

In order to gain these vital moments of relaxation, Foch discussed theories of science while battles raged. A famous surgeon frequently reads a passage from Mark Twain with his waiting-room filled with patients. One of America's greatest scientific workers stops his work from time to time to play a tune on an organ. Roosevelt used to pause to read jingles.

It is remarkable how many different things and what simple things will help us gain this *momentary* relaxation.

We have all noticed, for instance, that just the ordinary act of washing the hands often relaxes and rests us surprisingly.

Make your brief moments of rest really refreshing

TODAY there is a new way—a simple inexpensive luxury that makes this commonplace, pleasant act of washing twice as refreshing. With Jergens Violet Soap you can make the bathing of your hands and face a real *momentary relaxation*. Notice the delightful feeling of fragrant cleanliness that this simple act gives you—how smooth and cool it leaves your skin.

This crystal clean soap contains an ingredient that soothes and refreshes. The living fragrance of violets is released the moment the cake touches the water.

Whenever work leaves you fatigued or nervous—in the middle of a busy morning or afternoon, or at the end of a trying day—use Jergens Violet Soap. The same unusual properties that make it refreshing when you are tired are just as delightful for general use. It gives the mere bathing of the hands and face a new value—makes it a new pleasure.

You can get Jergens Violet Soap wherever soap is sold—15 cents a cake.

Send 6 cents for a guest-size cake

Send us 6 cents and we will mail you at once a small cake of this delightful soap. Write today to The Andrew Jergens Company, 658 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Limited, 658 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

JERGENS VIOLET SOAP

TRANSPARENT

NINTH OF A SERIES OF TIMELY DISCUSSIONS OF MOTOR CAR VALUES

A New Car Each Year

is an exploded theory, as evidenced by the Renewed Marmon 34

TIME was when men who held the cherished reputation of being motor-wise were wont to trade in their cars annually and buy new ones.

This was particularly noticeable a few years ago when styles changed constantly and technical design was immature. Men sought to safeguard their investments by frequent purchasing.

Such men are scarce now. There has come about a complete change of attitude. Men are looking for cars to keep—an ancient promise now a present actuality.

The Marmon 34 has done much to focus men's minds upon Stabilized Design and Advanced Engineering—two principles introduced in 1915 by Nordyke & Marmon Company and which have had a significant effect.

Instead of a new car

THE change of attitude has become so pronounced and the acceptance of Marmon principles so general that the demand for Marmons of the 34 Series has tripled and quadrupled.

And the demand for new Marmons has been so great that these anxious men, in their insistence upon becoming Marmon owners, have been the inspiration for an entirely new development and subsequent revision of motor values.

The Renewed Marmon 34 came to market nearly a year ago as an innovation—advertised and sold in a new manner, in competition with new cars of like price.

This affords a man the opportunity to own a like-new Marmon at a considerable saving.

Before you buy

THROUGH a co-operative plan, conceived by Marmon Executives and authorized Marmon Distributors, a splendid system of renewal has been developed and put into practice.

You may now obtain from any Authorized Marmon Distributor a Renewed Marmon 34 bearing our Certificate of Renewal. This insures you a car of unmatchable satisfaction—a car of Stabilized Design—a car noted for mileage economy—a car of beauty and comfort—a car, in toto, that is supreme in every comparison made between it and a new car of like price.

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(Continued from Page 114)

You needn't let it be known that you're taking on out-of-town advice."

"How'd you know—this Jack?"

"Never mind!" growled the colonel. "If you want an adviser get Jack. Jack will stop you from doing anything foolish, and you'll want to do a lot of foolish things."

He wrote on one of his cards "J. V. Bronson," and the address. "I'll speak about you to Jack," he said.

"What does the V stand for?" asked Elmer.

"V?" replied old See. "Maybe it stands for Viper!"

Elmer after consultation with Annabel sent a telegram to Bronson. Little did Miss Swift know what she was doing when she gave her approval. She had said, "Well, Elmer, perhaps he might provide some element that is lacking in our campaign. What is the word?"

"Practical?"

"Yes—practical element."

The reply to Dominick's telegram was brief; it said: "Arrive to-morrow. Western Express. Due midnight. Meet me. Bronson."

"Rather a commanding personality," suggested Elmer, but he went to meet the train.

It was a bitter rainy autumn night; the wind from the lake whistled through the trainshed in Union Depot and drove Elmer into the stuffy waiting room, where he pulled out a bundle of correspondence from his headquarters. All the letters were addressed "Honorable Elmer Dominick." The term "Honorable" always attends the disgrace of the thing. Elmer almost laughed aloud. Heretofore he had always been Mr. Dominick. Now he had become Senator, Honorable or plain Elmer. The office boy at headquarters called him Elmer. That is the fashion of democratic people engaged in politics; the adherents of a man like to call him Bill or Jimmy to his face, but when talking about him behind his back they always say, "Well, I'm very close to the senator." Letters are addressed to Honorable So-and-So. It is the fashion, regardless of the fact.

He had read several of the communications. Most of them contained the expressions "If I could sit down with you for a long quiet talk" and "Please regard this as confidential" and "If a little money could be spent" and "You would be pleased at the work I have done" and "You understand I want nothing but of course if ——" and "Some of those who are advising you are treacherous friends, I fear." Elmer sighed and then, startled by the roar of Number Five, he hurried to the platform.

The Western Express panted under the trainshed. A truck with supplies rolled up to the dining car and there was the clatter of boxes of produce. The conductor and brakeman threw New York newspapers to the station master. But no male passenger got off the train!

Elmer's heart sank. He had unconsciously begun to feel that Bronson could get him out of his scrape, and to have Jack fail him contained a curious bitterness. The Western Express had rolled out and left nobody under the trainshed except a young girl with a black dress suitcase, a short outing skirt and a turned-up nose.

Elmer looked at her and she looked at Elmer. She was small, quick of motion, bright blue of eye. She smiled and Elmer smiled.

"Was this the New York train?" he said.

"Are you the senator?" she asked.

"Yes."

She began to laugh. Looking at him not rudely but from head to foot, she giggled.

"What are you laughing at?" he inquired.

"I'm laughing at you," she replied.

"How did you know who I am?" he asked suspiciously. "You're not another lady reporter, are you?"

"No; I'm Jack."

She had a snap about her. Her eyes snapped. Her even white teeth appeared to snap together over her words.

"Jack!" he gasped. "Why, you're a girl!"

"Yes," she said. "I'm Jacqueline Bronson. I'm Jack."

"I'm darned!" said Elmer. "This won't do."

She held out her small gloved hand.

"Oh, you'll get used to me," she said. "Maybe you're one of those men who don't believe a woman knows politics."

"I don't say I am against women having the vote," he countered. He looked round apprehensively. Then he said, "But really Miss Jack—er—Bronson, I—er—it wouldn't do for me to have a woman supplant my manager. Somehow or other there is already a kind of—er—a feminine atmosphere—a tea-table atmosphere to my candidacy. I fear ——"

"—— that fun would be made of you," she put in briskly. "No doubt—if it were known. Keep it dark! That's what we want—you and I—incognito stuff—deep business!"

"I'll have to introduce you ——" he began in his bewilderment.

"Certainly."

"As what?"

"As your trained nurse."

"Great Scott! I'm not sick."

She looked him all over judicially.

"I think you'd better be ill ill in bed. It's better than a porch campaign. It has all the dignity of one and is even more secretive."

The devil never provided greater temptation. It swept down upon him, holding forth comfort, rest, escape from responsibility, from speech making and from attacks. It promised sympathy and a restoration of respectability. Nothing is more respectable than illness! Three weeks in bed!

"But there must be a doctor," he said, taking her luggage.

"I arranged for that," she replied calmly. "I spoke to a New York specialist. He talked with Colonel See and I've a written opinion in my brief case that you must have a siege in bed."

"I never heard of such a thing!" gasped Elmer.

"It's an old custom of statesmen in China. Regular custom abroad. It's old as the hills, and a good rule. When in a tight place go to bed."

Elmer went home and went to bed. He stayed there.

The next noon Jack brought his luncheon on a tray. She was not a pretty girl. She was not even capable of dazzling moments, as was Annabel. She was brisk, bright-eyed, spoke incisively with a pleasant voice, and laughed merrily.

"I am a madman to get myself into this fix," Dominick told her, but he too laughed. "Who are you—coming like this out of nowhere?"

"I told you last night that you had Colonel See's opinion of me, and that more than that—is not to be discussed."

"Suppose I refuse to go on with you?"

For a moment her eyelids narrowed. She said, however, sweetly, "How can you help it? You needn't take any advice I give you, senator, but speaking in political terms, if you double-cross me now, consider how easy it would be for me to crush you."

"Would you?"

"Certainly."

"You're not another friend of Lew Vaughn's?" he asked flippantly, but not without a trace of apprehension on his face.

Jack only laughed.

She said, "By the way, the papers this evening will both carry the story of your illness. Your interview is short. It says: 'I am suffering from a temporary difficulty.' Of course that refers to your candidacy. It says: 'But no matter what my condition may be I will appear before the people during this campaign at least once, and will then and there make a certain exposure that will drive a certain man from public life.'"

"I gave no interview," he protested. "I have no proof to support a serious charge against Vaughn. Who gave out such an interview?"

She dropped two lumps into the chocolate that his Aunt Mary had prepared for him with her own hands. "Jack did," she said.

"But we can't do things like that!"

She regarded him indulgently, but in her eyes there was also that straight look of solid trustworthiness that made him remember that after all the wisest head he knew—that of old Colonel See—had recommended her.

"Few persons realize the first principle of politics," she told him. "And yet the big leaders of to-day all over the world use it as often as a hairbrush."

"What is it?"

She looked down idly at her white cuff.

"The public has a short memory," she replied.

"But I want to be straight about this," he protested. "My stars! I have some conscience left."

"Be easy," replied Jack. "If necessary I will find a way for you to make good your threat."

Of course Lew Vaughn replied to Dominick. He said that he defied Elmer to produce proofs that would reflect upon his record.

"And now what shall I say?" Elmer asked Miss Bronson.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Certainly not. The rule is a simple one: Start controversies every day but never engage in them."

Jack looked in the mirror to tap her brown hair here and there before she answered the puzzled expression on Elmer's face that sought an explanation.

"You are thinking, of course, that a reply will be expected. Well, use another rule! Never answer your opponent yourself. Always have your secretary answer him. Get him into a row with one of your inferiors."

"But the man has called me a liar and other things in this damnable statement of his. That requires a sharp denial."

Jack shook her finger at him. "Nonsense!" she said. "Even you ought to know better than that. In politics never deny anything! If your opponent calls you a coward do not deny that you are a coward. Just have your office boy call him a thief and a wife-beater."

Elmer wriggled with wicked delight.

"Nevertheless I do not want this campaign to become one of mudslinging," he argued. "I am supposed to be in politics to raise the standards."

She looked at him pityingly. She said: "That's the same old story. The man who can stand personalities better than his crooked opponent is always simple enough to want a violet-scented campaign."

"It's not that!" said Elmer. "I do not mean I am a kid-glove man."

He found himself trying to establish a place in Miss Bronson's own good opinion.

"It's not that!" he said. "I want to furnish some positive contribution to the voters. I want to lay out a good program and convince the people that it is good. I want to be elected because the people are behind me."

"I know the feeling," said Jack sympathetically. "The trouble is that ninety-nine out of a hundred candidates are not elected because the people are for 'em. It is because they are against the other fellow. We do not vote for candidates; we vote against candidates."

"Heavens! That's a cynical doctrine! You at least are not much of an idealist."

"A good idealist is one who tries to improve the world as he finds it," Jack replied, taking up her sewing and perching cross-legged in the window seat. "It's only the sentimental jackasses who try to deal with a world as they like to think the world is."

Elmer fell to thinking.

"The time to be a reformer is after you are elected," she said. "Then you can act and not talk. Right now the thing we need is strong stuff."

"It will lose the woman vote."

"I think you know very little about women," she said.

Dominick wondered why he had such faith. Yet he had it. She went out every day for several hours and never reported what she had done. She sent and received mysterious telegrams and did not take him into her confidence. She arranged his pillows before the reporters came in every afternoon and then hid herself. She got a city editor on from New York after she had induced Dominick to have the owners of the friendly paper, the Eagle, put the policy of the paper into his hands during the campaign.

"But, Miss Bronson!" Elmer protested. "Ever since your man went on the job the Eagle has roasted me almost as much as the Democrat and Ledger!"

"Of course!" she answered coolly. "Nothing like having the papers against you, provided they're all against you. Everybody in these days knows that the papers and the interests are one and the same. If the papers are all against you the people will begin to believe you are the People's Candidate after all."

He wondered, but stronger than all his doubts was some intuitive and perhaps foolish faith in this little bundle of energy and liveliness.

"Anyhow," he said to Annabel Swift, who came up on the third Thursday of his confinement and brought him flowers.

"Anyhow?" she repeated.

"We're licked. So what difference does it make?"

"Oh, Elmer!" she exclaimed. "It was so foolish to take Colonel See's advice. And here it is, only four days more. If you had only listened to me."

"You mean ——"

"Yes, about her—this nurse of yours."

"You are the only one who knows the secret, dear."

Annabel cast a glance at the sewing that Jack had left on the footboard of the bed.

"I wonder if you know all you ought to know," she said.

"About her?"

"Yes," said Annabel. "I think she is a hussy! How do you know that you haven't taken into your bosom ——"

He laughed.

"Oh, we are quite impersonal and cool," he said.

"Well, I meant the old saying about taking into your bosom ——"

"A viper?"

"Yes, Elmer," she finished hotly. "A viper!"

At the word "viper" the door opened and Miss Jacqueline V. Bronson came with tea. She smiled innocently and sweetly toward Annabel and said, "Oh, Miss Swift, I thought you were here. I made this especially for you."

"I don't care for it, thank you," said Annabel, and turning toward Elmer she went on: "As I was saying, I think the big rally Saturday night will turn the tide in our favor. It will mean everything to have a man like that come here to speak for you. Think of the fact that he has been a candidate of his party for President! He will carry the whole thing through for us."

"No," said the other girl sharply.

"No? What do you mean?" inquired Annabel with haughtiness.

"I shall telegraph him not to come," replied Miss Bronson.

"Not to come!" gasped Elmer.

"If I have my way—if you consent—I shall fix it so he does not come."

"Why?" exclaimed Miss Swift.

"Yes, why?" Elmer added.

"Because it is one of the commonest and most fatal errors in politics to have a big performer come and put his hand on a candidate's head and tell the people to vote for him. First of all, the big man makes the candidate look little. Secondly, the people don't want to be told how to vote. Mr. Dominick ought to be kept as the big figure in this election. If I have my way he will appear at the armory all alone—not another soul on the platform—a lone figure."

Elmer shuddered. "I'm not an orator," he said.

As for Annabel, she could stand it no longer. "This looks like pure treachery to me!" she blazed forth.

"Good!" said Jack calmly. "That's fine! I've known, Miss Swift, that you distrusted me. Well, I distrust you. If Mr. Dominick wants to believe that I am a viper, now is his chance. If he wants to fire his adviser I'll go. When he begins to reject my advice and take yours I'm through."

"Well, Elmer—tell Miss Bronson that you cannot think of changing the program for our big rally," said Annabel confidently.

"I can't tell her so, Annabel," replied Elmer after a long tense pause. "I'm going to take her advice."

Miss Swift shot up to her full height. "I suppose you know what this means, Elmer?" she asked icily.

He gazed at her with an expression of injury, anxiety and alarm.

"I bid you good-by," she said, and stalked out of the room.

"Will you have sugar in your tea?" asked Jack sweetly, turning her gaze from the closing door.

There was a long pause.

"Have you heard what went on in front of the City Hall this afternoon?" she asked.

"No," said Elmer.

"A large beautiful blond lady, never before seen in Port Jackson and attired in the most fashionable clothes, met Lew Vaughn as he was walking along with four of his friends. She spoke to him pleasantly and asked if she might ask him a question. About a hundred people saw that he was rather pleased with her looks and that he stepped aside to speak with her. After a word or two on each side the large blond lady of beautiful face and figure struck Lew Vaughn upon the point of the jaw and knocked him through the special-sale sign in front of Abraham Weil's clothing store."

(Concluded on Page 120)

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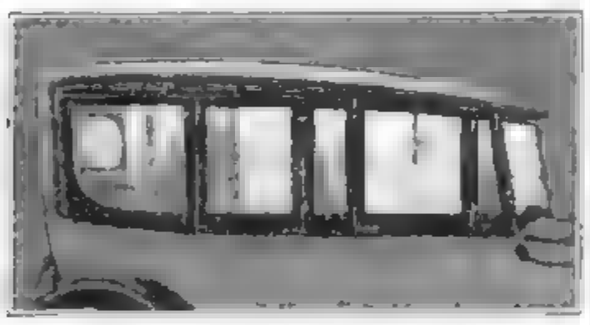
Don't think of laying up your car for winter. That's just when you and every member of your family need it the most and appreciate it best. Nor, on the other hand, don't hope that you might be able to "get by" with side curtains! What good are they in the teeth of wintry blizzards?

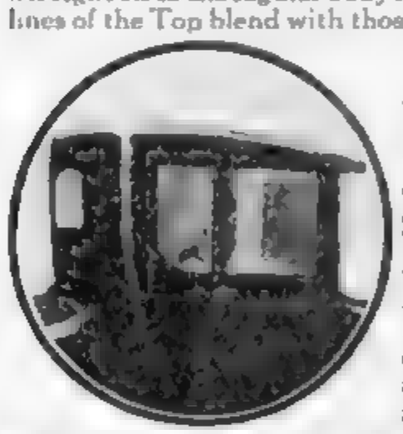
Make your car a real closed model for bad weather driving. Equip it with an Anchor Top.



Makes a Real Closed Car

This is the top that makes a sedan out of a touring car and a coupé out of a roadster.

Each make of car named here has an Anchor Top model designed specifically for it. The Top fits right on to the regular body irons. And the lines of the Top blend with those of the body.



Inside as well as out, an Anchor Top suggests the custom-made closed car. The fine whipcord upholstery and the attractive dome light are pleasing features.

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Model

Name

Address

(Concluded from Page 117)

"What then?"

"He got up, and she knocked him down again," she went on. "While his friends were picking him up and looking for the smelling salts the blond lady went down to take a train for New York. None of the police dared to arrest her without consulting Lew. All she would say to the reporters was that she was a stranger in Port Jackson and had been grossly insulted."

"My stars!" said Elmer. "Who do you suppose she was?"

"Oh, I know who she was," said Jack. "Her name is Olson. She is my masseuse in New York. She tried to go from Stockholm to Russia during the war to join the Battalion of Death. And she said she'd simply love to do this job for thirty dollars and expenses."

Elmer sank back. "This is outrageous, Miss Bronson!" he said. "I can't stand this kind of thing."

He buried his face in his pillow.

"What are you doing—crying?" she inquired. "Turn over." He turned over and let loose his laughter until it filled the room.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the girl. "And you the reform candidate!"

"I guess I'm gone beyond recall," he said, gasping. "Who are you anyway?"

She shook her head at him. "I'm Jack the Viper," she said.

Elmer, however, was sorely troubled. He spent all day Friday trying to make Miss Bronson see that not even winning an election would be a recompense for the concessions he was making to his pride.

"You don't approve of my methods?" she asked.

"No."

"Good!" said Jack. "Neither do I. I never told you I did. There is little to be said for them except I believe they will win. I've succeeded in changing you from a reform candidate to a candidate who looks like a man that the boys can rely upon as a good practical regular feller. I've succeeded in putting Lew Vaughn on the defensive. I've succeeded in making it appear that you are being unmercifully abused and that the interests are not with you but against you. I've succeeded in making it appear that you are a fighter temporarily at a disadvantage. There is only one thing to be said for these moves and these methods—they are better than those you were using. They are rougher but not so filled with hypocrisy. They are tougher but at least they do not try to catch votes by the respectable system of attempting to satisfy everybody. They are filled with claws but they are not pussyfoot methods. And if one is going to be a crook at all it's better to be a good full-blown entertaining sea-going crook than a feather-duster crook."

"You're right!" said Elmer.

"There is still another way," she said. "It hasn't been tried in American politics enough to notice it."

"What?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow night."

Elmer Dominick had prepared a speech for that occasion. It reviewed the things he wanted to do for Port Jackson and for the state. It denounced the omissions and commissions of the present state government. It had some flights of oratory. It was a conventional, dull, flowery specimen of mighty effort, cautiously phrased. Jenkins, who had managed his headquarters, read it and said it was a corker!

"How do you know there'll be anybody there to hear it?" asked Dominick in his room late on Saturday afternoon.

"They are waiting for the doors to open already, Mr. Dominick," said Jenkins. "While you've been in bed Lew Vaughn has worn everybody out. They all want to hear what you will have to say. Besides, we did a great trick. Instead of just opening the hall we sent out tickets, and the armory only holds four thousand."

"How many tickets are out?"

"Thirty thousand."

"Thirty thousand! Who gave such an order?"

"Why, you did, Mr. Dominick—through your nurse."

By eight o'clock the armory was full and the police had to be called out to keep the crowds back from interrupting traffic on Main Street. Elmer, who peeked out at the carpet of upturned faces on the armory floor, grew weak, white, and his knees knocked together.

He felt a hand on his elbow.

"It's Jack," said Miss Bronson. "How's your nerve?"

"Do you mean there is nobody but me to be on the platform?"

"Nobody."

"No chairman—no introduction?"

"None."

"My heavens, I can't just walk out and begin! I've forgotten what I am going to say. And when I remember any of the confounded speech it makes me sick!"

"Then why use it?" she asked. "Why not say what you would like to say, Elmer Dominick?"

"I'd like to tell 'em what I think."

"Go ahead! You say you don't care whether you lose or win. Tell 'em. Tell 'em with the bark on!"

Elmer looked straight into her eyes and she straight into Elmer's, and then and there some thought was exchanged without a word or a whisper.

He walked through the aperture in the brick wall of the armory to a platform the size of a prize-fighting ring, and roped like a prize-fighting ring. He stood for a moment like an animal at bay. Then a great roar greeted him and he leaped forward.

"I've got mighty little to say to-night," he shouted at them as the silence of death suddenly swept over them. "But you bet it will be interesting. The band has furnished you with all the frills. I had some but I've just thrown them away. I've been in bed for a good many days. I'll tell you why. I was sick of politics. I was green in politics, but not so green that I couldn't see all the bunkum. I saw it and I began to use it. Now I am through with it. You'll never hear any bunkum from me. If I make any promises they'll be promises I know I can keep. If I make any speeches I'll say what I believe, and if anybody doesn't like it they can go hang!"

The four thousand people swayed, gasped and began to cheer.

"Stop!" bellowed Elmer. "Cut out that noise! You don't have to make a noise over me. I've lived here a long time and you all know me and this is a straight talk between us. The reason I went into this fight was to put whatever skill I had at your service. I had been successful in business and I wanted another kind of success for myself. The truth of the matter is that I am no miracle worker. Vaughn says he is, and I say I'm not. I've talked about reducing the high cost of living in this state. I've thought it over and I guess there was a good deal of fake in what I said. All my friends have tried to tell you that I am a good deal of an idealist. I'm not any better than every nine out of ten of you sitting there. I make a lot of mistakes too. I'm not a better man than Vaughn except that I've thrown all my bunkum overboard and don't care whether I'm elected or not. Vaughn does, and that is why he has to get offices and political jobs for his workers. Thank God I'm not in his fix! There was a good deal of fake, too, about the money spent in my campaign. A good deal was spent. It was my own money and most of it went into useless advertising and paying a lot of political workers whose work was mostly pure waste. To the best of my knowledge none of it was spent corruptly."

He paused and then went on in a low, clear, penetrating voice.

"You came here to hear a speech and maybe you are disappointed. I'm not going to make one. You know by this time the things I want to do if elected. I won't promise to do any one of them. You know me and you know Vaughn. You know our records. If you want to vote for him go ahead. I don't care. The thing I forgot from the beginning was that this thing is your business. It certainly isn't mine. I ask for nothing. It's your business. Run it to suit yourselves!

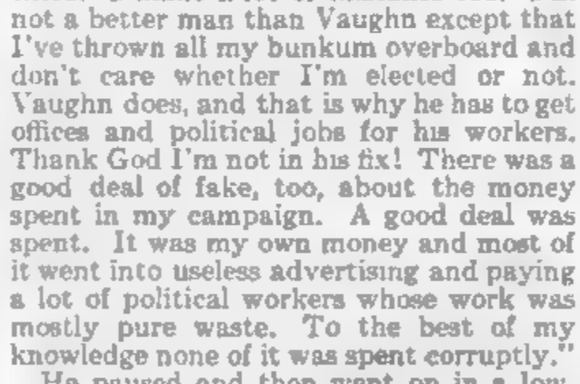
"And let me tell you this—all the roughneck or kid-glove fakers, all the frankly bad and hypocritically good fakers who are candidates, are harmless fakers compared to the fake of the voters who whine about the way things are run, when they know that if they really meant business they could have them run the way they wanted. Candidates may be fakers, but you voters are the biggest fakers of all!"

He walked toward the exit and turned and said incisively, "I wash my hands of the flimflam. It's up to you!"

The band, aghast, feebly struck up See the Conquering Hero, but Lew Vaughn, who was in the audience, said, "Well, boys, it's all over but the shouting. He's cooked his goose!"

Jacqueline Bronson was waiting for Elmer at the back door of the armory. Silently she took his hand in hers and squeezed it.

"I'm going out on my motor boat to stay until after Election Day," said Elmer. "We'll be at the moorings every evening and you can reach me there. Good night, Jack."



From the brass-railed cockpit of Dominick's motor boat Medusa, Elmer, on Tuesday night, saw the red fire that burned on Main Street. The engineer and the skipper had gone ashore; he was alone.

The sky was overcast, the night black and still. He could hear the shouts, the rumble of the trolley cars, the hoots of locomotives in the freight yards and the lapping of little waves round the boat's stern.

"Well, they've got the returns," said he.

When he heard the sound of oars he supposed the skipper was coming back with the news. The nose of the rowboat, however, which came up, was painted white. She was a stranger.

"Hello," said he.

"Hello, Elmer. I came to tell you."

"Hello, Jack. God bless your heart! Don't talk politics."

"All right. I won't."

"Well, just one thing," he said, helping her in. "Was I a fool to give it to them straight?"

"I was delighted!" she said. "That was you!"

"How do I stand with Jack Bronson? That's all I want to know."

"Fine!"

"Feel friendly toward me?"

"You bet I do!"

"Strong?"

"Strong!" she laughed.

"Well, I love you, Jack. Of course you know that."

"I wondered. How could you—I was a kind of—well—a dark horse. Where did you get your faith in me?"

"I dunno."

"Suppose I tell you—that I am ——"

"I don't care what you tell me."

He put his arms about her shoulders and she stood looking out across the lake; he turned her half round and would have kissed her if she had not kissed him first.

"You don't know who I am?" she said. "You don't know why I know about politics, do you?"

"Not a thing."

"You mean—you'd take me like that?"

"Sure—for always! I need a guardian, and you are she. I knew that from the time I met you in the station. The moment I met you I said to myself, 'The world is awful small, after all!'"

"You are willing to wait to know the thing you don't know about me?"

"Yes."

She put her arms round his neck.

"You're not crying, are you?" he asked.

"Luxuriously," she replied. "How could I know I'd ever love anybody like this!"

"Well, think of me. How could I know?"

She drew away suddenly and stood gazing toward the glow of the red fire rising between the buildings on Main Street, reflected on the water. The light illumined her face and a little smile appeared upon her lips.

"Perhaps he knew," she exclaimed. "Perhaps that's why he said that it wasn't the election he cared about most!"

"Who?"

"Colonel See. My father was his old partner. He's my guardian. He told me about everything I know."

"The dickens you say! He didn't like Miss Swift."

Jack began to laugh softly. "I'll bet she'll be mad."

"Annabel?"

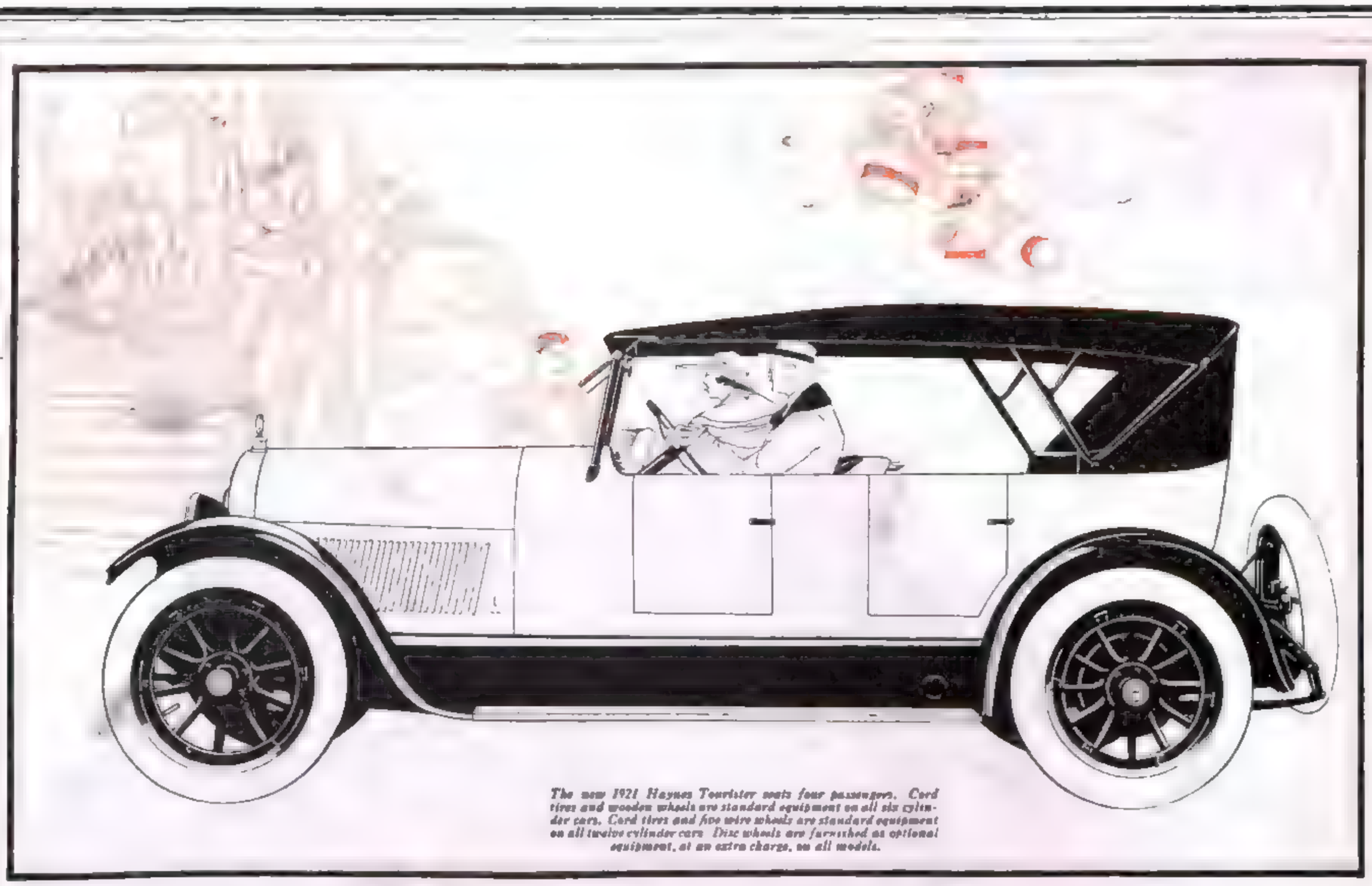
"Yes, when she hears that I ——"

She laughed again.

"When she hears that I got you ——"

"You did—you certainly did. That old rascal probably knew you would."

"Wait till I finish, please. Got you—elected."



The new 1921 Haynes Tourister seats four passengers. Cord tires and wooden wheels are standard equipment on all six cylinder cars. Cord tires and five wire wheels are standard equipment on all twelve cylinder cars. Disc wheels are furnished as optional equipment, at an extra charge, on all models.

THE NEW 1921 HAYNES TOURISTER

THIS beautiful car, in its new 1921 presentation, has more than won the admiring approval of motorists. Although it is cosy—an ideal four-passenger car—it has none of the inconvenience ordinarily associated with a car of its type. Its four doors give ease of entrance and exit from both front and rear seats. Heavily upholstered, its roomy seats invite its passengers to a comfortable ride.

The pleasingly rakish lines of the lustrous aluminum body, the thoughtful fittings and conveniences—all these contribute to pride of ownership and satisfaction in use.

Because the body is mounted on the regular 132-inch Haynes chassis, the Tourister possesses unusual roadability. Low-swung, high-hooded and with the windshield set at a rakish angle, the Tourister's appearance is truthfully indicative of the splendid strength and potent, velvety power of the renowned Haynes motor which drives the car, swift and unswerving, wherever the owner desires to be carried.

The high, flat-edged body sides allow the passengers to ride low, a riding position which gives them a justifiable feeling of security. Like all Haynes productions, it is more than ninety per cent. Haynes-made—designed, built and finished in the great, modern Haynes factories.

The new 1921 Tourister has the improved instrument board with the finger-controlled starting and lighting mechanism.

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
KOKOMO, INDIANA U. S. A.
EXPORT OFFICE: 1715 Broadway, New York City, U. S. A.

HAYNES
CHARACTER CARS

Beauty — Strength — Power — Comfort

1893 — THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR — 1920

This advertisement copyrighted, 1920, by The Haynes Automobile Company.

FAULTLESS

"Wearever"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

RUBBER GOODS

Pat Mar 20,'06

No. 40

40 Ways to Use No. 40

A *No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle* in the home has 40 uses which enable you to give both HOT and COLD applications of water quickly and with perfect safety. Whether frequently used or not, you can always be sure of its reliability and service.

No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle is made of strong, high-quality rubber *moulded-in-one-piece*. The strength of its walls and durability of the rubber make it long-wearing and satisfactory. It has no seams to leak, no bindings, patches or overlays to come loose. The comfort it supplies and the convenience it affords promote your health and ofttimes prevent more serious trouble. In the home, in the nursery, in the sick room, its service is dependable. "No. 40" is in constant demand in thousands of homes, many of which have a "No. 40" for each member of the family.

"No. 40" is one of a complete line of Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods that maintain a standard of superior utility, maximum service and distinguished excellence. Sold by all representative druggists and dealers everywhere. Be sure of having the best rubber goods in your home—*buy* Faultless "Wearever" Rubber Goods.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY

(Ashland Rubber Works)

Ashland, Ohio U. S. A.

Free to Your Baby

Complimentary "Faultless Nursers" are being furnished to Faultless Druggists for introductory purposes. If your baby is "bottle-fed" ask the nearest Faultless Druggist for one of these *Complimentary* "Faultless Nursers." If he hasn't any, write us, enclosing 15c, and we will send you a complete introductory "Faultless Nurser" direct from the factory, all charges prepaid. The Patented Valve and Re-inforcing Ribs prevent collapsing, insure proper feeding and help to avoid wind colic and digestive upsets. The *Faultless Nurser Nipple* is easily and thoroughly cleansed, durable and withstands repeated sterilization in boiling water.

PAT JULY 4 3 1915

Hygienic Cleanliness

No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe meets every modern demand for hygienic cleanliness and intestinal sanitation. It is a companion piece to "No. 40"—*moulded-in-one-piece*, equipped with Extra Rapid-Flow Tubing and pipes that are quickly attached and fit tightly. The larger sizes of No. 24 hold more liquid and are consequently more efficient.

SEED OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 23)

"Oh, praise!"

"Pshaw!" said Dunc teasingly. "I thought you were going to knock California. I sort of wished you would. If we only heard a little less boosting we'd stop being the most conceited people on the face of the earth. We've heard so much of the oh-and-ah business and nice tourists standing saying, 'Ain't Nature grand!' that we just can't bear to hear anything but praise. We're like a lot of prima donnas—perfect drunkards for applause. And if people don't come across quick enough with the glad hand we begin telling about ourselves. We have the grandest sunsets and the biggest grapefruit and the prettiest women in the world—we admit it."

"Well, you have," laughed Anna, not forgetting the girl from Oroville.

"Look out! Next you know you'll have *me* admitting it.

"Didn't we invent the oyster cocktail and the turkey trot? Didn't we discover that salad should be served before soup? Haven't we Hiram W. Johnson to protect us single-handed against the League of Nations? We live in an empire all by ourselves. We're perfect, and getting better all the time."

"You must be terribly bitter against your state!" cried Anna, though his laughing eyes reassured her.

"No I'm not But our self-satisfaction sometimes scares me. State love with us is an infatuation. It almost amounts to a religious mania. A fire and a quake couldn't discourage San Francisco. The people there just set their city back again on every hill that they adored and would die for, and when the job was done they went to work and told the world all about it. We Californians are like the people of Gascony—incurable boasters; but when the time comes we surprise the world by doing just what we said we would do."

"Well, you're showing a humble spirit," laughed Anna.

"We've got enough to be proud of," he agreed. "I can't help admitting being a hypocrite."

"Oceans and mountains of things!" she said.

"But the trouble with us is that under the skin we're jealous of the thing we call the East. Very few of us will admit that, but it's so. The East still holds the reins of power—more wealth, more population, more tradition behind it."

"You'll have all those things in time," she assured him.

Leacy looked over the moonlit orchards, and his voice took on a note of prophecy as he said: "All those things and more. We're destined to be a great empire and a freer race than the world has known before. Civilization will flow and flow to the great new sea, the Pacific; San Francisco will be another city of the world."

He fell into musings again, and when he roused himself he brought the flat of his hand down and said: "But it's got to be ours. By heaven, it's got to be!"

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

Leacy stirred like one roused from a dream. "Nothing much"

His good-natured grin came back as he looked round to behold the girl from Oroville standing framed in the screen door.

"Shall we join in the hilarity?" he asked in the manner of a man who has been summoned.

The next morning he coaxed the Brand sisters to stay over for lunch.

"I'll loaf a day if you will," he promised.

"Nothing could be fairer than that," admitted Anna's little sister.

Zudie was snatched away by the Hunikers for a motor drive round an adjacent island.

"As a professional farmerette," declared Dunc to Anna, "it's your duty to see how we do it."

Therefore he took her in his car for a drive through the vast asparagus farms and the extensive acres which he owned.

It was a happy morning for Anna Bly. To be taken in hand by a strong man, devoted to her welfare, was a comfort to her feminine heart. Deny the truth as she would, yet it was so. As Dunc Leacy turned the wheel incessantly to guide them over twisted roads along the wind-swept island she woke from her spell to wonder at the starry spaces dividing her from the life she had known.

Two years ago! Was it but two years ago that the shock of war which had torn the breast of her beloved had inflicted so sore a wound in her own heart? Here in a scene so new, an environment so different from any she had known, she struggled to remember the thing she had once struggled to forget. It might have been something which had beautified a girlish dream and passed away like a vision in the mist. His memory was fading from her mind, and yet they had lived nine years together and loved each other very dearly.

"We're Destined to be a Great Empire. Civilization Will Flow and Flow to the Great New Sea, the Pacific; San Francisco Will be Another City of the World"

"Looks pretty much like a desert waste, doesn't it?" asked Dunc Leacy's voice in her ear

Anna's dreaming eyes woke to the wide-spreading acres, bare ground ridged in long rows, not a green thing showing anywhere.

"Why, you've just planted it!" she exclaimed.

Dunc Leacy chuckled.

"Under those dirt ridges," he said, "there lies the richest asparagus bed in the state. The roots are six, eight and ten years old. If you'd been here a few weeks ago you'd have seen a lot of stalks shooting through the rows. We were cutting the grass green then for the New York market. But the trick now is to keep 'em covered with peat soil so they'll come white. The canneries won't use anything but white asparagus."

A squad of Herculean men were laboring along the ridges, working blindly like clam diggers as they thrust spade-ended spears through the soil. After each thrust they would stoop down to bring up a handful of asparagus.

"How in the world do they know where to stick their spears?" asked Anna, astounded.

"They get pretty foxy," said Dunc. "I sometimes think they must locate it by sense of smell—they never miss a shot!"

The grass cutters looked up, showing merry Southern faces crowned with curly hair They smiled and saluted jauntily, a pleasant sight to see.

"Portuguese," explained the farmer-engineer.

"You simply can't help liking them," said Anna.

"They're a good sort and splendid workmen, but they have one fault. They work themselves out of a job in four months, and the rest of the year they loaf round the city spending their money. In the spring they come back to me dressed like race-track touts, dead broke and crazy to cut grass again."

Over the broad plantation all the dark-skinned tribes of men labored in the sunny wind. Japanese mechanics drove caterpillar tractors up and down, drawing harrows and the ingenious ridge-making machines of Dunc's invention. Muscular Chinamen pushed hand cars laden with the slender vegetable into washing sheds, where other swarthy people kept count of the day's gathering. Out of an irrigation ditch a square-built man, dark as a negro but with fine Caucasian features, rose and smiled. Above the ridges other heads peered forth, black-turbaned heads with curling beards and fierce dark eyes.

"Morning, Dowli!" called out the master of the place.

"Morning, sair!"

"There's too much water standing on the west end of the patch. Must be getting pretty acid by now. Drain 'er off."

"Yes, sair!"

The black man touched his hat and smiled his ingratiating smile.

"Portuguese?" asked Anna as soon as they had passed on.

"Guess not!" drawled Dunc Leacy. "He's an East Indian."

"Strange," said Anna. "He seemed to look at us with—with our sort of eyes."

"The Japs never look that way, do they?" he asked, turning inquisitively.

"I suppose not. But we can't hold that against them."

"I can never read but one thing in a Jap's eyes," he confessed, "and that's a desire to conceal what he wants. 'Camouflage' ought to be a Japanese word. Did you ever hear of the Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company? No? Or of K. Sato, its president? No?"

Since Anna was unable to answer to his satisfaction, he returned to the topic which his sudden question had interrupted.

"There's a Caucasian strain in the East Indians, some say. When this man Dowli came here he wore a turban six yards long and called himself Dhulip Singh. After a few months he took off his turban, forgot he was a Sikh, cut his hair and changed his name to Mr. Dowli. Sounds sort of Irish, doesn't it?"

"Tell me one thing," begged Anna. "Do you hire all these dark people because the labor is cheaper?"

"My dear Mrs. Bly"—Dunc had stopped his car to examine a faulty ditch by the road—"there's no such thing as cheap labor any more. Every laborer from cockneys to Digger Indians is charging all that traffic will bear. It is another case of supply and demand. America lost somewhere between two and four million workmen by the European war. We're suffering from a labor drought, and the employer is paying part of the bill, the consumer the rest. If you want to run down that illusive devil, H. C. L., just come to the farm and see how much it costs to raise a hill o' beans."

At the hour of noon, when they had encircled the island and were headed again toward luncheon in the Leacy farmhouse, Dunc turned his clear eyes upon her and asked in his direct way, "How did you and your sister ever come to be running a farm?"

"It belonged to my husband—originally to his father," replied Anna. "And I'm—I'm a widow. Zudie and I both wanted something to do. It seemed such a good chance to make something out of what we had."

How she wished that she knew him well enough to confide her troubles with the strawberry pickers!

"I certainly like your pluck," declared he. "With that and a little knowledge of farming you ought to pull out all right."

"We're learning every day," she said.

She thought she could trace something satiric in the steady gaze he held upon her.

"Everything going without a hitch, I suppose."

She had been on the point of taking him into her confidence, but his manner turned her from her decision.

"Oh, splendidly!" she said. But after a pause she weakened sufficiently to add: "What a figure I must have cut when you came to the rescue!"

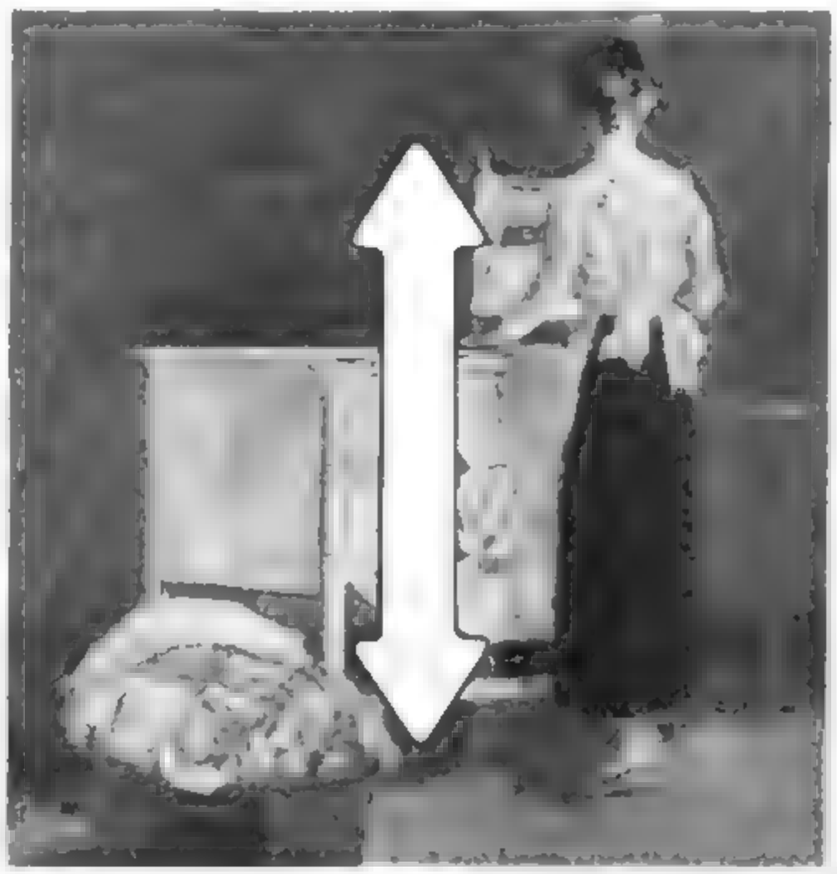
"I didn't expect to find you pouring tea," he chuckled

As they were climbing the hill toward the white gate he cleared his throat in the manner of a shy man about to speak.

"I hope you're going to let us get a look at you now and then," he said. "And if anything bobs up, please ask us to kick in. The unexpected is always happening in our business, you know."

(Continued on Page 127)

Some electric washers *lift* and *dip* the soiled fabrics in a tub of sudsy water—and it is a good method . . .



Other electric washers *rock* and *toss* the soiled fabrics to and fro in sudsy water—and it is a good method . . .

AS the arrows denote, the A B C *Electric Laundress* presents the advantages of the leading types of electric washers in one, for the price of one . . . . . *it washes two good ways at once, and electrically wrings!*

Thus it is unnecessary to weigh the relative merits of either washing method alone; both are good, which makes difficult a choice between them. Satisfaction is doubly assured by a purchase of the A B C *Electric Laundress* that employs *both* methods, first one, then the other, in rapid succession.

This alternate lifting (↕) dipping, rocking (↔) tossing of the soiled things in a tub of sudsy water, by the A B C *Electric Laundress*, saves them from wear by swiftly yet gently loosening and thoroughly flushing *all* dirt from the meshes of the fabrics without need for rubbing, boiling, harsh chemicals or any rough handling.

An exclusive *springless* mechanism interestingly achieves this dual agitating action (✚) so smoothly that a pencil stands on end upon the lid without toppling while the motions change, so quietly that the ear detects only the soft plop of fabrics and the slosh of water.

Those are unfailing signs of unusual sturdiness and rare simplicity in construction, and a pledge that the A B C *Electric Laundress* will render long and faithful service.

Endorsed for years by Good Housekeeping Institute and legions of users . . . guaranteed by old, large and successful makers, pioneers in the industry . . . this A B C *Electric Laundress*, by its double washing process, offers a doubly capable means of forever dispensing with the manual labor of washday.

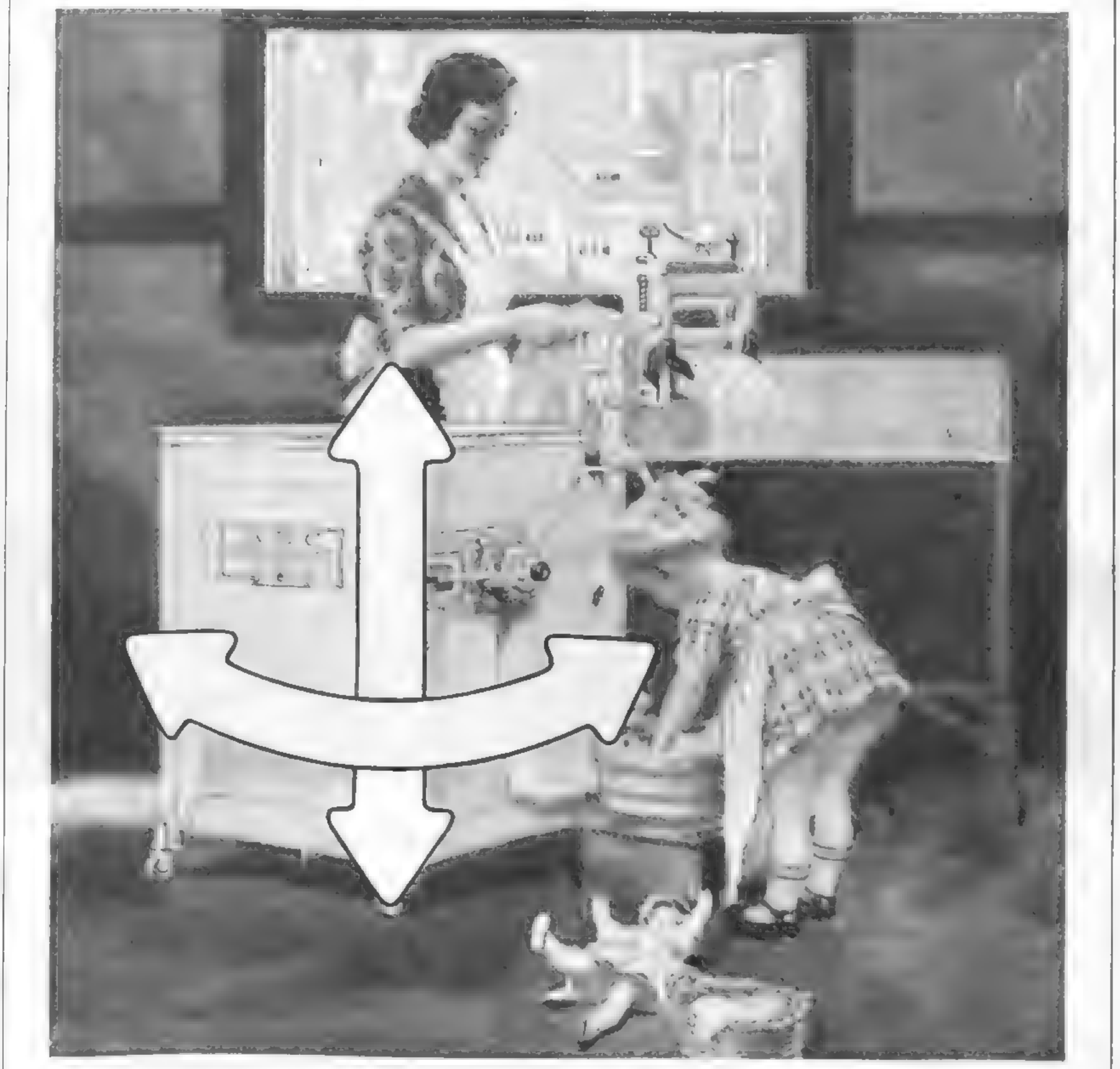
Write for illustrated book, "The A B C of Washday," with location of a dealer who will gladly demonstrate the A B C *Electric Laundress* and name attractive terms. A B C dealers are noted for their prompt and courteous service; they can afford to be, because the A B C *Electric Laundress* operates so faithfully.

ALTORFER BROS. COMPANY PEORIA, ILL. - NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
Factories and Executive Offices, PEORIA, ILL.
Pioneer and Leading Makers of Power Washers

A B

Copyright 1920, Altorfer Bros. Company

The ABC Electric Laundress *does both.*
Rapidly it alternates these good methods—and so it combines their advantages . . . . . .



C Electric Laundress

Columbia Six

TRUSTED THE WORLD OVER

The Columbia Six has achieved fame and a wide sale throughout every part of the world — beyond the reach of factory and service station assistance — in the far corners of the earth where a car's value is measured largely by its ability to run month after month and season after season without trouble. This is the strongest evidence of trustworthiness way beyond the ordinary.

For example, the Ram Nyack of Madras, India, the world's oldest existing company in the automotive or vehicle business, after a year of investigation among American built cars, decided to handle the Columbia Six as being best fitted to withstand the almost impossible road conditions and wide variation of climatic conditions found in India.

Organized back in antiquity to manufacture palanquins and chariots this ancient house has continued down through the centuries of evolution in the vehicle business, until today it conducts one of the largest sales agencies for cars and trucks in Asia. With their help the Columbia has already become one of the leading American built cars in this far-off land.

This world-wide faith in the Columbia has been achieved by the simple principle — consistently lived up to throughout all the years of the company's history — of building a car *good all the way through.*

COLUMBIA MOTORS COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A

(Continued from Page 123)

It was on their way home that afternoon, the right-hand Bud being at the wheel, that Anna and her sister had a chance to exchange brief views on the subject of the Leacys.

"Aren't they wonderful!" exclaimed Zudie, speaking into Anna's ear in order that their chauffeur should not be a party to the conversation.

"It's hard to believe that anybody could be so nice," admitted Anna. "And Mr. Leacy's enormously interesting, I think." After a moment she added, "He has nice flat ears."

XIII

AMONG the sheds and poultry houses to the rear of the Brand farmhouse there stood a grim, low gallows, which Anna, since the suicide of Shimba's divorced wife, had never been able to look upon without a shudder. At the end of a stout beam projecting from the inverted L a block and tackle added to the deathly aspect of the contrivance. A low platform stood by the gallows, and right beneath the hanging beam a primitive furnace arrangement, all blackened with former fires, hinted that innumerable martyrs had been roasted and hanged all in one grand auto da fé.

These forbidding devices, as a matter of plain fact, had been set there for the purpose of dipping prunes; and Anna lost her distaste for the sight as the season waxed and fruit began ripening in her orchards. The ghastly looking contrivance was nothing more than the old-fashioned prune dipper which Dune Leacy had satirized as a relic out of Noah's ark. From that gallows tree, she knew, a basket would swing to be lowered into the hot lye solution in a kettle below. Here labor would be busy for her benefit, heavy trays would be borne away to the drying grounds and she would gloat over tons of potential wealth.

Anna had learned from her occasional talks with white farmers that her prune-dipping outfit was grotesquely out of date. All the progressive growers—particularly in the Santa Clara Valley, where the prune is king—had adopted modern dipping machines, where the fruit goes into one end, strikes the hot lye and comes out of the other end sorted into two or three grades and neatly spread on trays.

She had priced one of these machines in the city, and hesitated. Already she had spent the greater part of her surplus on household decorations, an automobile and the numerous farm improvements which Shimba had demanded. But she had resolved upon this final extravagance until Shimba had shown an unexpected desire to save her money.

"That very old-fashion dip good enough, shank you," he had sipped politely. "We use him considerable year before. Japanese boy work him this time O. K."

Shimba was indeed thoughtful of her interests!

Upon the afternoon of her return from the Leacy ranch Anna saw two figures standing under the gallows tree of her antiquated prune dipper. So absorbed in conversation were they that they seemed unconscious of the big car slipping through the Bly gate.

Glowering through the vines of the veranda, another figure added a final touch to the dramatic picture. It was Susan Skelley, and it required no keen observer to see that her pessimistic eyes were spying upon the two figures under the prune gallows.

"What's happened, Susan?" asked Anna.

"Nawthin' yit," moaned Susan Skelley. "But wud ye see that Chinee dude, now!"

Peering through the vines, Anna took a curious view of the plotters, and was relieved to see no more terrible persons than Mr. Shimba, Esquire, and Mr. Oki.

The attitude of the farmer expressed respect verging upon awe; the fashionable young local secretary stood upright, commanding, as he indulged in gestures which seemed to include the entire landscape.

"No sooner ye're off the place," croaked Susan, "than he's on ut, an' bad luck to him. Ye'd think he'd mortgaged th' far-r-rm and was handin' ut over to th' king av Asia."

Mr. Oki must have heard the querulous note and caught sight of skirts among the branches, for he turned suddenly to leave Shimba under the gallows tree as he came jauntily over to where Anna and Zudie stood.

"Ah, ladies," he smiled, raising his pearl-gray fedora, "let me welcome you home again!"

"Thank you, Mr. Oki," said Anna, not exactly pleased at this show of hospitality on her own farm.

"I hope you have enjoyed a view of the delta country. And this Mr. Leacy—a fine man. So many of my people have dealings with him."

"Has your society reporter been following us 'round?" upspoke the pert voice of Zudie.

"That is a nice joke to remember!" he giggled amiably. "I wish I could remember American jokes! Such nice jokes!"

Even as he confessed deficiency in American humor, which all Japanese at once admire and fail to understand, his lavender-cuffed hands were searching in his pockets to bring out two small boxes adorned with flowery tinsel and bearing Japanese labels.

"Permit me!" he smiled, handing the larger of the packets to Anna and the smaller to Zudie. "These are some slight memories to welcome you back. That is tea, Mrs. Bly. Maybe you will learn to like our green tea—very good vintage."

He sipped through his teeth and bowed again.

"How very nice of you!" declared Anna, wheedled out of any annoyance she might have felt.

Zudie, having stripped the paper cover from her parcel, found a slender lacquer box, ornate with golden birds and flowers. When she opened it she discovered a number of flat gray sticks.

"Sandalwood," explained Oki. "Very nice to burn, if you will forgive our heathen custom. Its smoke keeps memory warm."

"That's kind of you," said Zudie, but her thanks were less cordial than her sister's had been.

"I was just idly loafing round," Mr. Oki continued, "wasting my time as usual. This climate makes us dream, don't you think? And all day I have been wondering when you should come back to decorate our poor surroundings. You will be surprised, Mrs. Bly and Miss Brand, but I have an invitation for you."

"For us?" chorused the surprised sisters.

"The Bly, California, Japanese Buddhist Temple has its official opening next Sunday afternoon. Mr. Akagashi was so thoughtful to think maybe you would like to see it. Therefore he appointed me to be your host there."

"Why, Mr. Oki," cried Zudie, "I thought you were a Christian and that the Beneficent Society would have nothing to do with the temple."

"Ah, do not misconstrue us!" he begged with his cocoa-butter smile. "I merely go as a favor to Mr. Akagashi, who is a Buddhist, quite unofficially. The Society would abhor to interfere with any religious belief. See how it allows those two great teachings to flourish beside each other in our town!"

"I should certainly love to see the official opening," admitted Anna. "And thank Mr. Akagashi for thinking of us."

"I shall make my call at two o'clock," said Mr. Oki with a diplomatic flourish to his modish hat. "And Miss Brand must not fail us also."

The days that followed were bleak and dull for Anna Bly. She had lost her first enthusiasm for the golden enterprise which had brought her to California. And the wanton waste of her berry crop had wakened her to the seriousness of her task. Not only the whim of wind and water and germinating seeds, but the whim of man could conspire toward her bankruptcy. Shimba had managed to bring a motley throng of pickers into the patch, but they were all too few for the work. Anna's own poor labor on hands and knees and Zudie's inadequate groping among the vines did little toward saving the fruit. The strawberry season was already on the wane, and they had fallen three hundred dollars short of normal.

On Friday afternoon Mr. Cyprian Helmholtz, the speculator in farms and mortgages, made his second call of the season. He was a fat little man with pinkish eyes, hair and complexion. The ill-concealed scorn with which he surveyed the ranch set Anna against him at once.

"You should have taken me up when I offered you that eight hundred an acre," he said with a sneer which he had doubtless intended to pass off as a smile. "Shimba tells me that the berry crop's already on the bum—no sense in growing berries on this soil anyhow. Somebody's done you dirt—and I can tell you who. The shippers've been sending your berries back, calling 'em damaged, simply because they're oversupplied this year and don't want to stand up to their bargain."

"The shippers claim that the pickers damaged my berries," Anna defended herself.

"Bunk! Shimba's an experienced Jap. This isn't the first time he ever saw a strawberry, and he wouldn't be letting his pickers spoil the goods."

Without bothering about her permission, Mr. Helmholtz lit a freckled cigar and cocked it toward his right eye as he announced: "A farm's no place for a lady. That's what I said when I heard you were coming out here. There's more tricks in this business than you'll find in a box of fleas. Now you ought to take my advice and sell out before it's too late."

"I've already had a larger offer than you made," said Anna.

"Who?"

One of Helmholtz's red eyes gleamed round the freckled cigar.

"Mr. Oki says he can find a buyer at nine hundred."

"Don't put much faith in what that Jap says," cautioned the speculator. "But I'll tell you what I can do. I can bring you in an offer for a thousand an acre tomorrow if you'll listen to reason."

Anna stood thinking for a moment. Instinctively she turned her pure brow toward the west, for out there she knew dwelt a strong man who had promised to be her counselor. Then her ingrained conventionality raised an objection. She couldn't lay her burdens at the feet of a man whom she knew so slightly.

"I think I'll hang on to my property," she told the pinkish broker at her side.

"You're very foolish," he declared through a puff of smoke which seemed to stifle the open air.

"Good afternoon," she smiled. "You can drive your car right round back of the house and get out by the other way."

That was Friday, and it was on the following Sunday morning that Anna and Zudie dressed as for an occasion. That afternoon they were to attend the opening of the Bly, California, Japanese Buddhist Temple.

Out in the little brown houses by the river preparations were going forward on a more elaborate scale. Mr. Shimba and the Matsu family, all of whom had soaked in the family bath box until a late hour the night before, were arraying themselves in splendor befitting so rare an occasion. Four of the Matsu children—John, Violet, Mary and Clarence—had gone to Sunday school in purest white, which they were to wear later as lotus children at the pagan ceremony across the way.

All morning Mrs. Matsu had worked like a drudge among the neighborhood women who came to her kitchen to help make fish dumplings for the big spread to be given in the loft above Akagashi's store after the dedication was over. So busy had she been that she had scarce given herself time to get into her machine-embroidered shirt waist ere Matsu, arrayed as for a wedding or a funeral, bade her hurry lest she keep forty or fifty thousand gods awaiting her woman's vanity.

The streets of Bly swarmed as they had never swarmed before. Many prominent Japanese came in high-powered cars from as far away as Stockton and Ofu—which the long-haired ones call Sacramento—and some had even ventured forth from the Mulberry Port of So Ko. Most of these mighty gentlemen wore black frock coats which fell robelike almost to their ankles. Some of the local dignitaries—notably Mr. Akagashi—were frock-coated too. Bly was proud of Mr. Akagashi that day, for out of the seedy sweater and cheap overalls of ordinary usage he had sprung like a moth from a cocoon, sleek coated in the respectable costume that elder statesmen wear during audiences with the Mikado.

Farmers, unaccustomed to Sunday clothes and worldly splendors, came rumbling along in their battered flivvers. The springs creaked with the load of wives and white-clad children. Several holy bonzes, especially long as to frock coats and bright as to spectacles, arrived in an important carload. K. Fushigami's Billiard and Pool Parlor had taken on an ecclesiastical atmosphere, for it was here that a very holy bonze assembled all the lotus children and painted a little black spot over each eyebrow to indicate purity in the sight of the Ah Wise. And to each child was given a lovely paper lotus flower, while an amiable lady of the congregation moved about wiping each little nose, a rare attention in the quaint town of Bly.

At the hour of two many curious yokels, their mouths hanging open, were drifting in and out of the brand-new Buddhist temple. They stood in knots before the proscenium arch with its lacquered folding doors and the great golden altar whose ten thousand carven prayers, symbolic urns, incense burners and scarlet brocade lining had cost six thousand yen in the best factory in Tokio.

There were golden lotus urns hung with prayers; innumerable bronze incense bowls smoked on the sacred table before the shrine. In a far corner of the room sat a new upright piano, and this was undoubtedly the shrine's rival attraction. The white-clad children of the colony, despite the holy spots on every forehead, behaved like little demons round the fascinating swivel stool. None passed the piano without running stubby fingers over the keys. Women carrying babies in their arms and clattering the prayer beads round their wrists stopped to smile gummy smiles at the enchanting sound of the stylish American instrument.

Shimba gaped among the crowd out in the lobby, and with wonder-stricken eyes he read the names of many hundreds of his countrymen, faithful worshipers of the same Buddha, written on innumerable wooden tablets suspended row after row along the wall. Urged by a vanity peculiar to no one race, he searched rapidly along the line until he found his own name written among the rest—Shimba Jiro. But whose name was that displayed so neatly in Chinese script on the tablet beside his own? Hana-san—the wife he had forsworn to death!

Must she remain forever there on the tablets of his family, to speak to him in her ghostly voice even at the gates of Dai Butsu? Shimba's knees trembled in superstitious awe, for like so many of his people he had mixed the myths of Shinto and the philosophies of Buddha inextricably in his mind. Here in the presence of the very shrine which old Hana had worked so slavishly to buy, her name glared down on him, accusing him.

"What do you think of our temple now, Mr. Shimba?" asked a cheerful voice in English at his ear.

Turning like a guilty thing, Shimba beheld Mr. Akagashi in his statesmanlike garments.

"Ah, Honorable Akagashi!" cried Shimba in his own language. "All the world has come to see the wonderful sight."

"We are a little late," admitted the storekeeper. "The High School Cadets' Band from the city has not arrived on time."

"Then we shall have a band also?" asked Shimba, his eyes brightening.

"We are sparing nothing in the way of style," smiled the great one. "I wonder what the Reverend Professor Awaga will be thinking now? They say he had very little to do this morning save to open his church and close it again."

"Most of his congregation were home preparing for our grand opening," smiled Shimba.

"We shall do nothing to injure him," declared Akagashi piously. "Dai Butsu teaches us to be kind to all beliefs. Also the Christians are very useful friends when we need them."

Across the way the Reverend Professor Awaga, his tiny form as carefully frock-coated as that of any bonze, could be seen gazing spellbound upon the moral breakdown in Bly. His wife, the little teacher, came for an instant and stood at his side. Then the two disappeared behind the front door of the church.

There was a great stir just then along the main street. The High School Cadets' Band, borne fashionably in twin sixes, had arrived in force. Short-legged men and women, each with a string of prayer beads at the wrist, came waddling in to scramble for good places among the cheap pine chairs. Members of the cadets' band, noisy and uncouth as sixteen will always be, swung up the aisle to reserved seats on the front row.

Presently silence fell. The priests of Dai Butsu, black silk robes over their American clothes, filed in to sit against the wall on either side of the altar. The high priest, a very holy old man, who had founded and organized more than sixty similar temples in California, seated himself before the sacred table, his back to the congregation.

A dog barked, then howled dismally, acknowledging a kick. Silence fell again.

(Continued on Page 131)

ATKINS

In Buying Saws

Remember—the name ATKINS on the blade is an absolute guarantee that the saw must cut faster and easier and hold its edge longer. Look for the name—ATKINS!

Segment Grinding

Atkins invented and developed the scientific process of "Segment Grinding" to make saws cut faster and easier. You cannot get "Segment Grinding" in any other saw.

By "Segment Grinding" the tooth edge of an Atkins Saw is made the thickest part of the blade. Wherever the sharp, tempered teeth cut, the blade follows smoothly and easily—without sticking or binding.

Notice in the illustration in the circle on the left, above, how the Atkins "Segment Ground" blade tapers from tooth to back. It also tapers from the middle to the ends of the blade. The diagram to the right in the circle shows an imitation of "Segment Grinding". It binds and sticks.

And "Segment Grinding" is just one of the exclusive features found in Atkins Saws. Materials such as "Silver Steel" and many processes of tempering, tensioning and finishing have been developed in Atkins' great factories and are actual reasons why, for the sake of the greatest value in your investment in saws, you should insist upon the ATKINS name on the blade.

The Atkins line of Cross Cut Saws includes blades and handles adapted to the requirements of all sections of the country in addition to the No. 5 illustrated above.

INSWS

For Wood or Metal Cutting

There are reasons why you should insist upon the value the Atkins name insures. Only ATKINS Saws have such features as "Silver Steel" and "Segment Grinding".

You may not be interested in the fact that your saw is backed by several generations of experience. You may not know the story of "Silver Steel". You may not investigate the reasons back of "Segment Grinding".

But you are vitally interested in what your saw does—how it cuts—how it holds its edge.

And these things that go to make value in any saw are the results of Atkins experience and materials and workmanship.

They resulted in the war records of Atkins Saws operating at 344% above their rated capacity in forest regiments overseas.

They built up Atkins use in leading lumber mills all over the world.

They stand back of the performance of Atkins Metal Cutting Saws in Ford Motor Co., Bethlehem Steel, Pennsylvania Railroad and leading industries as well as countless smaller shops everywhere.

They lead experienced carpenters to equip their kits complete with Atkins "Silver Steel" Saws.

These exclusive features mean just this to you—

No matter what kind of a saw you buy—for any wood or metal cutting use—look for the ATKINS name on the blade.

E. C. ATKINS & CO., Inc.,

Established 1857
Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Makers of Silver Steel Saws and Tools; Automobile Clutch Discs; Meat Slicer, Belt Splitting, Cigarette and Tobacco Knives; Cabinet Scrapers and Specialties.

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Chicago	Minneapolis	New York City	San Francisco	Paris, France	Vancouver, B. C.

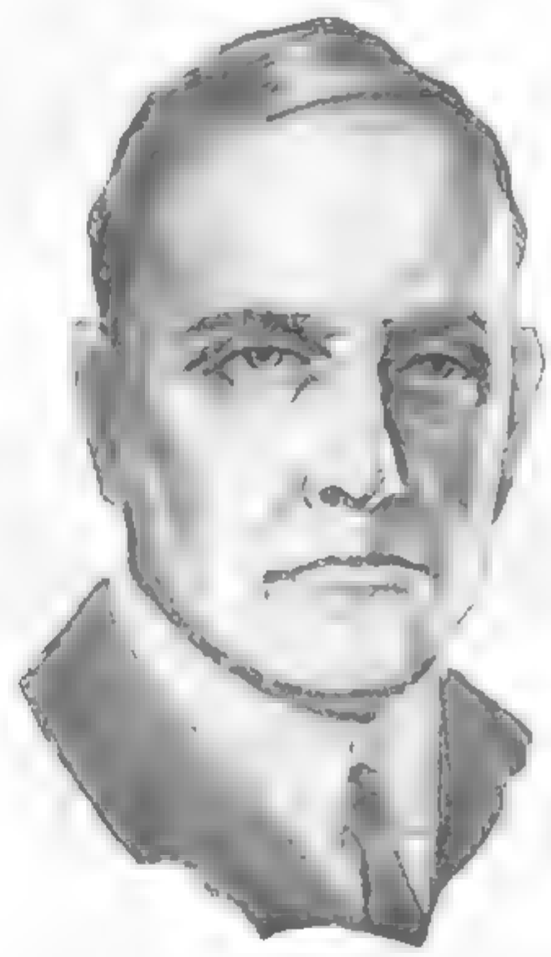
—At Leading Hardware Jobbers' and Mill Supply Houses Everywhere.

Facts About Saws For Every Use

Before you buy a saw for any purpose—check the booklet you want in the list below and send it to us for information of value.

"Metal Cutting Machine"
"Atkins Metal Saw"
"Hack Saw Blade"
"Atkins Hack Saw Chart"
"Atkins Cross Cut Saws"
"Atkins Silver Steel Dr[illegible]"
"Atkins Saw M[illegible]"
"Atkins Braces"
"Atkins Machine Knives"
"Atkins Plasterine Trowels"
"The Story of Silver Steel"
"Saw Sense"
"The Saw on the Farm"

Sent Free on Request



Fatigue—the danger signal

Whenever you near the limit of mental or physical endurance,
Nature's warning is always visible in your face

"THE human organism," says the New York State Conservation Commission in its recently issued report, "has not yet adapted itself to the high nervous tension of modern life. This failure . . . constitutes one of the greatest physical and social menaces of today."

Bank president or steel worker—in business life or industrial life—no one is exempt from the gruelling demands of modern civilization. For every one of us, fatigue has become a constant danger.

"The struggle of business in city life," says Dr. William Brady, "is a long-drawn-out fight against fatigue. You dare not rest for fear of being left behind. But gradually fatigue slows down your pace—your energy is gone."

A certain amount of fatigue is natural and inevitable, but too many people *waste* their precious energy. Harrington Emerson, the well-known industrial engineer, states that "the average man is only 25% efficient, *because he does not conserve his energy.*"

Are you needlessly wasting your energy?

Today one of the greatest wastes of energy comes from pounding hard heels on still harder pavements. Every step you take with old-fashioned leather heels or ordinary "dead" rubber heels acts as a hammer blow to your delicate nervous system.

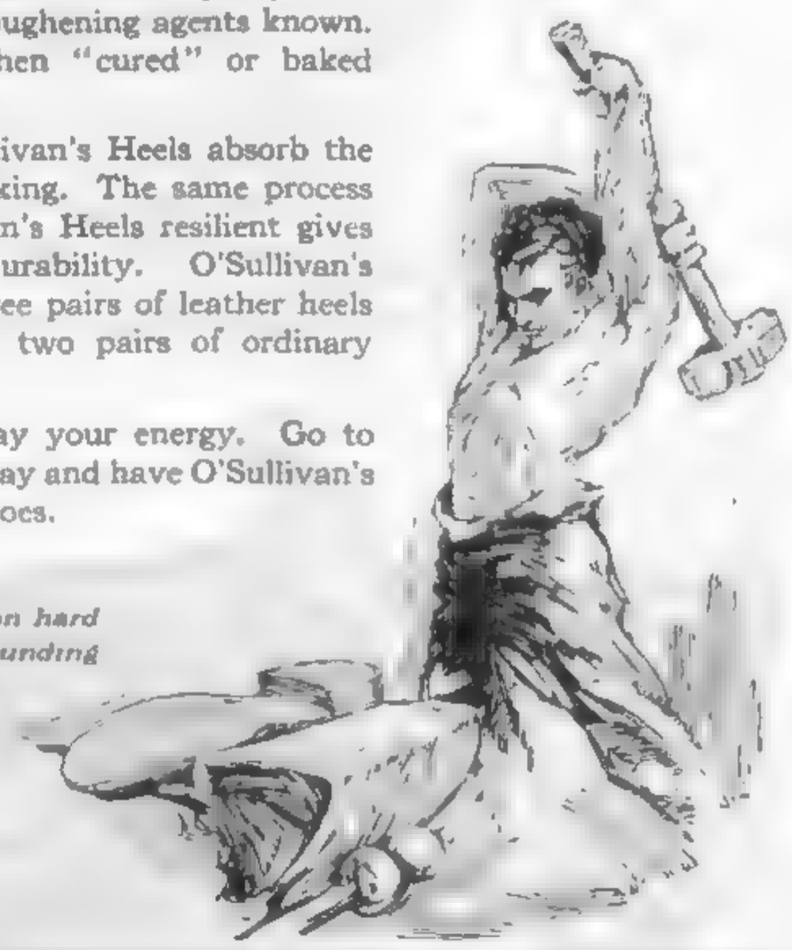
The average man takes 8,000 steps a day—suffers 8,000 shocks. The constant repetition of these jolts and jars tends to exhaust your energy—to produce that tired-out feeling you so often experience. Here is one of the greatest causes of fatigue in modern life.

By eliminating the shocks of walking on hard pavements, you can do much to prevent fatigue. O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the jolts and jars that tire you out.

To secure the resiliency, the *springiness* of O'Sullivan's Heels, the highest grades of rubber are blended by a special formula. With this blend of live, springy rubber are "compounded" the best toughening agents known. The compound is then "cured" or baked under high pressure.

This is why O'Sullivan's Heels absorb the jolts and jars of walking. The same process that makes O'Sullivan's Heels resilient gives them their great durability. O'Sullivan's Heels will outlast three pairs of leather heels—they often outlast two pairs of ordinary rubber heels.

Stop pounding away your energy. Go to your shoe repairer today and have O'Sullivan's Heels put on your shoes.



With every step on hard heels you are pounding away your energy

O'Sullivan's Heels

Absorb the shocks that tire you out

(Continued from Page 127)

The high priest raised his drumstick and smote the bronze prayer gong. A trembling, deep-toned voice of Asia vibrated through the bare-walled room. Scarcely had the echo died away when the priests, sitting stiffly against the wall, their hands folded, their eyes fixed on the altar, began their long, undeviating, monotonous chant. Shimba did not understand it; not a man, woman or child in the audience understood it, because it was written in Sanskrit. But it wailed like the soul of holy Ganges calling the world to prayer in days of old.

When the chant had ceased there came a clatter of many little feet from the rear of the temple. The children were coming! A hundred of them, all in white, each one carrying his long-stemmed paper lotus flower, they thronged up the aisles, a three-forked procession, toward the golden altar. Children too young to walk, gowned in white, were carried in the line, Buddha's two sacred spots painted on their foreheads. Their flat faces impassive, their blossoms waving mechanically, they advanced like a snow-white army to gather before the shrine and stand during the high priest's invocation. Then they melted away. Again the priests, sitting stiffly against the wall, took up the monotonous repetition of Buddha's holy name.

Presently Mr. Akagashi, being master of ceremonies, rose briskly and took the platform. His appearance was greeted with most unchurchly salvos of applause. With many smiles and nods he saluted the faithful and assured them that the temple of Dai Butsu was destined to become a great business success, as all great things should be nowadays. He thanked the farmers for their small contributions and added that money had come miraculously from wealthy believers all over the state. His résumé of the situation hinted that Buddha was not too far lost in his Nirvana to look out for his own.

"Our Most Holy Mikado has blessed these auspices," he added in conclusion, "and we will now hear a selection from the High School Cadets' Band."

The High School Cadets' Band was indeed heard from. Without further warning a brassy tribe of tubas, trombones and cornets set up a bray that shook the windows in their sashes and caused the priests at the altar to look round from their holy meditations. The Kansas Honeymoon March was the title of their selection. The wispy youth blowing a saxophone led the onslaught upon harmony, punctuating every false note with jerky movements of his elbows. The people of Little Japan sat entranced, glorying in the sound, and when it was done their horny hands created another uproar before the golden shrine.

From a good seat near the altar Anna Bly saw and heard everything. Mr. Oki, wearing a gardenia and all that goes with that fashionable flower, sat beside the Brand sisters and translated wherever he thought it necessary.

"Who is the stout gentleman just getting up to speak?" Anna asked.

"That's Mr. Edward Akagashi—our Mr. Akagashi's cousin. He's a banker gentleman from the city."

Mr. Edward Akagashi was a great favorite, as witnessed the frequent interruptions for applause. He spoke earnestly, with the exaggerated movement of the lip muscles which the Japanese employ in impressive periods.

"What is he saying?" Zudie begged of her interpreter.

Mr. Oki was silent for a long while, then he explained:

"He was speaking about our inferiority. He say that we might have shorter legs than white men, more peculiar eyes than Americans; that our teeth sometimes stick out where they should stick in; that our feet are sometimes crooked where they should be straight ——"

The whispered interpretation was interrupted by an avalanche of applause. Anna looked back over row upon row of little men; she had the impression of a people overworked, underfed, obsessed by the problem of clinging to this poor planet. The speaker rippled on.

"What did he say then?" she asked.

"With all our faults they cannot jeer us with one quality," smiled Oki. "We have souls the same size as anybody else!"

"Indeed you have!" said Anna, impressed and touched. Mr. Oki smiled again.

From his seat farther back Shimba took in every word of the exercises. To his peasant mind it meant little whether it was Buddhist or Shinto. The sacred ceremony had been ordered by the Mikado to hearten his people in a far country. The irrelevant noises in the room irritated him. He turned to hush a pack of gossiping schoolgirls who whispered together, paying small heed to the holy words being said. Somewhere outside that pestiferous dog barked again. Somebody laughed inanely.

Another dignitary occupied the platform. This time it was a prosperous fruit-land operator from the city. He was a thin gray man with prominent teeth, but his words burned like fire into Shimba's soul.

"It is written that the seed of Yamato shall flourish on the soil of many lands. It is a good seed and it shall not die. Here in this land, which we call the Rice Country, many barbarian customs hedge us round. We have learned those customs, not to weaken ourselves but to grow stronger. It is not the wish of our holy master that we should depart from the ways of Nippon. Let us not forget that we are Japanese. Let us bend every effort that we shall remain loyal sons of the sun-born land!

"And it is with that thought to-day that our strong guides in learning and patriotism have dedicated our holy temple."

Shimba sat entranced. Yet above the words of wisdom he seemed to hear the cry of that woman whose soul the fox spirit had maddened. His name was next to hers on the honorable tablets by the door. Out of the confusion of his dreams he heard his name spoken from the platform. At first he thought it only a part of his dream. He looked again and saw that the master of ceremonies had taken the floor.

"This high-honorable altar," the speaker was saying, "has been given to us by the humble devotion of one holy woman, now passed to her reward. With her own hands she collected the money, going from door to door. From her place among the gods she sees it to-day with the eyes of the spirit. Let us honor the name of that very pious woman, Hana-san, and her good works upon earth which made this very holy shrine possible!"

Shimba the farmer held tightly to the rounds of his chair, his eyes popping through the slits in his mask.

"And since that good and humble woman is not with us to speak in the flesh, let me call upon her first of kin. Shimba-san, honored among us, will say a few words in behalf of the departed."

Shimba sat perfectly rigid in his chair. Every sharp black eye in the congregation seemed turned upon him.

"Shimba-san, honorably deign to ascend the platform," invited the speaker with a smile.

Stiff as a ramrod, Shimba came to his feet. All the discipline of early military training asserted itself as he walked punctiliously toward the altar of Buddha. He mounted the platform and poised there, a man of wood from head to toe.

"I thank you honorably in the name of my house," he said mechanically, and bobbing like a marionette he marched back to his seat.

It was somewhat after four o'clock when Anna plucked her sister by the sleeve and led her away. Mr. Oki accompanied them to the door and protested amiably that more was to come. But the brassy riot of the High School Cadets' Band, the continual passing in and out of farmers' wives—their bodies bent double in their postures of politeness—the smell of incense, fresh paint and perfume, the singing of gospel hymns with Buddha's name clumsily introduced where the name of Christ had been, the banging of the prayer gong, the monotonous rippling of Japanese orators, all combined and created desire to escape into the fresh air.

Once outside on the automobile-cluttered street, Anna turned and went over toward the church.

"Where are you going now?" asked Zudie, herself quite wearied with the spectacle.

"I want to say a word to Mrs. Awaga," said Anna.

"Why?"

"I really don't know."

The door of the church was locked. There came no response when they pounded at the rear of the building, where the Awaga family lived. The church stood stark and deserted, a little bleaker and uglier than it had ever looked before.

Anna and her sister walked away toward the farmhouse gate, weaving through the Oriental throng which—like themselves—seemed to have become bored with a too extensive program. Behind the double row of automobiles little boys in lotus-blossom white were flying kites, running screaming up and down as they pulled their multicolored playthings against the wind.

One of their flying monsters, painted to resemble a great leering face with golden eyes that swiveled in the breeze, darted spitefully across the sisters' path. It would rise a little, then dart down like some infernal demon sent to plague the white people off the face of the earth.

"They get on my nerves," complained Zudie. "They seem to come straight at you like a ——"

The devil-faced kite gave a final swoop and fell clattering at Anna's feet. She stooped with a smile and picked it up. Across its chin were written the same characters in Japanese—the same jet-black characters she had remarked the first hour she was on her farm.

"I wonder what they mean?" she asked, raising the kite to a level with her eyes.

It was then that a tall, picturesque tramp who had been leaning shiftlessly against someone's automobile took it upon himself to join in the conversation.

"The Japanese kite is flying very high in this town to-day, isn't it?" he ventured in a cultivated voice.

Anna, still holding the kite, looked at the man. It was an instant before she recognized him. Nondescript plaid suit, greasy Windsor tie and long yellow face; here was the Eurasian wanderer who had washed windows and philosophized under the name of Henry Johnson.

XIV

"WHAT a fortunate coincidence!" said the eccentric Eurasian, striking a picturesque pose before the ladies. "What luck—but wasn't it Emerson who said that luck was merely a form of higher mathematics? Was it Emerson?"

He scratched his wiry black hair as though there lay the fault of failing memory.

"You have come a long way," said Anna, secretly rather pleased to see a familiar face again.

"Haven't we!" smiled the chimera. "But, as the saying goes, all the peoples of earth meet at the feet of Buddha."

He said this last with a cynical wink in the direction of the temple from which the brazen notes of trombones and tubas now brayed and tooted, indicating another selection from the High School Cadets' Band.

"Since last I saw you," went on Henry Johnson, "I have been touring the state studying your interesting American people. I have been arrested for vagrancy in five cities, Fresno, Los Angeles, Bakersfield, Stockton and Merced. I am planning a return trip to Japan very soon, and being temporarily embarrassed for funds, I have come to you."

Standing in a shabby suit of sporting plaid garments he had begged, borrowed or stolen somewhere he was as fantastically out of key with Bly as he had been with New York.

"How nice of you!" laughed Zudie, moved by his grand air.

"How in the world did you find where we were?" was Anna's pertinent question.

"If all my investigations were as easy as that!" exclaimed Henry Johnson. "You are a very famous lady, Mrs. Bly."

"Am I?" Her voice was a little nervous.

"Among the Japanese," he explained. "The Oriental wireless telephone, you must know, is a very efficient thing. It works under tables, through walls, over housetops. Possibly you would call it gossip, but it is not idle gossip. As far south as Fresno I heard them mention you, but, of course, not by your name."

"What do they call me?"

"The foolish one."

"I am complimented."

"It is thus that we might speak of a butterfly that gets herself stuck in fresh asphalt just before the steam roller comes along."

"The steam roller?" echoed Zudie.

"In this case several million dollars in capital—and as much more as is necessary—and a quite considerable backing, I might say."

"You are speaking in parables, Mr. Johnson," declared Anna none too cordially.

"The Natural Energy Fruit and Land Company is no parable," he smiled, seeming to gain good humor. "And K. Sato, its president, is no parable."

"Who is this K. Sato?" asked Zudie, who had a way of asking the vital question.

"My dear young lady, you might as well ask me who is Thor or—to be more modern—Beatrice Fairfax. Possibly there is a K. Sato. But why shouldn't he be merely an idea, the consensus of opinion of all the stockholders in the Natural Energy Company?"

"That is at least sufficiently unsatisfactory," Anna decided.

"You find little that is satisfactory in a poor thing like me," admitted Henry Johnson. "The American half of me is very talkative, and like so many of your countrymen it is wandering through Little Japan looking for a job."

"You haven't really decided to work for a living?" exclaimed Zudie.

"Not for long—not for long. But my passage back to Japan will cost money, and I have no desire to go as a stowaway, though I was not too proud to come to your land under a bag of rice. I am not a stickler for high wages. Isn't that refreshing? I can do almost anything rather badly."

"Do you understand an automobile?" inquired his employer-elect.

"I drove my own for a time," he informed her languidly.

"Would you live in the Japanese quarters?"

"Rather not! They wouldn't endure me overnight."

"Well"—Anna thought a moment—"possibly we can find a place for you."

She wondered why she so much as considered a place for him, and knew that she would make one. Henry Johnson was interesting and pathetic.

"In the garage under your car," suggested he. "Or if you have a horse I might occupy the stall next to him. That is quite comfortable, I find."

As they were moving away a Japanese boy in a white sailor suit came forward and held out his hand. Anna realized his errand. She was walking away with the painted kite she had picked from the road. No sooner had she restored the gaudy plaything to its smiling owner than Henry Johnson stepped close to the boy and took a corner of his kite between thumb and finger. Very carefully he studied the intricate painting of the hideous face with its golden eyes set on swivels to roll and flash in the breeze.

"Ver-ry interesting!" he exclaimed, squinting close to the toy demon.

"What are those words written across it?" asked Zudie. "I seem to see the same characters on all the kites."

"Yes?" Henry Johnson raised his eyebrows.

"The Japanese kite is indeed flying high in Bly," he said, and chuckled softly to himself.

Without another word he accompanied his employers along the driveway.

XV

WEDNESDAY following the grand opening of the Japanese Buddhist temple found Mr. Shimba, Esquire, a painfully new blue suit hanging loosely over his knotty form, trotting up the gangplank of the Department of Labor tugboat which plies between Wharf Five and the immigration station at Angel Island. Early Tuesday morning the Siberia Maru had anchored off Alcatraz with a bumper load of picture brides destined for as many husbands in the free states of America.

An agent of the Beneficent Society had kept Shimba posted during the anxious hours of waiting in a Geary Street boarding house. Mrs. Chizo Shimba—as the passport had her name—had become his wife by long-distance arrangement back in February, shortly before the new law went through, and shortly after Shimba had got his divorce papers. The lady, whose face he had never seen save in the glassy stare of Japanese photography, had been taken to Angel Island for medical inspection. From the Society's information he had learned that Chizo-san would be released to him at about the hour of noon.

As the tug, whistling hoarsely, pulled away from its wharf and churned busily into the stream Shimba began pacing the deck, a prey to nervousness which brought him shame. After all, this was but a woman. She would be useful to him next year when good business fell into his hands and he was well quit of the present disagreeable arrangement with Mrs. Bly. Chizo-san's picture indicated that she was young—that

(Continued on Page 134)

The Birth of the First Fairbanks Scale

The Fairbanks Scale owes its origin to the ingenuity of Thaddeus Fairbanks, Vermont inventor, manufacturer and artisan. He sought a short-cut from the laborious method of weighing hemp on the crude steelyards then in use.

His first scale lifted and weighed the loaded hemp cart; chains slung from a huge steelyard beam carried the load and enabled the weight to be determined within fifty pounds of absolute accuracy!

Working far into the night to perfect his first crude scale, prior to the day his first salesman went out to secure orders, Thaddeus Fairbanks conceived the idea of the platform scale. His first model embodied the lever system and knife edge supports today found in platform scales, the fundamentals of which modern science has never been able to improve upon.

Today, as always since 1830, Fairbanks Scales dominate the world's weighing. For accurate, honest, dependable weight they are the world's standard.

ATLANTIC
OCEAN
FAIRBANKS
SCALES
SOUTH
PACIFIC
OCEAN

Joy in Shaving

lies in perfect confidence—in yourself —in your razor

And that is all there is to the simple, pleasant, gentle-*manly* art of shaving.

Thirteen years of practical demonstration in the hands of more than two million confident users furnishes that full confidence I have felt necessary for the right advertising of the

Enders SAFETY Razor

Simplicity is its charm—cutting the beard quickly and easily, without scraping the skin, is its peculiar merit. Ease of adjustment, perfect cleanliness, lightness, firmness, beauty—and the $1.00 it costs—are contributing elements to your joy in shaving.

Shaving with an Enders Safety Razor is *"just like wiping your face with a towel."*

Wm Enders

ENDERS SALES COMPANY
17 Battery Place, New York

ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00, with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in a black Keratol box, velvet-lined. Extra blades—package of 5—35c.

FOR SALE BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE

(Continued from Page 131)

was good. He knew of a farmer in Florin who had been tricked into marrying an old one. Shimba had had sufficient experience with old women for one lifetime—the wife he had divorced was more than thirty!

He shuddered and hid himself in the lee of the cabin. At the thought of the old woman he seemed to feel that fox enchantment stealing into his soul.

"A hundred and sixty-seven came in yesterday," Shimba could hear a nasal American voice going on in the cabin.

"There sure was an epidemic of marriage when they saw the time was getting short," responded a foggy bass.

A boyish Japanese, trimly attired in clothing as new as Shimba's, came swinging round the corner and bobbed politely at a sign of recognition. This man was Mr. Furo, the young clerk who had sold him a suit of clothes on that unlucky visit to town.

"Ah, Shimba-san!" began the boyish fellow. "I am told that Mrs. Shimba also will be waiting for you."

"So I am told," Shimba grunted, pretending great indifference. "And Mrs. Furo perhaps?"

"Oh, yes."

Shimba saw the obvious gleam of delight on the broad brown face, and this confirmed his first impression that Furo was something of a booby.

"You are supplied with her picture, I suppose?" Shimba deigned to ask.

"That is not necessary, Shimba-san. We will know each other without identification."

A softened look came across Furo's face, which betrayed him a ninny according to Shimba's well-schooled prejudice.

"I have known her ever since she was a little maid in my father's house," Furo went on, talking like a man too full of his subject to be stilled. "When I came to this Rice Country five years ago I promised to send for her. Silly of me, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps!" agreed Shimba gruffly as he turned away.

Had the long-hairs driven this fellow mad? What sort of degenerate had Furo become to be talking of love in the same breath with the name of his wife? He was unworthy to be called a Japanese!

Shimba went out of his way to avoid the fool when their boat touched noses with the Angel Island wharf. A number of Japanese, as stolid to all seeming as Shimba himself, scrambled up the walk to the white government house on the hill.

Chizo-san sat, one of a long kimono-clad line, on a bench in the women's detention room upstairs. Dainty little women they were in their modest robes of dull plum color or grayish blue. Above the deep V of the garments folded so sweetly across their breasts peeked brilliant scarfs of flowered brocade—orange, purple, pink and gold. Beneath each padded skirt a pair of white-stockinged feet stood primly, each great toe stoutly holding to its sandal thong. There was a plain gold ring on every left hand so demurely resting in a padded lap; twenty heads, crowned with the luxuriant black pompadours which had been so carefully arranged for the day, drooped slightly as black eyes turned timidly and small mouths moved in low conversation.

Chizo-san, as she sat there, looked very young. Her soft skin, her tender mouth, the puzzled expression of her eyes were child-like in the extreme. They were little ladies, these immigrant women from Japan; their manners were as dainty and as soft as the silks they wore. Gentleness—that would be the one impression upon the spectator.

"They're meek as doves when they first come over here," the American matron would have told you had you asked. "They're too patient and sweet to give us any trouble. Once in a while they commit suicide, but they never complain about anything. Now the Chinese women are different. They'll scratch and bite like cats, once they get roused. Perhaps it's a difference in the way the men treat them."

On a bench beside a thin woman sat Chizo-san—Mrs. Chizo Shimba, as her passports had it. Yesterday morning when the boat came to anchor off the fine island near So Ko—which the long-haired ones call San Francisco—she had thought that her man would be there to meet her. But it was not to be that way. With as quaint a chorus as ever stepped out of The Mikado she had been sent in a tugboat to another island to be questioned by interpreters and examined again by trained nurses.

There was nothing the matter with her! Why shouldn't they free her to go with the man whose honorable photograph she carried? In the case of the thin woman it had been different. Kiku-san, whom the passport called Mrs. Furo, had developed a severe cold about a week out from the coast of the Rice Country, which the long-haired ones call America. Chizo had stayed close by her side, because Kiku-san came from Kobe and had known her father's family.

She had seen the poor woman's efforts to control her coughing during medical examinations; and this morning as they sat together on the bench awaiting the hour of release Kiku-san still coughed a little, though her thin face betrayed no human weakness.

The matron, passing up and down the line with letters and telegrams, handed a yellow envelope to Kiku-san, who regarded it helplessly, then surrendered it to young Mrs. Shimba.

"You are a scholar in the American language," she said.

Chizo-san tore open the flap and translated the brief message:

"Will be waiting for you again to-day.
"FRANK FURO."

As soon as the telegram had been read Kiku-san cast down her eyes and asked: "Do you think I will be looking well when he comes, Chizo-san?"

"Like the mulberry tree, Kiku-san," replied Shimba's picture bride.

The sick woman's eyes were still lowered, her face immovable as she said: "I have grown older, but I do not think he will care."

"Love is not for strong men," answered Chizo-san, half believing the hard-taught maxim.

All across the broad Pacific she had heard the praise of this Furo sung in her ears. How wonderful, after all, that Kiku-san was to meet and live with a man she had known before!

"He is not a weak man," declared Kiku-san.

At this moment an interpreter came in to announce the morning's medical inspection. Kimonoed, sandaled, pompadoured, the pretty chorus stood in line, shoulders bent demurely, not a sign of anxiety on any of the doll-like faces as they filed slowly toward the honorable doctor's department beyond.

Chizo's share in the ordeal amounted to little more than a smile and a tap on the shoulder. From the English she had learned at school she was able to understand the doctor's words. She had passed her examinations among eleven others. The rest were detained, a small, sad group in a corner of the room. A nurse had pushed a chair under Kiku-san and left her sitting starkly against the wall.

"Is it decided that she cannot come away?" whispered Chizo to a big-faced little woman who had married a commission merchant.

"The lung sickness," said the woman. "She will be sent to hospital."

It was about noon when Kiku-san came out of the doctor's office. Chizo-san would have spoken to her, but she was filing by in a sorry line, attended by a white-clad nurse. The thin woman looked round and smiled when she saw her friend still waiting on the bench.

"*Sayonara!*" she called, and bobbed her head.

"*Sayonara!*" replied Chizo-san, voicing the saddest farewell that any tongue can speak. Just then an outer door swung open and an attendant bawled: "Number Twenty-seven and baggage!"

Shimba's young wife sprang to her feet, to be handed her bedding roll and the little rattan bag which contained her bath bowl and the toilet articles which had kept her dainty as a bird. Struggling down the stairs she came into the big waiting room. A thousand bold eyes seemed to be upon her, but she was too modest to look anyone in the face. She stood disconsolate, alone in the hostile circle, and she was about to flee to a secluded bench when a rough voice spoke her name.

"Chizo-san?"

"Yes, Honorable."

She dared look no higher than the bright-blue waistcoat.

"I am Mr. Shimba."

For an instant she looked him square in the face. How old he seemed! How withered and knotty! How different from the unwrinkled person whose photograph she carried under her kimono! This blue-coated gentleman before her bore a vivid family resemblance to the picture she knew by heart. Then a new hope inspired her as she lowered her eyes and asked timidly: "Honorably deign to inform me. Are you the father of Shimba-san, my husband?"

"I am Shimba-san, your husband," he said, lowering his voice lest some might hear this embarrassing turn in the dialogue.

"I thank you unworthily," declared his wife, bending her body very low in humble politeness.

"The boat leaves in fifteen minutes," he told her. "You will find a seat here. Your baggage will be taken care of."

Shimba stood outside smoking many cigarettes as he waited impatiently for the man at the gangplank to give the signal. He was more than satisfied with his bargain, though his pride was hurt with the thought that she had mistaken him for his own father. What a little jasmine she was! Almost he weakened into stealing a glance toward the bench where she sat alone. But he saved himself from that public display of unworthy sentiment.

The young clothier, Mr. Furo, passed him hastily and walked down the wharf. His drooping attitude expressed disappointment as he leaned against a pile and stared vacantly across the bay water. What a feeble thing this man must be to go mooning thus before all men!

The whistle sounded a warning toot. Shimba sprang forward, fearful lest his Chizo-san should be left behind. He saw her little blue kimono fluttering toward him through the throng.

"This way, please!" he was good enough to tell her, and an instant later she was following him—eyes lowered and hands folded, as becomes a respectable wife—up the gangplank and on deck.

He left her in the cabin and went outside to resume his smoking. No one should say that he had violated the code of his people and been found making a fuss over his woman in public. But the vision of her softened his heart for an instant. It had been so long since he had seen a Japanese woman in all the sweetness of her national costume. A picture came to him of a narrow street, steep sloping and with black-lettered banners over the shops. A great number of little creatures, kimonos across their breasts, clogs upon their white-stockinged feet, were passing in and out. A short, stout woman, her hair already a little gray, had just stooped down to take a little boy in her arms.

"Nonsense!" thought Mr. Shimba. He would have his woman in American clothes soon as possible. Already he had arranged that a fashionable shirtwaist, skirt and shoes should be waiting her at the hotel; also a hat with a stylish red ribbon. All the people should know that the Shimba family were as up to date as anybody!

The lonely Furo passed him as he stood against the rail. He paused an instant, raised his eyes and smiled inscrutably.

"Are the arrangements delayed again, Furo-san?" asked Mr. Shimba, determined not to be too severe with this weakling.

"Until to-morrow," replied Furo, sipping through his teeth and bobbing. "It is always to-morrow, Shimba-san."

Furo passed on again and continued to smoke in solitude, while Shimba considered the man's case all the way across to the San Francisco side. The fellow should be pitied, after all. With women harder and harder to get, what would Furo do in case his wife was shipped back to Japan?

At Pier Five Shimba carried Chizo-san's baggage for her and permitted her to follow meekly through the crush of drays among the open warehouses.

A fog-voiced truckman bawled "Pipe the Jap an' his chicken!" as they passed, but Shimba never looked round until they had come to a smart line of hotel busses on the cobbled water front.

"Private car, Mr. Shimba?" asked an enterprising yellow chauffeur, stepping beyond the dead line. "Price of one dorrar to Hotel Meiji."

Regardless of extravagance, Shimba permitted his bride to step after him into the luxuriously padded tonneau. The car headed recklessly up Market Street, and Chizo-san peeped shyly up at the great buildings, then lowered her eyes again as though a square look at them would cause the monsters of brick and concrete to come tumbling about her head. Beyond her first words at the immigrant station she had not opened her lips to her new husband.

"How do you like riding in this fine car, Chizo-san?" he asked her, deeming it not unseemly to talk with her, now that they were alone.

(Continued on Page 137)

Multiplies

the salivary flow. That is nature's great teeth-protecting agent and it requires this frequent stimulation.

Multiplies

the starch digestant in the saliva. This to digest the starch deposits which cling and form acid.

Multiplies

the alkalinity of the saliva. This to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Attacks Film

in two efficient ways. Film is the cause of most tooth troubles, and it clouds the teeth.

Polishes

teeth so highly that film-coats cannot easily adhere. It brings out the natural tooth luster.

This Ten-Day Test

Will twenty times repeat these five effects

All statements approved by authorities

Millions now use a new method of teeth cleaning, and largely by dental advice. It is aimed to combat the film on teeth, their greatest enemy. And it brings other effects now considered essential to proper tooth protection.

The benefits are quickly seen and felt. The ten-day tube which we send free will make them clear to you. Write for it. Learn what this method means to you and yours.

To daily combat film

The great object is to fight film-coats day by day. Most tooth troubles are now traced to them.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And very few people escape its effects.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and they cause many troubles, local and internal. So film has come to be regarded as the greatest foe of teeth.

Now ways to combat it

Dental science has now found efficient film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Leading dentists everywhere now advise their daily use. And to millions they are bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

The methods are combined now in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And, to let all know its benefits, a ten-day tube is sent free to everyone who asks.

Acts in several ways

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. The alkalinity of the saliva is multiplied also. This to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Each application repeats these effects. Some of them long endure. Thus the teeth's great enemies are constantly combated in new and efficient ways. The best dental opinion of today advises and approves them.

Watch it ten days

Ten days will show the good effects. You can see and feel them—some at once. A book we send will tell the reasons for them.

This test has brought to countless people a delightful revelation. See what it brings you.

Beautiful Teeth

Millions now use Pepsodent. One result is glistening teeth. You see them everywhere. That glitter comes from removing film—the coat that makes teeth dingy—and from high polish

Look in the mirror in ten days and see how your teeth improve. But the other results, not so conspicuous, are equally important.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, approved by authorities. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Results are quick and apparent

Send the coupon for this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. You will quickly see that this way means a new era in teeth cleaning.

10-Day Tube Free

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Dept. 984, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

There's a smile in it

There are a lot of different kinds of lather. But Williams' is known as the lather with a smile in it.

Just a little cream out of the big tube (either on the face or on the brush), plenty of water (hot or cold, hard or soft) and a good, brisk brushing will produce a great cloud of thick, velvety-soft lather that gets down underneath and smooths out all the rough places.

Men use Williams' today for the same reasons they did 75 years ago—because they know that the creamy lather, which comes so quickly, speeds up the shave and won't dry on the face. They know, too, that after-feeling of complete comfort, which is so noticeable a result of a Williams' shave.

The cream is only one of four handy ways to get the famous Williams' lather. Try it tomorrow morning. You'll find there's a smile in it.

Your choice of four forms

Shaving Cream — Holder-Top Shaving Stick
Shaving Liquid — Shaving Powder

Send 20c in stamps for trial sizes of all four forms, then decide which you prefer. Or send 6c in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., *Dept. A*, GLASTONBURY, CONN.

If you prefer to use a shaving cup, as many will do, ask your dealer for Williams' Mug Shaving Soap or Williams' Barber Soap.

After the shave you will enjoy the comforting touch of Williams' Talc. Send 4c for a trial size of either the Violet, Carnation, English Lilac or Rose.

Williams' Shaving Cream

THE J.B.WILLIAMS COMPANY MAKERS ALSO OF *MATINEE VIOLETS, JERSEY CREAM* AND OTHER TOILET SOAPS, TALC POWDER, DENTAL CREAM, ETC.

(Continued from Page 134)

"Ah!" she exclaimed politely, passing her tiny fingers over the second-rate upholstery. "It is remarkably rich."

She turned her eyes and peeped up at his face.

"You don't ride in such fine carriages in Japan, do you?" he smiled triumphantly.

"Only the nobles and the *narikin* can afford to ride so."

She was sorry to have used the last offensive noun. Possibly Mr. Shimba was a *narikin*, which is the word to describe the vulgar war profiteers and noisy new rich, who have sprung up like mushrooms in Japan.

"One must have more than five sen a day to live in this country," he explained proudly. "Here we have chicken almost every week, as though it were the emperor's birthday."

"Are these members of the nobility?" asked the picture bride, now openly gaping at the throng passing up and down Market Street. Shimba laughed.

"You are very green," he said.

"I am nothing in your sight," admitted Chizo-san. "But behold so many ladies wearing shirt waists and skirts and tight black sandals with a high peg under the heel! In Nippon only the daughters of great officials appear thus at state ceremonies."

"Have you never seen these long-haired people in motion pictures?" asked Shimba with patronizing indulgence.

"Oh, yes! And the ladies of the Rice Country all dress like this, do they not? In one motion picture I beheld the female family of the Honorable Oo Shi (Woodrow Wilson) and they displayed these ceremonial shirt waists."

"You, too, shall go forth like this," he promised her.

"I, unworthy to do so?"

"You shall see, Chizo-san."

His protruding teeth showed broadly in a grin at this last promise, which was made good almost as soon as they had taken their room at the Hotel Meiji. Boxes and bundles of various sizes lay across the ornamental brass bed.

"Open them," commanded the husband.

Chizo-san's fingers went prying under the paper wrappings, and as soon as the lid of the largest box had fallen away she stood back, uttering a birdlike note of admiration. Finally she took courage and brought out an elaborately pleated plaid skirt, which she unfolded reverentially and displayed at arm's length. She was holding it upside down.

Not even at her wedding dinner which the Shimba and Nohmi families had held in February—the bridegroom being absent—had there been such a lavish display of food as was spread before the newly united couple in a back room of the Hotel Meiji. Chizo-san ate little, because the sickness of the sea was still upon her, and she was afraid of this strange man who was to claim her forevermore.

Shimba, however, was in splendid appetite. His chopsticks roved busily from dish to dish on the square tray before him. Chopped chicken, raw fish, bean curd, seaweed, egg noodles, pickled radishes he plucked skillfully between the two sticks which he held pincers fashion. He raised his soup bowl constantly, making the sibilant noise which politeness demanded, and before the meal was over he had finished six bowls of rice.

Now and then he would cast a proprietorial eye upon the lady whom he had equipped regardless of expense in the latest American style. Her shirt waist alone had cost him four dollars, and he was proud that she had not put it on—as he had feared she might—hind side before.

The meal at last completed, Shimba sipped a bowl of tea, which was thin green in color like melted jade. He deigned to smile again.

"The boat leaves at half past six," he informed her. "Till then let us enjoy what Americans call the moon of the honey. Come! We shall go together to the great theater of the town, there to behold Pickford O-Mary-san, famous among the long-hairs for her remarkable art."

"Shall we sit together, Honorable One?" asked his wife in her birdlike voice.

"I shall permit it," he said.

Chizo-san waddled submissively in his wake toward the street car. She was obsessed by a fear that her fashionable skirt would fall off—it trailed in the rear as she walked. Her American shoes hurt her dreadfully, and she had an instinct to hold them on with her toes, as she had learned to do with her sandals. Her hat with the red ribbon bobbed first one way and then that, betraying a racial prejudice against her high-built pompadour. Chizo-san was very miserable for a while, yet wonder overcame her as they entered the dark temple of many seats, where a great organ squeaked and roared while gigantic figures, some of them in clothing like that she now wore, anticked, wept, battled, loved without shame on a great white cloth stretched across the proscenium.

Chizo-san stood in the aisle, palsied with fright.

"Sit here," commanded her lord, pointing to a chair.

"Aye, Most Honorable!" she whispered, and huddled beside him.

They arrived next day at Bly, having driven part way in a hired car. Many of the sun-born people, clad strangely in the costume of the long-haired ones, greeted them as they passed. They rattled in through the white gate past rows of ripening fruit until they stopped at last by a collection of shedlike, low-browed huts. A man in a rough American shirt and muddy boots came smiling forward to remove his wide straw hat.

"This is Matsu-san, my partner," explained Shimba in the voice of ceremony.

Chizo bobbed and Matsu bobbed.

A squatty woman in an enormous sunbonnet came waddling out of the hut.

"And Mrs. Matsu, my partner's wife."

Mrs. Matsu and Mrs. Shimba bobbed.

Obediently Chizo-san followed her lord into the house. The dirt floor was littered with domestic rubbish. On the sleeping platform in the room beyond more domestic rubbish had been piled. Here was none of the exquisite neatness, the humble beauty of the little home she had left across the waters

And yet Shimba's family in Japan had told her much of their son's prosperity. She had learned to think of America as a place of freedom and much wealth. Chizo-san stood dazed and looked blankly at the seared old features of the man she had come so far to meet.

"Do you live here, Honorable?" she at last found voice to inquire.

"Where else?" he asked her roughly.

She stood immovable, her face a stolid mask.

"You will find work clothes in yonder trunk," said her husband. "We have wasted a great deal of time this week. When you have changed your clothes come out and I will show you what to do."

She remained immovable, stupidly staring at the floor.

"You are expected to be industrious," he informed her. "Remember, you did not come to America to lead the life of a geisha."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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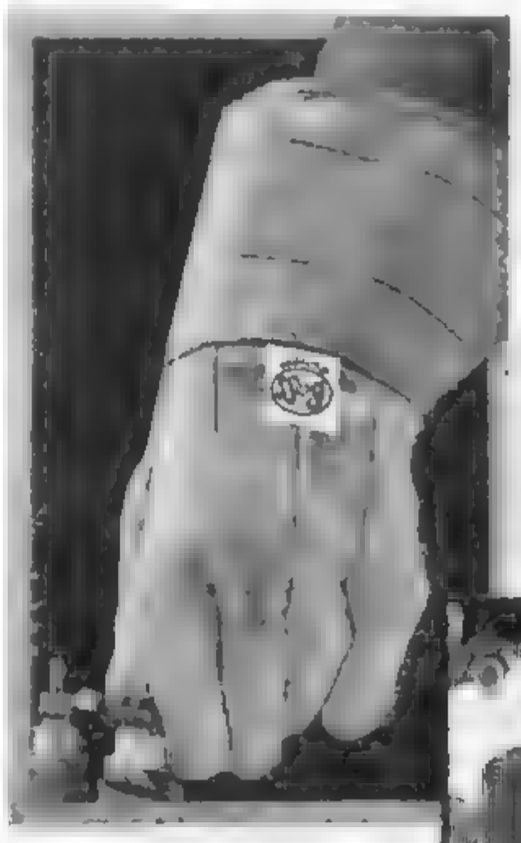

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In buying arctics, rubbers or boots, go to the Top Notch dealer in your town. If you do not know his name write us today and we'll be glad to send it to you. The Top Notch cross on the sole of rubber footwear is a guarantee of long service.

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New York Boston Chicago
Kansas City Minneapolis San Francisco

THE COUNTRY OF THE CARAVANS

(Continued from Page 7)

nothing of stores. Transport in the East is quite as short now as it was in France during the war. I had heard that the American colonel in Bagdad, Colonel O'Connor, was going soon to run a civilian line of cars to Persia. I went to see if I could be a passenger.

"How much luggage have you?" asked the colonel doubtfully.

"A dress-suit case and a bed roll."

The colonel's face cleared.

"You see," he explained, "every pound counts in Persian travel. I am taking two cars for myself, two drivers and one passenger. You make the second passenger, but if you had said three pieces of luggage we couldn't have managed. If the driver, Alexander, weighed two hundred and fifty pounds instead of a hundred and ten, we'd have to sacrifice someone's bed roll. Travel in Persia has to be treated as discreetly as if it were a diplomatic situation."

I began to realize that motor travel must be a very different thing in Persia from what it is at home. In the United States when we decide upon a run of a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles we set out as easily as if we were about to undertake the Vicar of Wakefield's simple travel from the Blue Room to the Brown. If it is a little sunny we have the top up; if it is coolish we take an extra rug. We bowl along easily and the most that happens by way of mischance is that the driver stops the car, gets out, looks at a tire or under the hood and shakes his head.

"Tire trouble?" you ask brightly, as one who will be cheery no matter what the delay.

The driver may reply or he may grunt. In any case you being tactful—you hope—get out of the car and withdraw to the side of the road with a book. No matter how amiable a driver may be, in his secret soul he is enraged to see somebody sitting easily in the car while he has to work. The trouble over, you set out again. You may chance to take the wrong road, which is food later for agreeable comment. Or it may come on to rain heavily, in which case you may arrive late, damp and cold at some hotel where you are cooed over and given every comfort.

It is not quite the same in Persia. Whoever asks that flowers should always spring beneath his feet had better not select this land for travel. But if he doesn't mind rough travel he may find many picturesque incidents to repay him for all discomfort. I traveled in stretches of twenty to a hundred and fifty miles a day, which latter was a great record. Each time I went in a small car or a van, with British or Indians or Persians or Arabs for drivers; and each day was different from every other day. Such journeying could have happened only in a land without railroads.

Starting on a Motor Trip

To give one typical day: I was still in Colonel O'Connor's car, and the driver was an ex-captain whose name was George and who had the sort of genial and wise smile that ought to go with the name. George had early endeared himself to me by a way he had of looking round every few miles and asking, "You all right still?" We were going to try to go from Kirmanshahan to Hamadan, a distance of about a hundred and forty miles, including a very stiff pass. George called for me at half past seven, before I had quite finished breakfast. I should have been overjoyed to have had time for my eggs, but in Persia the traveler never keeps people waiting. That is the driver's forte.

We drove down into the town for the colonel and then we found that the other car would be unable to travel. In a few minutes the colonel had made an agreement with a Persian who owned a car with three wheels, and who wanted to send half a million dollars' worth of rupees to Hamadan. We agreed to lend him one of the wheels of our incapacitated car, and to take him and his driver in consideration of his taking our extra passenger—a carpet buyer from New York—and our extra luggage. This necessitated putting an extra bed roll in the seat with me and removing a five-gallon tin of petrol. With luck we would not need petrol till we got to Kangavar.

We set out some time after eight o'clock. It began to rain a little, but our luggage was disposed in such a way that we could not get the top up. So we let it rain. The colonel insisted that I take his overcoat, while he and George put on raincoats. The rain changed from a drizzle to a spouting flood and George began to look anxious.

"I was held up by the Persian looters round here about three years ago," he said. "I don't know but I'd rather have them than this rain."

We rolled along for about five miles, and then George stopped the car, got out and shook his head. It took half an hour to change tires. For me the time passed pleasantly enough, for I was looking at a Persian solemnly tramping to and fro on the flat mud roof of his house. In a heavy rain in Persia half the houses are likely to have a figure on the roof stamping down the mud or else the people inside are deluged. I watched alternately this man and a stork that was dancing in the road to amuse and interest his lady love. There was a curious resemblance between the motions of the man and the bird.

Traffic Difficulties

The tire changed, we went on over a slippery road, cut here and there by brooks. Presently we began to go up and down hill, slipping unpleasantly close to the gorge. It was a moment in which to wish for the chains we had discarded along with the can of petrol because of the room they took up. The road was marked in English and in Persian, "For motor traffic only," but presently it began to fill with shebanahs and horses, mules, camels and donkeys that forsook sodden dirt road and constantly banged into us. I carried for weeks a sprained and discolored hand which I gained trying to push a horse's head off my shoulder. My bed roll cover bears a tear made by a cross camel. A wild mule's heels just escaped the colonel's head. We had to crawl for miles, George uttering frantic remarks in Persian, because it was impossible to make good time without running over livestock. The four-horse shebanahs were the worst. Their drivers never turned them aside till the last moment, and then the near and off horses never seemed to be of the same mind, their disunion involving us in difficulties.

"Listen, you," yelled George to a driver who wouldn't turn out at all; "I want you to know that the English built this road. If it hadn't been for us you'd still be crawling along Alexander's road down in the morass there, and now you won't even give your benefactors room to pass."

At last we got to a point where the road seemed comparatively clear and we envisioned ourselves flying ahead.

"If only that Persian's car with the rupees in it will keep up with us," we said. "It's something of a chore to have to be protecting a carful of gold."

Just at that moment George dismounted, looked at a front wheel and shook his head. The colonel and I got out while George smiled and worked away, and the Persian's car with the rupees drew up to us and paused. The rug buyer smiled at us ruefully.

"I wish my boss could see me now," he said. "Those fellows in New York think I travel de luxe because they see only my expense account. I wish they could see me now."

I am sure they would have enjoyed it if they had, because he looked woebegone and hungry. Still, he got wet only from the side because he had a cover to his car, while we, with no roof, were already soaked through. In twenty minutes we were ready to start again, but by that time the road had again filled. This time we had, in addition to the previous style of caravans, whole families apparently in the act of moving. The women sat in a kind of little cage on each side of a horse, and nearly all these horses shied. The women didn't seem to mind but we did. There was also a little funeral procession bound for Kerbela or Nejd some hundreds of miles away. The pilgrims were walking or riding on donkeys, while the coffins were covered with felt and placed on each side of a horse.

(Continued on Page 141)

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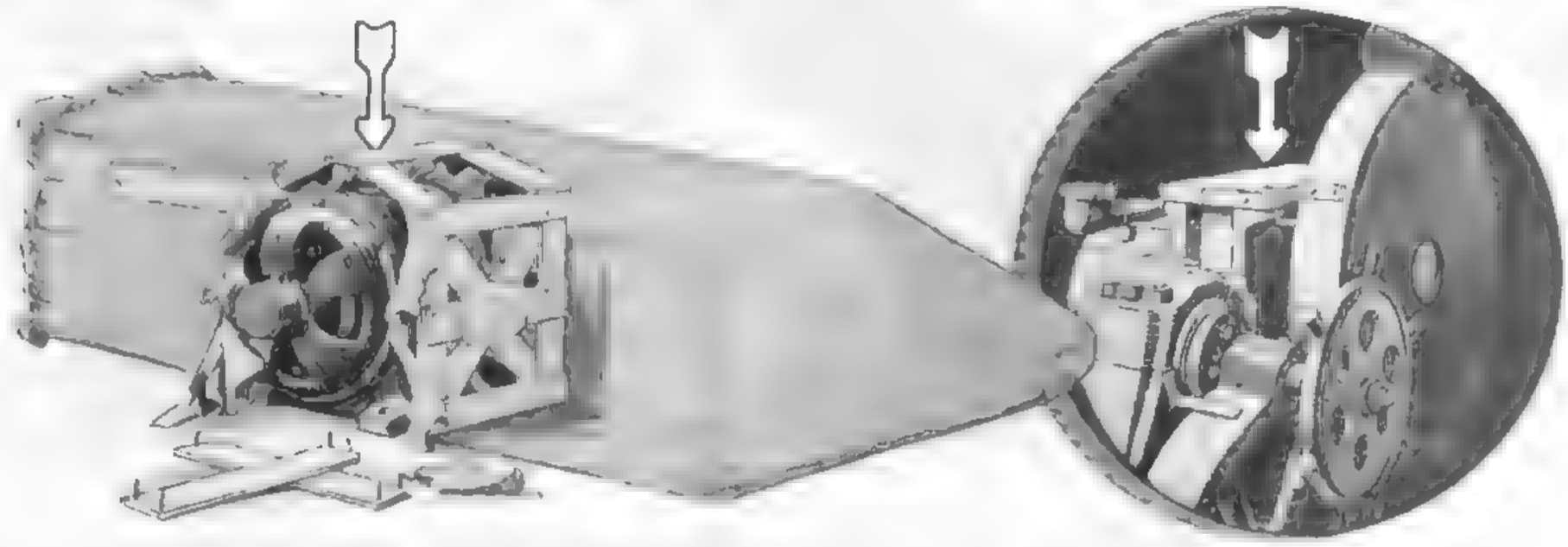
¶There is nicety in simply asking for "Northern Tissue"—a topping improvement in bathroom papers. Don't be satisfied with just "toilet paper"—ask for "Northern Tissue." At your dealer's now. Made at Green Bay, Wisconsin, by the Northern Paper Mills—also manufacturers of remarkable paper towels.

LINCOLN ELECTRIC MOTORS

A Square Peg For A Round Hole



HERE is a piece of machinery from one manufacturer—here is the electric motor to drive it, coming from another manufacturer. These two pieces of equipment have never been fitted to each other, yet they are supposed to work perfectly together.

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Lincoln Motor Engineers are making a tremendous drive for the correct application of electric motors to machinery. They are going to the machinery maker—working with his engineers—testing Lincoln Motors on his machines—and definitely establishing the correct Lincoln Motor for each and every machine in his line.

This policy is saving thousands of dollars once wasted in unnecessary power bills, loss of production or damaged equipment due to improper and careless motor application.

It will save money for you if you will request your machinery maker to supply all machinery complete with correct size and type of Lincoln Motor.

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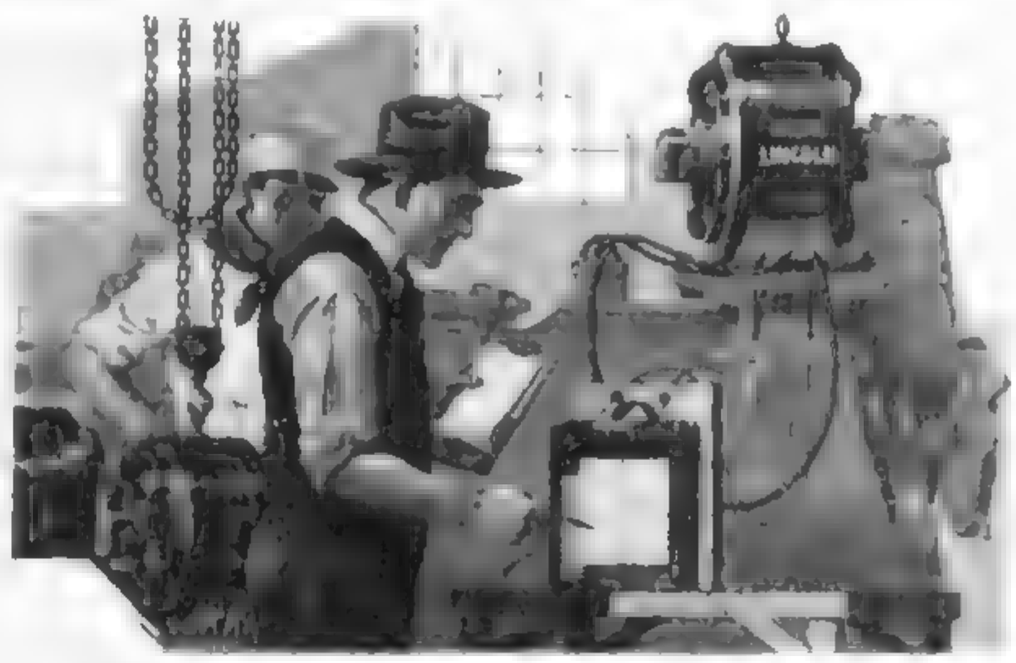

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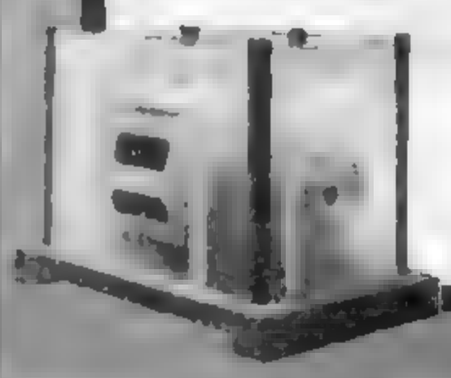

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(Continued from Page 138)

Luckily we were on the windward side of them, but even so, George felt it expedient to put on his best speed.

By this time we were far ahead of the Persian's car and again expressed the wish that we would not be held back, especially as we were within fifteen miles of Kangavar. As we began to breast a tall hill the colonel said he would get out and walk for exercise and wait for us at the top.

"He'll wait a long time," said George grimly, trying to start the car. "I feel in my bones that the petrol's out."

We sat in an immovable car watching the colonel jauntily ascending the hill. In half an hour we saw him coming heavily down, inquiry in every stride. The Persian's car drew up and we sent him on to Kangavar with an order to get petrol and return for us. Then we sat down to wait. There wasn't a thing on the road. For half an hour we sat, not getting wetter than we were, for that would have been impossible, but filled with long, long thoughts of warmth and fire. We had some eggs and sandwiches, but the rain had soaked the sandwiches and I had unwittingly trampled the eggs into flinders. Presently we saw a car coming toward us and we hailed it with loud cries of joy. It came. It saw. It yielded up a five-gallon tin. We all smiled widely while George poured in the blessed petrol.

"Ah!" we said happily as George began to crank up. Then ensued a long, long tussle.

"No good," said George, still cheerful. "Water in the petrol."

Beauty and Misery

A car whizzed past bearing an officer reading a book. At the crest of the hill he must have turned, because he came back and asked what he could do. We told him he could take me to Kangavar and get me fire and food. He was a nice lad of about twenty-four, not especially handsome, but to me he looked like a young archangel. At the moment I could have seen points in Beelzebub if he had promised me fire and food.

The Persian's car as we reached Kangavar was just getting ready to return with petrol for the stranded ones. I could imagine George asking under his breath if they had waited to distill the oil. The young archangel officer led me to the little hut of one Maj. Harvey Kelly, whose name I shall always see engraved in gold. He put me by a good fire.

I heard him tell his Indian boy to get ready tiffin, and when the Indian said there was no tiffin left the major said firmly, "There has got to be. You must have hot soup first of all, and meat and eggs. I don't know how you're to do it, I'm sure. Just do it."

The major watched in dismay the ever deepening pool my dripping garments made on his hearth.

"You're drowning," he said. "Look here, you must borrow my things."

It was no time for scruples of any sort. When, half an hour later, we set out again, I wore seven of the major's garments, the most worshipful one being a fleece-lined khaki coat. The colonel and George, who had come up in time for a cup of steaming coffee and some sandwiches, refused anything except a peg of whisky.

"We've got that pass to negotiate yet," George said.

Looking at those two blue men on the front seat I felt guilty that I should be relatively comfortable. But inside of an hour I was wet again. I am sure I don't know how the rain managed it. Sometimes the clouds rolled aside and gave us an hour or so of peace, and sometimes it poured. There was one beautiful hour when we began to climb toward the top of the pass and the sun shone. The mountains were craggy and steep, but their myriad-colored surface was meltingly soft. It was as if some mammoth hand had seized a vast store of jewels, fused them, scattered them over the heights and valleys, and then turned the whole to velvet. Such golds and greens, such amethysts and purples and blues, such browns and scarlets and blacks, all, somehow, delicate in effect. And at the top the eternal snows. Looking at it all I quite forgot the wet, except when we had to pass another vehicle. Then the danger was enough to drive away all thoughts of beauty and to induce remembrance of misery. It wasn't an easy journey. At times we had to stop to wait for the Persian's car or to cool the engine or to get water from one of the mountain runlets. Up and up we went, till at last we reached the top.

Feeling that perhaps I had not been dwelling enough on the difficulties of poor George I said to him kindly, "The worst is over, isn't it, George? It will be easy enough to get down to the other side."

"I'd much rather go up than down, I assure you," said George in a grim tone. "This road is like a sponge, and it's getting dark."

It was one hour before the colonel or I troubled George with any more remarks. George flexed the muscles of his fingers, cast a look back to see how far away the Persian's car was, and took the wheel. The pass going down was steep and winding and narrow. I had the feeling that George was going pretty fast. Once we saw wheel marks not more than an inch from the rim of the road and the colonel started to turn his head in my direction but thought better of it. Not for us to distract George's attention in the slightest. A little later on there were the signs of a struggle, evidently fresh, on the edge of the gorge. Some animal had fallen there, and by the condition of the edge of the precipice it looked as if he had gone over. Perhaps by craning—but one preferred to be in uncertainty.

Down we spun and the twilight raced after us and caught us up. But far ahead of us the valley was still bathed in light and the hills were a soft velvet. The floor of the valley was like a golden platter, embossed here and there by darker orange ridges, which were little flat villages. We advanced and the gold changed to copper and then to brown, the hills changed from violet to purple and then to deep blue. I forgot everything but the picture until I heard George utter a deep muttering shout. Just ahead of us a wagon had broken down and was occupying the exact center of the road. George just managed to shave by, took off the brakes, let the car go in a long sweep, and, behold, we had reached the bottom of the pass.

"Well," said George with a cheerful smile, "we just managed to beat the dark, didn't we? And now I'll fix those soft tires."

For twenty minutes he worked, while the colonel boasted to me in an undertone about him, and related his feats during the war. After that, travel in the dark and the rain once more, with the wish, growing stronger, that we didn't have the responsibility of that Persian's car with the rupees. But for them we could have seen warmth and food only two hours ahead instead of three. Little flat villages, long stretches of plain, and finally the gardens that suggested we must be getting into Hamadan.

Hamadan at Last

The city at last, without lights, and a gendarme who could not understand in the least what we asked him. Wandering over strange streets checkered by deep pools and cows and Persians, we at length met a British soldier who was able to guide us over another mile of travel to the hospitable home of the Edwardses.

"You didn't attempt the pass in this rain?" they cried. "You don't mean that you came all the way from Kirmanshahan in this weather!"

"All the way from Kirmanshahan," we said bitterly. "It has taken us fifteen hours, as long as it takes to go from Chicago to Buffalo!"

"You're lucky to get here at all," they told us. "The average traveler who starts from the railhead to Teheran has to reckon with delays of all sorts. He is lucky if he makes it in two weeks. Sometimes it takes a month. This is Persia. Don't forget that we have few railroads here."

We promised that we wouldn't forget it.

If I seem to dwell unduly on mere travel it is because mere travel takes up so much of the time of the people who try to do business in Persia. It is almost as if a man spent eight hours traveling to and from his office and two hours in it. Lack of railways and lack of good roads force people into this caravan life, in which one may read a similarity to their use of opium. I am told that sixty to eighty per cent of the Persians use the drug. But I believe that this caravan life induces its own long hours of dreaminess, its own hypnosis. Why not just moon along hour after hour on a mule with a couple of sacks of grain to sell?

Eight years ago there was not an automobile in Persia. The wheeled vehicles are

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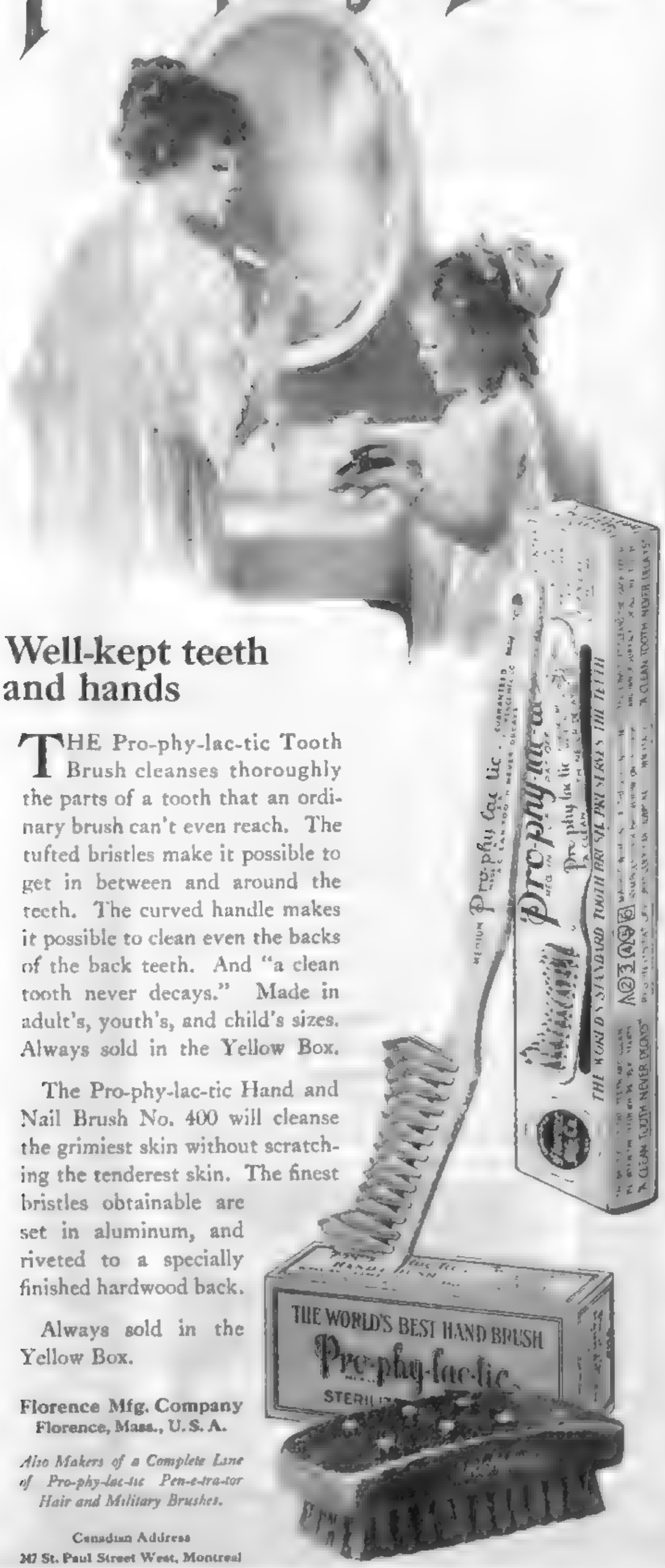

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THE Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush cleanses thoroughly the parts of a tooth that an ordinary brush can't even reach. The tufted bristles make it possible to get in between and around the teeth. The curved handle makes it possible to clean even the backs of the back teeth. And "a clean tooth never decays." Made in adult's, youth's, and child's sizes. Always sold in the Yellow Box.

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mostly large shebanahs, much like our old-fashioned emigrant wagons, drawn by four horses, which can make some thirty miles a day, though Americans who have traveled in them tell me that is a fond dream, or it seems so when one is using them. The Persians driving in them seem content to jog along at about four miles an hour. Once when my Indian driver was negotiating a difficult pass with many curves hanging over five-hundred-foot chasms, we met one of these shebanahs, the driver of which was asleep. If the Indian hadn't been skillful the driver would have finished his sleep at the bottom of the gorge. Besides the shebanahs there are low-hung buggies, much like the old-fashioned victorias, with a main seat and facing it a sliver of a second seat, the whole drawn by two horses. These are supposed to hold at most three people, but I have seen five crowded in, with some luggage on spare knees. Persians don't consider much the animals that serve them. They not only overload them but they gallop them uphill, let them go about with unhealed wounds, and beat the donkeys with a stick in the end of which has been driven at right angles a nail.

The Leisurely Caravan

But the characteristic carrier of the country is the four-footed creature, camel or mule, horse or donkey. Stand anywhere in Persia, on a plain or on a mountainside, and lift your eyes, and you will see a caravan winding, always winding up steep passes, across sandy bottoms, slow, inevitable, symbolic of the implacable leisure of the East. In the distance a caravan, whether it consists of a hundred camels or a dozen mules, always looks like a drifting picture. Observed close to, it is a riot of color and sound. Every beast has a saddle cloth, hand woven, beautiful in color and usually beautiful in texture. Donkey, mule or horse, it usually also carries saddle bags equally lovely in material and pattern. The burden, especially in the case of camels, is two huge boxes, one on each side, or perhaps two or four sacks. For the Persians have sacks of uniform size in which they pack their produce, always with expert economy of space.

Every beast is adorned with a myriad of bells. I counted thirty-two on one mule the other day, and more on a camel. These vary in sound from a deep-toned bell that could be heard from a church to a little tinkler that doesn't make much more noise than a silver bangle on the neck of a pet lamb. It is said that the driver of a string of animals can conduct them in his sleep by the sound of the bells. If the bells stop or jangle out of rhythm he knows he is being robbed, and wakes up. Along with the bells go ornaments of beads and ribbons on the headpieces of the animals, while special riding camels wear a tall red-and-blue pompon. They are driven by all sorts of male beings, little boys or old men, youths or middle-aged, but they are always driven well. In Egypt the tradition is that three or, at the most, only five camels can be led by one man, but in Persia I have counted as many as sixteen, joined together by long slack ropes, forming a sort of living necklace, and somehow managing to avoid serious collisions in spite of British motor cars, slippery roads and narrow passes.

It is the caravan that makes the real unity of Persia, that joins up the jungle country near the Caspian with the salt lands, that makes it possible to get from Teheran, the city of the whispering intrigues, to the lake in Sistan; that makes it possible to go from the Sistan farmers to the Sistan fowlers. These primitive people live in reed houses by the lake, depending on their little humble cows that eat reeds. By the caravan one passes from the riches of the Ispahan to the terrible poverty of the barren wastes. One may travel from the turquoise mines near Meshhed to the sacred plain in Khorasan and then down to the famed city of Shiraz, where the learned used to dwell; Shiraz is the jewel in the bottom of a bowl. It is only by poking along on a camel or a mule that one can realize what Persia really is, with its people crowded together in the rich agricultural regions or picking up a scanty living along the courses of streams, or wandering, like the Arabs, wherever their flocks can be fed. It is the caravan that explains so much in the Persian's life—hospitality, and hardihood, gluttony and laziness, patience and a resignation to fate, and brigandage.

I don't know how far the caravan life explains the people of modern Persia and the East generally. Certainly these modern Persians lack the chief quality of the ancient Persians, which was a warlike spirit. At Behistun, some twenty-four miles from Kirmanshahan, on a rock surface three hundred feet above the road is the triumphal engraving of Darius, son of Hystaspes, and the record of his reign. He is shown of superhuman size, lording it over a line of powerful captives tied to each other by the neck. "I am Darius," he writes, "king of kings." Then he tells of the twenty-three countries he rules over, from Persia to Arabia and Egypt, from Babylonia to Sparta. The modern Persians are not warlike.

"Bread is cheap," they say when told of their wrongs. With the exception of the Kurds the people of to-day do not care for fighting in the modern way. They are not cowardly, otherwise they would not be such lusty brigands. Knife play they know, and shooting with rifles, but machine-gun fire and grenades and bombardments they have no taste for. Except for their bouts of brigandage they are a very peaceable people. Part of their passivity may be due to their habit of opium taking, part possibly to their lack of education. Another reason may be that until lately there was not what might be called a middle class, only the rich and the peasants. But now there are a number of educated and half-educated young men who take a growing interest in politics and world affairs, and who have plenty of spirit. Yet, though Persia is not the heroic country she was of old, nevertheless she has in a sense managed to retain her independence. She is the only Oriental country invaded by the Greeks and Romans that kept her integrity.

The Persians are of the Aryan race and pretty fairly pure as to stock, though the language used between Kirmanshahan and Tabriz is Turkish, between Kirmanshahan and the Mesopotamian railhead it is Kurdish, and between Kirmanshahan and Ispahan, Persian. The Persians have a very definite type of face, especially the men—long faces; deep-set eyes, not especially large and rather close together; the nose narrow at the bridge and triangular at the end; and a reasonably firm mouth. Sometimes chin and forehead show a receding line. The type is more noticeable because the men all wear their hair bobbed under round, pointed or pot-shaped caps.

A Fashion Note

The most attractive of the tribes are, perhaps, the Kurds. Whoever enters Persia from the southwest is likely to be impressed by these hill people, the francs-tireurs of the country. Kurdish women are particularly attractive. They go unveiled, and they have the straight, direct look of the men. If you smile at them the direct look breaks into the most alluring of answering smiles. There is something about the Kurdish women graceful and delicious and sweet. They make one think of grapes and perfumed flowers and first love. No, I take that back; not first love; they aren't quite innocent enough for that. But let us say they make a person think of that first love affair of his that had a prick of conscience in it, but was enthralling just the same. Kurdish women are very independent. They won't always let their men take a second wife, settling the matter by promising to murder Number Two or otherwise upset family peace. Not many of them accepted the change in dress ordered by the Shah Nassr-ed-Din, some four decades ago.

This change, by the way, would seem to prove that the Persians can alter some of their strictest customs. Nassr-ed-Din went traveling in Europe, bringing up at last in England. They took him one night to the Alhambra, and he fell into raptures over the ballet. He commanded his chamberlain to buy the whole front row for him. That being impossible, he brought home ballet costumes to his household, and adapted them somewhat for harem women. To this day old-fashioned Persian women wear a sort of pyjamas, feet and all complete; under that a tight trouser and a very short ballet skirt, accordion pleated, with a sort of blouse or chemise. Lately, and against the will of the mullahs, or priests, the women of Persia rebelled against this costume. When they go out now, underneath their long chuddars, or black winding sheets, they wear short skirts. They have discarded the sandals for silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. Some who are still in the transition stage wear silver anklets

(Continued on Page 145)

To think of the Hayes Wheel Company in its broader phase, is to think of its contribution toward maintaining and improving our motor transportation.

In this it is a force of far-reaching importance, by reason of its position as the world's largest builder of wood, wire and steel wheels.

Trucks haul their loads on Hayes Wheels. Farm tractors do their work on Hayes Wheels. Passenger cars by the thousand are equipped with Hayes Wheels.

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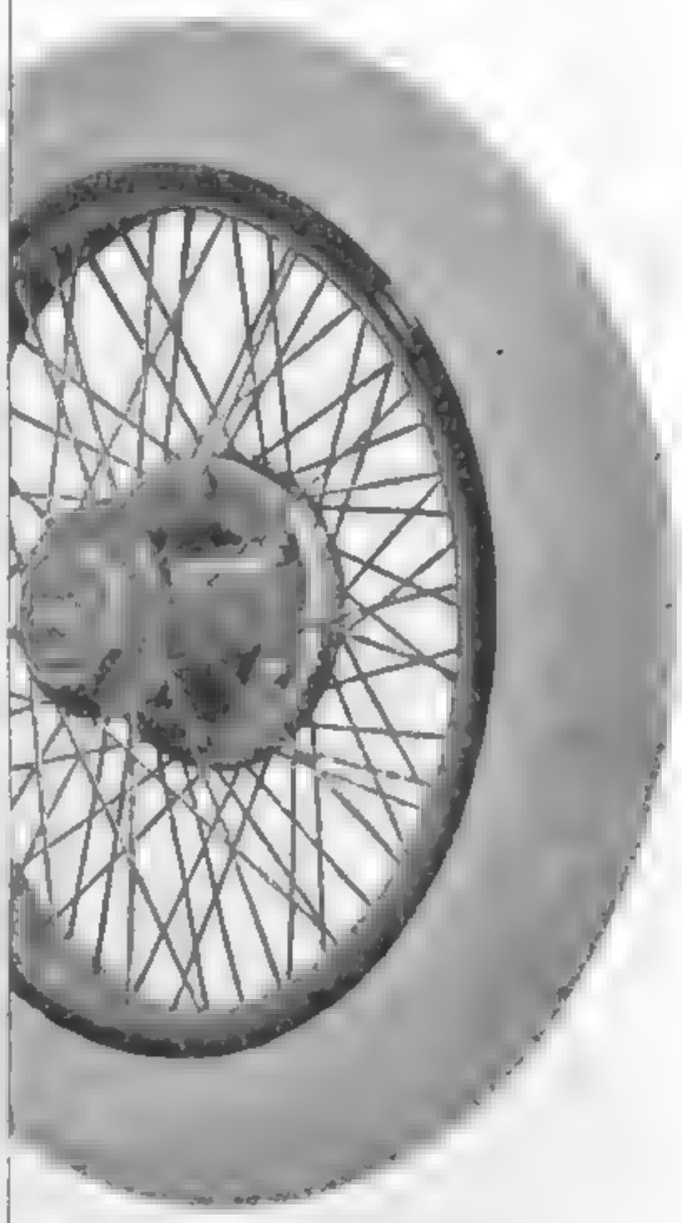

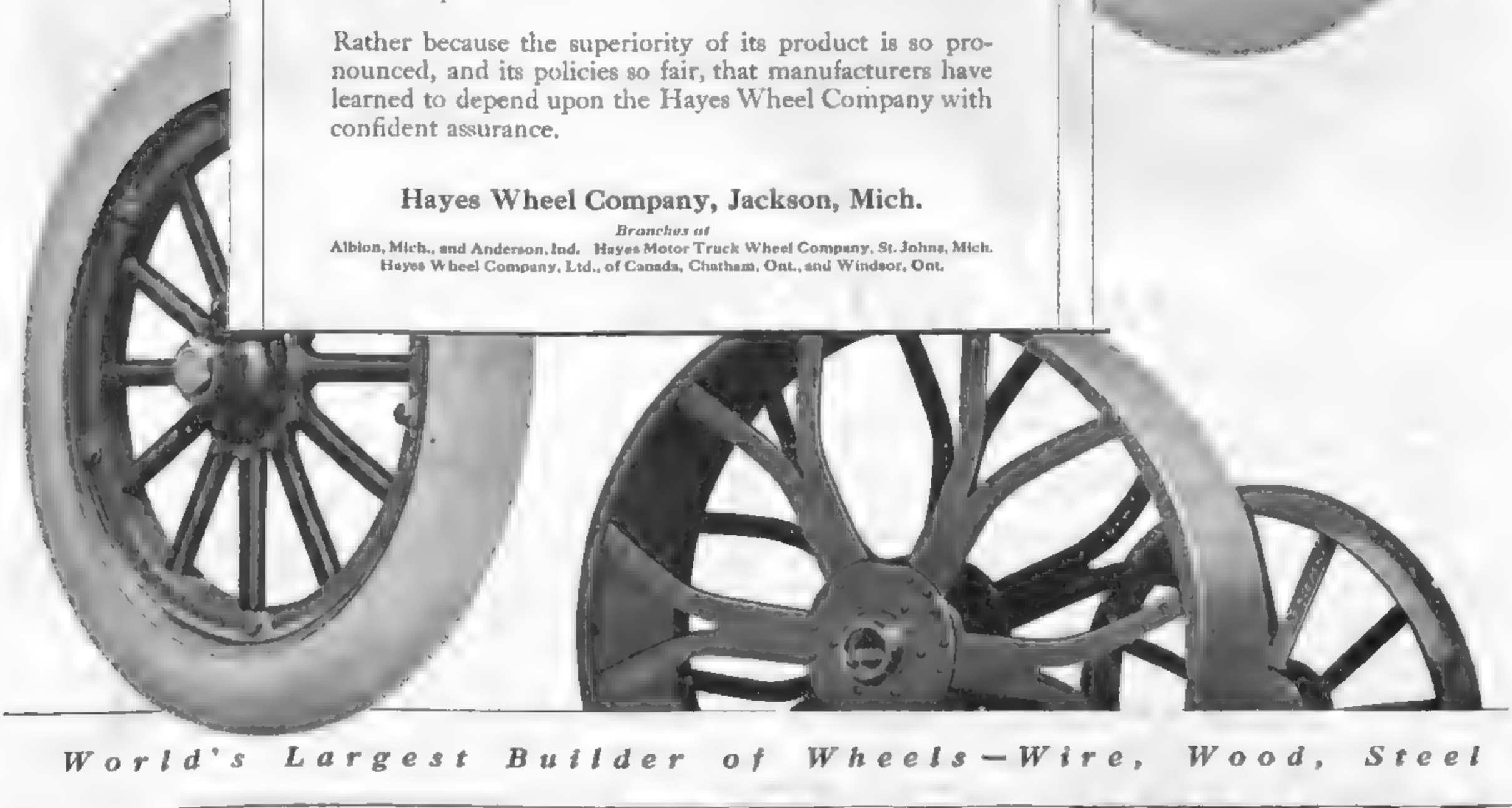

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WEAVERS AND MAKERS OF
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(Continued from Page 142)

over the stockings. But the fact that they have changed their mode of dress twice within thirty or forty years shows that they are not immune to outside influences.

Yet they are not allowed to go too fast, the women especially. A number of them went to the prime minister, petitioning to be allowed to give up their chuddars. They did not like to feel that they had to wear their winding sheet or else be not only spoken to by street loafers but also arrested. The prime minister replied that he could do nothing for them. That those who commanded the veil should rescind the command. Mohammed is not easy for the women to get at. Some of them, instead of wearing the thick white face covering with the crisscross embroidered white stripe over the eyes, have taken to covering the face with a sort of black square, such as the Jeweases of Bagdad wear. If they dare to tip their heads up their faces show fully. The other day, by that secret communion the harem women seem to have with one another, some two thousand, it is said, signed an agreement that on a certain day they would all appear unveiled. But apparently custom was too strong. The day came but the veils were still in evidence.

The rules for the upper-class women especially have not been relaxed. Down in Kirmanshahan the other day a Persian doctor who considers himself a liberal was rubbing his hands in great glee because some of the Persian women had been allowed to drive down to the gymkhana, or English club, to see the sports. They could not really see anything because they were not allowed to sit in the grand stand with the Englishwomen, but at least they had been allowed to drive inside the grounds. Even the lowest-class women are shackled in countless little ways. I have a friend whose cook and waiter are mother and son. The cook's name is Zahra, but she must be called Mariam because her son would not care to hear her name said aloud in public. And yet the Persian women have in them the germs of revolt. At any rate, when the Russian troops invaded, some of them went to parliament to protest, smashed the windows of shops that sold Russian goods, and made men in the street take off Russian collars and goloshes. There was nothing in their religion, however, against such revolution. Whether they will ever have the courage to rise against polygamy is another matter. If they can prevent that, and temporary marriage, and child marriage—then American doctors will have fewer stories to tell of misery, including shattered health of seven and eight year old wives.

This pristine land, as I have said, has a very definite attitude toward us. The Persians have liked us since about the middle of the last century, when we concluded with them a treaty of friendship and commerce, in a series of eight articles, every item of which contained the most-favored-nation clause. Not that we ever had much trade with the country up to the time of the war. Russia had fifty per cent of it, Great Britain twenty-five, and the rest was divided among several nations. The Persians liked our lamps and watches and clocks and locks and hand pumps and shoes. But commercially we have not counted much.

American Famine Relief

Morally and spiritually we have. Allowing for the Oriental hyperbole which says "When we go to heaven it is the United States to which we go," there is no doubt that the Persians admire us. When they talk of democracy it is of American democracy. In order to take their place with other nations they are hoping for railroads and mines and factories. We of all the nations are their ideal, though we are not to have much to do with the means by which they are to realize their ambitions. Not long since only Persians in the cities had heard of us. When the American Minister, Mr. John L. Caldwell, used to go out into the villages he was accustomed to explain himself by saying that he was the minister from the New World. Those in the cities, outside of the intellectuals, got their vision of us through the work of American missionaries, which had been going on here for forty years—a long devotion, the educational part of which has especially appealed to the more enlightened of the Persian Moslems. Nor do they forget such practical items as that the American missionaries instituted the planting of potatoes and tomatoes in Persia.

But the fact that drove the realization of us home to the Persians was the help we gave them during the famine of 1918–19, when again the missionaries were largely the instruments of distribution. People here who don't know whether London or Moscow is the capital of England know that New York is a great city of the United States from which supplies were shipped to the starving of the world.

When you ask what the population of Persia is people will tell you anything from nine to fifteen millions. Part of the discrepancy is due to the fact that people in Persia are careless about statistics and partly because it is impossible to tell how many hundreds of thousands died in the famine. Certain it is that the five million and a half dollars which the United States gave saved hundreds of thousands of lives. One has been used, alas, during the last six years, to tales of hunger and pain, yet I have seldom heard sadder tales than those told me by a young man whom the American Y. M. C. A. had lent for famine service. I should be glad to forget the pictures he made me see of women with dead skeleton babies in their arms, of children fighting to get the decaying flesh of dead dogs, of lanes almost paved with dying, of great caravansaries where long lines of tottering people waited for the American bread. A good deed of mercy, admirably administered too.

In Hamadan, for example, the man in charge of the work took a census of the families in need, got work or made work—road making, chiefly—for those able to get about, estimated those unable to work, and issued twenty-five thousand bread tickets for daily use. The bakers were to sell American bread of certain weight only to those with tickets. Bakers who cheated were publicly whipped and profiteers generally were diligently sought after. In Teheran there were seven centers where were fed people whose needs had been investigated. Industrial work was organized for both women and men, and as far as possible the sick were cared for.

A Practical Missionary

What the American relief did for famine sufferers in Persia I realized best from watching Mr. Stead, the missionary in Kirmanshahan, a man by whom the British swear. I knocked at a door in the room of his house one day, behind which I heard his voice. A little hesitatingly he bade me enter. He was standing by a table on which there was a bowl of lotion. In front of him was a long line of dark-skinned, fat little girls. At a gesture from him a child would come forward, remove her two or three garments, and Mr. Stead would anoint her for scabs or sores or whatever she had.

"They haven't yet got over the diseases they caught during the famine," he explained. "I found some of these children by the road tearing at the raw decaying flesh of animals that had died from disease."

I watched him anoint the children. Then I followed him upstairs and saw him measure little blue frocks against little girls who were presently to go to church.

"Did you make the dresses?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but I cut them out."

Mr. Stead is, or at the moment was, running a school and an orphanage all by himself. During the famine relief work he picked up sixty children whose parents had died of famine or who had been abandoned. He had no funds and no authority to start an orphanage, but he could not let the children die. His wife went to America to collect money, and Mr. Stead taught and fed and mothered the children. As one or two of his older girls progressed he had them take classes of the little ones. He taught them to cook, and they are their own servants. They take care of each other. Alert, good-looking youngsters, they are a credit to American endeavor.

The famine was partly caused by the failure of rain, but that was not the real reason that made it the worst famine Persia has ever known. The real reason was the war. Persia was neutral, yet she became a battledore and shuttlecock for the Turks and Germans on the one hand and the Russians on the other. The Germans poured in as business men and consular agents, as simple and not so simple scientists, preaching news of German victories, and, when need was, becoming converts to Mohammedanism. They spent money like water, they had armed servants, they paid influential men large salaries to

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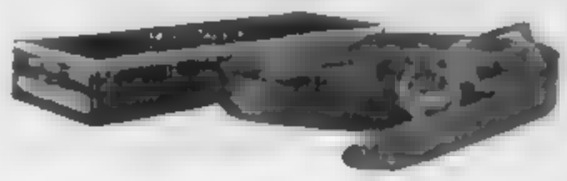

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remain neutral in case of trouble. They arranged with tribal chiefs to furnish at call men and mounts.

The experience of Kirmanshahan, in an agricultural region, is typical. The Turks on the southwest border crossed the frontier and advanced against the Kurdish Persians. The Germans persuaded the Turks to go back to Mesopotamia, but they brought German officers into Kirmanshahan, and these men began to drill troops for action against the Russians. When the British and Russian consuls who had left Kirmanshahan tried to return, an armed force was brought against them. Meanwhile the Russians came down and defeated the Germans at Aveh, but the poor people of Kirmanshahan were entangled in the German net. They thought they were in the hands of the Turks anyway, and they feared the Cossacks. Murder and robberies were the daily rule. Then, in February, 1916, the Turks and Germans began to move out of Kirmanshahan, and presently the people heard the sound of Russian artillery. Those who were involved with the Germans were frantic. If they could they left, and if not they buried their most precious possessions, now in this place, now in that, digging them up again for a better hiding place or returning them for fear the Russians would be angry at finding houses bare of valuables.

Persian Schools

From the end of February to the beginning of July, Kirmanshahan was in the hands of the Russians. Many of the peasants were afraid to plant their fields, fearing that their crops would be taken from them. The Russians requisitioned what they needed, sometimes paying and sometimes not. By August the Germans and Turks were back, requisitioning and looting. No man dared travel without an armed guard. Every night screams and shots were heard, and the first remark at the American breakfast tables each morning was the wonder as to who had been murdered the night before. One day in the bazaar a man met an enemy, shot him, and then fired in all directions to clear the street. Though fourteen men and women were killed the murderer was not arrested. Small inducement for autumn plowing.

Early in 1917 there were rumors of British successes in Mesopotamia, followed by the evacuation of the Turks with their many sick and wounded. They commandeered thousands of donkeys and much grain, and as the last of them went over the hills the Russian shells pursued them. This time the Russians were showing the effect of the revolution. They were undisciplined, and they and the Kurds had trouble, mutually looting and killing. And when peace was made neither side really trusted the other. The harvest suffered, everything halted for the slow withdrawal of the Russians. It was not till the beginning of 1918, when Dunsterville's forces arrived, that the Russians really departed. As soon as the farmers saw the khaki they went out to till their fields. The stock of food was appallingly low, but they hoped. Then the rains failed and the harvest was almost nil. Profiteers took advantage and the poor could only die till the Americans and the British came to their aid.

But the poor Persians know the United States for the flour she gave them; the ones avid for progress know her because of the American education that has come through the mission schools that are flourishing in several cities, and because of the sanitary and hospital work. The best hospital in Persia, situated in Teheran, is an American hospital with forty beds. The education so far has been mostly in primary and secondary school work for both boys and girls, though in Teheran a campus has already been purchased and the first building is up. The others are halted for the usual reason in Persia—lack of money. But Doctor Jordan, the principal, is holding freshman classes and nursing the hope that some day Persia will show an American college equal to those in Constantinople, Beirut and Smyrna.

The secondary schools here, over which Mr. Arthur Boyce has supervision, and the schools in Kirmanshahan and Hamadan, are excellent. Hundreds of boys, and girls, too, all over Persia, are getting the same sort of training as our children at home. How far the missionaries will be able to kill race hatreds one doesn't know. They are hopeful, because twenty-five years ago no Moslem would come to their schools at all, and now Moslems from all over Persia attend. They say that they have hopes of softening the differences; but all the same, in a snowball fight in the schools they are careful never to put Moslems on one side and Jews and Armenians on the other.

To an outsider the race antagonism seems pretty strong. One day Mr. Caldwell, the American Minister, and his family and I were being driven through a main street when a boy threw a stone at us, calling us dogs of Armenians. I sat in the school chapel at Teheran one day, listening to the singing of the schoolboys. The Persians sang one of their patriotic songs and the faces of the Armenians were none too sympathetic. Then the Armenians sang theirs with intense fervor, and the Persians merely endured it or sneered behind their hands. But they did unite with great enthusiasm on My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

Leading Persians have said to me that the young men in the service of the present government, the ones from whom they hope the most for Persia, are those who have been trained in the American schools. This is not only because they have learned English, which is now becoming a popular language, but rather because they have learned ideals of truth and honesty, and also system in thought and work.

"I am getting along very well in the truth," a schoolgirl said to me. "I hear in the United States they only tell lies when they are forced to it. When I first came to school I only told the truth when I was forced to it. Now I tell only about three lies a day, one for each meal."

"Tell the Americans to come to Persia," said an old-fashioned Moslem to me, the sort of man whose women still wear a heavy white linen veil with crisscross bars across the eyes. "We are not afraid that their Christianity will shake the forces of Islam. For myself I care nothing for modern education, but I want the Americans to come to us. We may be a backward race, but we still have the virtue of hospitality."

Hospitality they have—the caravan virtue, in a very high degree. Rich men in the United States endow libraries and schools. In Persia they build caravansaries—a direct need arising from caravan life. These caravansaries are built of the light-colored brick of the country, usually sun-dried, and are scattered along the main roads every few miles. Whether large or small, with arched doorway, they are generally built on the same plan. A great open court is surrounded on two or three sides by a platform divided into many sections. Behind each section is a small dark room. The other side or sides of the court belong to the animals. One corner is sacred to the cistern. The windows—if any—give on the road, and are tightly closed at night, as is also the door, for a caravansary filled with the men and animals of a richly loaded caravan would be a great temptation to a lusty band of robbers. There is, of course, no food given with the lodgings, but each man has his arrangements for boiling water for tea. It is surprising how much hot water a few sticks of camel thorn or a handful of charcoal can engender.

True Hospitality

For the European traveler there is also hospitality. I first learned the nature of it when I was on the sea journeying slowly toward Persia. I had become acquainted with an American woman married to an Englishman who had a carpet factory in Hamadan, Mrs. Edwards.

When she learned that I knew nothing of Persian travel she said, "In Hamadan you will of course stay with me. In Kirmanshahan I suggest Mr. Stead, of the American mission. In Kasbin the bank people will put you up. In Teheran ——"

"Of course I should like to stay with you," I said, "but in these other cities why should I not go to the hotels? Surely in cities of sixty thousand there are good hotels?"

"There are no hotels where a European can possibly stay. But indeed you need have no scruples. We are only too glad to have guests. During the time that the country was harried by Turks and Russians I had one refugee family who stayed with me for ten months. We never know when we will have to ask for hospitality ourselves. Besides, since you haven't lived in Persia you can't realize what a luxury a guest is."

Throughout Persia I found this sweeping and delightful hospitality from the English—carpet people or bank people or officers belonging to the lines of communication. One night I might sleep in Doctor Cotter's small officers' hospital at Kerind. On another I might sleep in an American orphanage, to be awakened early by childish voices. Again I might stay in the political officers' mess at Kasbin with a group of carpet dealers, husbands and wives, ready to journey next morning in a ten-day carriage drive—with luck—to Tabriz. Again I would be with the Boyces in Teheran. Another time with the bankers at Resht, and all of them acting as if the arrival of an unexpected guest was a most delightful experience.

The Persian hospitality to the European is also graceful. When you enter the house they tell you that your presence has brought happiness to your slave; or if they are sufficiently Europeanized not to use the Oriental hyperbole, still they make you feel that your arrival has brought happiness. If you comment on the sweetness of a child they reply, "She kisses your hand." If you do any service for the poorer people they are likely to say, "May your hand never pain you." And—suggestive, this, of the famine menace: "May your shadow never grow less. May your nose grow fat."

The rich and well-to-do give you many sups of tea, generally followed by coffee, and the more sugar they put in the more polite they are trying to be. The more you eat the happier they are. Even the poor wish you to drink tea. When at a roadside café you buy your tea the café keeper serves it to you with the air of a host. The Persians have that truest essence of hospitality, that which makes you feel it has given them pleasure for you to stop beneath their rooftree. They are said to be greedy for money and hard at a bargain, but these traits they never show their guests.

Polite Brigands

There is a very definite relation between caravans and brigandage. There are many roads along which it is still unsafe for a person to travel alone, especially a Persian. Foreigners are supposed by the natives always to go armed. Along the two main roads, until the British established their lines of communication—that is, about two years ago—people never traveled unless they went in convoy.

It is not at all uncommon to comment enthusiastically to someone upon this or that height, and to have him reply: "The last time I passed here I did not notice the scenery. I was robbed just under that rock."

Before the British established their lines, if the European traveler saw one man he did not trouble to put his hand on his pistol; if he saw two men he thought it best to be on the safe side. A married couple whom I know were making a walking tour in Persia, when suddenly two men rose from behind a rock, a certain amount of determination in their eyes. They came so suddenly that the husband had no time to put his pistol in evidence.

"Your feet upon our eyelids," said they in the polite Persian way. "Will Your Worship condescend to pay us for the trouble we have had in guarding this road and making it safe for Your Worship to pass?"

Though the knives in their belts looked sharp their tones were suave.

"We've just paid some road guards," said the husband. "There must be some mistake. You must belong to some other part of the road."

"This is our territory," said one of the men in a surly tone. "We are poor men and the times are hard. We are Your Honor's slaves, and will Your Honor condescend to buy from us a young tender gazelle?"

The travelers did not need a gazelle any more than a snake needs hips, but the Persians looked menacing, and they were fingering the handles of their knives. It seemed the part of prudence to buy the gazelle.

Nearly everyone I met had a story to tell of looting. This little incident will show you how thoroughly it is taken for granted. A few years ago the brother of the deposed Shah raised troops to help restore him. On the march northward he complained bitterly of the way his men deserted.

"It is easy enough to recruit them," he said, "but after a time they said, 'Why should I go on? I have my horseload.'"

When one has lifted all the pots and pans, rugs and grain, odds and ends that

(Continued on Page 149)

Why soap and water improves your skin

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THE DETROIT VAPOR STOVE COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A. 81

No Wicks or Asbestos Rings

RED ★ STAR

Detroit Vapor Oil Stove

(Continued from Page 146)

his horse can carry—why, indeed, should he bother to pursue the object for which he was recruited?

The looting story freshest in the minds of people, memorable because of its punishment, is that of Naib-Hossein, son of Mashallah. Naib-Hossein began as a sort of porter in a government office in Kashan. He was a natural leader and he soon had all the rough element of the town under his power. He used to do a little casual looting in Kashan, and gradually he extended it to the country round about. But he was well along in years before he dominated the country between Ispahan and Kashan, especially the country close to the roads. Here the people used actually to plow by hand with never an animal, because it was his way to commandeer every horse and donkey he saw. He used simply to ride up to the poor man at his plow and unhook whatever beasts were there and drive them away. With the rich he would use a little ceremony.

He would ride up to the door of Ali Husan and say: "The blessing of Allah be upon you. I observe that you have a very fine horse. I am in need of a horse like that and am willing to pay you a sum for it."

He would then mention a sum about one-tenth the value of the animal, but Ali generally found it wiser to say: "Take my poor animal as a gift."

Naib-Hossein grew very rich and powerful, and so did his sons, who followed his career. After a time he needed no more money, and perhaps he wanted a new kind of excitement. At any rate he made a bid to be taken upon the side of law and order. He wrote to the Persian Government that he would like to be given the job of guarding the road from Ispahan to Kirman. The government promptly agreed. It had been done before and it seemed a safe way of dealing with him. The English, it is said, were willing, too. It was not entirely their business but they wanted to see this spectacular brigand punished, and they had the notion that if he were given enough rope he would proceed to hang himself.

His fashion of guarding the road was to demand from each traveler a fee, so that instead of taking a good deal from a few people he took a little from many. It may have struck him in the light of a reformation. In any case, he must have presumed too much on his virtue, he and his sons, for last year they were arrested and afterward hanged. By chance I saw the scene of their punishment. I was driving through the great square in Teheran—Artillery Square, with its cream-colored buildings and vivid streams of people. At one side I observed a jarring note, a tall pole with a short crosspiece, both painted roughly an ugly dark red. I inquired what it was of the Persian chauffeur.

Punishment by Gatching

"That," he replied airily, "is where they hang people. Such crowds as there are here on execution days! I can hardly drive through them. People come in from the country and bring their food and hold the children up so they won't miss anything. They just tie the hands of the criminal and twist the rope round his neck, but they leave his feet free and he generally kicks. I don't know why he should kick, because as a rule he is so full of fear and despair and so unhappy that he is about dead when he comes into the square—especially if he has been unable to get any opium. It would be better to contain himself and die quietly. But I have known only one of the people hanged here to have command of himself. He made a speech and died like a gentleman."

The Persians strike one as very cruel in their punishments. One day I was going in company with a padre to call on the governor of a province, a man, by the way, whom I found most delightful, cultivated, speaking English almost as well as he did Persian, able to quote French modern poetry, with at once a keen interest in contemporary politics and a flair for æsthetics. As we crossed the square that led to his palace I made some comment on a tree.

"That tree," said the padre, "is one to which the governor nailed a baker by his ears for selling bread at too high a price. Oh, I don't mean he did it himself; he had it done."

At my exclamation of horror the padre said: "In his father's time the bakers who did that were thrust into their own ovens and baked."

After that I never looked at the ears of people for fear of seeing holes in them. But one day I commented on the pitiful lameness of a man who was toiling up the hill ahead of me.

"Ah, he is, or was, a famous thief," said the friend who was with me. "He was hamstrung for stealing."

After that I seemed to sup full of horrors. Missionaries described to me what they had seen several times.

"I have had to dress the stump of a man whose right hand had been cut off for stealing," an American told me.

The Persian way was to shear the hand off with a scimitar, dip the stump in melted butter, and let the man get on as best he could. There are customs which survive in this country that antedate Cyrus. I don't think anyone's hand has been cut off for stealing since the war. Nor do I think they execute in any place, except by hanging. But in one place where I have been the method of execution was to put a steel hook in the criminal's nostrils, drag back his head, cut his throat, and toss the poor creature on the ground to die.

I know that in the Ispahan region within the last month a man was gatched for some crime. Gatching means plastering a man up in gypsum with his face exposed, and making of him a pillar by the roadside. Sometimes he is put in plaster, head downward, which is more merciful, as his death is quicker. Those were the punishments common in the days of the old Medes and Persians. If railroads had come gatchings and the like would have gone.

The Persian Tax System

In Persia, as in other places, the petty thief is shown little mercy, while the big brigand is feared and perhaps admired. But even the little thief who steals a sheep and cannot get off to the safety of the mountains may take sanctuary in some mosque or under the shadow of some special cannon or a bit of statuary that is supposed to have sacred rights. Yet he is not so lucky as the great noble, who, because he is related to the royal family, considers that he and his descendants should be forever exempt from taxation; or, because he is the governor of a province, loots tons and tons of wheat that have been collected to pay the taxes of his district; or, because he is a tax collector, cuts out a few donkeys and cows for himself when he is gathering the taxes in kind.

Looting in Persia seems to follow almost as many patterns as the human face. A brigand does not necessarily have to come out with knife or gun and take a certain amount of risk—demand your money or your life. Without risk and with certain profit he may proceed with that brigandage which receives its authorization from the Persian method of taxation. The system of finance which allows the worst sort of brigandage is to the western mind a sink of horror. It is deeply felt by the present prime minister and by the real thinkers and patriots of the country, and no doubt in time it will be reformed. Efforts were made about nine years ago to effect a reform through getting a financial adviser from America. Through the influence of young men who had been educated in the American mission schools an American was brought over, remaining, thanks to Russian intrigue mainly, only seven or eight months in the country. He was able to collect twenty million tomans in taxes. After his departure the collections fell to six million tomans.

The general system of levying taxes in Persia is much as it was in the days of Zoroaster or Abraham. The basis of taxation is the tenth part of the crop or product, and much of this revenue is collected not in cash but in kind. The landholders and ryots, or peasants, give wheat, rice, barley, straw, oats, cotton, sheep, and so on. The country is divided for the purpose of taxation into something like eighteen districts, and the districts are again subdivided. There is a chief collector for each large district, subcollectors and subsubcollectors. The collectors have *kitabchas*, or little books, in which is set down the involved system for computing and collecting the taxes. The office of tax collector is often hereditary, and indeed it would take a tradition to help understand the system. There is no such thing as a tax register. Moreover, the tax system is quite out of date. For example, thirty years ago, say, a certain village of twelve hundred inhabitants was supposed to pay a certain amount in taxes. The population has decreased by two-thirds, but the sum exacted is precisely the same.

Or perhaps the population has trebled, and yet on the books the sum is not changed. On the books only, however, for the tax collectors are practiced grafters. A tax collector collects from each man the quota he should pay on the large-population basis and pockets the difference. From the pettiest collector to the highest there are wide leakages. As the system works out the government not only does not begin to receive the amount due it but it never knows with any degree of certainty what the revenue from any given district should be from year to year.

If the chief collector cares to say that the revenue from his district is small because the country is in an unsettled state and brigands have carried off the crops just as they were being sent to the government storehouses, who is to contradict him? And if he were contradicted, that would not refund the taxes. If a man has money the official will often act in his behalf or will let him alone. Or if he fears a man for any reason he will consider that man. But justice and the ordinary motives of humanity have no part in his conduct. That is not the way he has been trained.

The poor penniless Persian Government! There is a small house tax, a certain limited land tax, these taxes in kind that sweep or dribble into the pockets of collectors, and there are vital crying reforms waiting for this vanished money. A few years ago a central organization was established which should be responsible for and have charge of the collection and disbursement of all revenues and government receipts from whatever source derived, and an office which should make or authorize all payments for whatever purpose in behalf of the central government of Persia. This central organization is still in existence, but it has become a mere formality to trouble people.

There is plenty of opportunity in Persia for reform work by a good comptroller, but it is hard to manage the vagaries of speculation. Goods that sell in England for one dollar cost perhaps twenty in Persia, and this not solely because of the difficulties of transportation but because traffickers put the prices up. There is no such thing as a standard price any more than there is a national market. The sugar, for example, is not produced in Persia, though the soil is well adapted to beet culture. The sugar that comes from the United States never is really sold at a normal price, because it falls into the hands of speculators who make their own prices. If the American Minister is able to put through the parcel-post line he is trying to arrange for it will be cheaper for the Persians to buy their sugar by mail from us than to get it from their own shopkeepers.

The Land Question

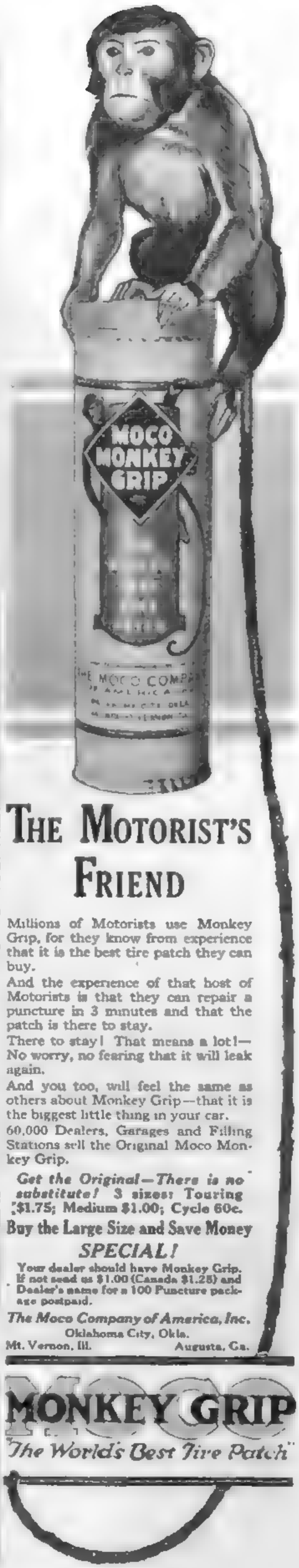
Up to the present the governing class in Persia has been professional. Sometimes whole families ran a single department of the government—brothers and brothers-in-law, uncles and cousins. Cabinets would be formed and offices taken, and then everyone concerned proceeded to make money as fast as possible for himself and his friends. There was no question of ability, of fitness; there was only the question of scheming to get the most one could. I asked a young Persian recently returned from overseas if he meant to take office.

"I should be afraid," he said. "I don't know how it will be with the new cabinet, but up to now if I wanted a good position bringing in two or three hundred tomans a month, I would have to pay out five thousand tomans, and then there was the question of how soon I would be swept away. It was too great a gamble."

"But surely," I said, "such and such a man would not take a bribe?"

"Oh, no, no!" he cried. "He would not take a bribe, but I would give the five thousand tomans to people who would give it to him."

Perhaps the oldest form of brigandage in Persia is connected with the land. Because of the lack of railroads and the prevalence of brigandage land is the only safe investment. There is of course a good deal of commerce that goes out, but no certainty of making money by it. A merchant expects a hundred per cent on his investment, because he says, or has said



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BROCKTON (Campello), Mass.

until lately, that his caravan may be looted or may be seized by the Bolsheviks or some other mischance may accrue to it. But land, if one has enough of it, and in the right location, yields a golden harvest. Until recent years only men of rank and position were able to buy land. If a common person enriched himself he did it by brigandage. Almost no poor person owns land. He works it for a landlord on shares.

The landlord is the absolute king of his villages. He used not to have the power of arresting and trying his tenants for misdemeanors. Yet only just before the war a landlord kept some of his men in chains and the governor of the province had no power to release them. In general a landlord gets one-third of what his tenant raises. If he is especially unscrupulous he may increase this amount by false weights. Usually he is fairly good to his people in the patriarchal way—that is, if the crop has been poor he gives them seed for the next harvest. On the other hand, if he has guests he exacts a tribute of a hen here or a sheep there to help him through his hospitality. The intermediary between him and his tenants is the head man of the village, a sort of steward who through his trafficking generally manages to get quite a bit for himself, a very much feared person.

The Power of the Landlords

It is said of late years the tenants are becoming more independent. There have been cases of families who felt that their landlord was too grasping, and left him for another village. But I had a proof the other day that the landlord is still all-powerful. I have a friend who is manager of an Oriental carpet factory. Some of his rugs he has made in his factory and others he gives out to private looms in the village, to be paid for at so much a year. He visited one of these villages to see how the work was getting on, and was told that none of the villages would be able to weave for him any more. Their landlord had told them that they were to work for a certain European company that had just set up a factory. The European company had evidently been using Oriental methods with the landlord.

The men in the villages till the soil and when times are good get just enough out of it to live on. The women and children do a little weaving, which helps out the income and makes perhaps the dowry for the children. And the landlords move the crops in to market and sell them and live magnificently on the proceeds. One night in the Imperial Club, to which Persians and Europeans both belong, I was given an opportunity to peep through the doorway and watch the Persian nobles gambling. I must say that they did it in debonair fashion. They were playing baccarat, using mother-of-pearl counters. Heaps of tomans in paper and silver were piled before them. They leaned over the game, their faces impassive but their eyes eager. We saw one man lose all his money, something like ten thousand dollars, then stake a jewel-studded cigarette case and lose that, and then a diamond pin. That having gone, he rose with a laugh and strolled to the general reception room, where he benignly watched the two girl members of the legation community dancing in turn with the British officers.

"Don't grieve for him and his starving little ones," said a cynical voice in my ear. "He is a relative of the royal family. He's only got to pinch a couple of tons of wheat out of the village taxgathering and he can easily pay for this little transaction. He'll be back to-morrow night with double the money."

But the power of the landlords will pass. It is said that there are on foot plans to break up great tracts of land by voluntary sale. After that may come compulsory sale. Probably after that there may be some simple land tax, which if it could be instituted and properly controlled would certainly supply enough revenue to run the country. If other projected reforms and developments take place Persia will have a bright future. She will develop politically as she develops materially.

No traveler can leave Persia without carrying away pictures to gloat over. There is Teheran, with its thirteen gaudy gates and its gardens clustering outside the walls. There are little flat-roofed villages in the south and west, looking in the distance like tiny bird houses. There are the glories of the jewel-colored mountains. There is the life in the bazaars, twenty miles of them in Teheran, any shop of which may represent, though it never appears to, a good-sized fortune. There is the arch which it is said Alexander built to commemorate his victories, a beautiful, springing, pointed arch, and behind it a sort of grotto where people may sleep or sell curios or buy tea.

There is the swarming life of the people in the streets or in the bazaars, where nearly everyone has something to sell. There is the bath man, standing at the door of his bathhouse, hard by a flapping line of blue and pink cotton towels waiting for the hordes of people to come to bathe, and, as the water is changed only about twice a year, to catch diseases from one another. There are little pedestrian merchants who come up to one in their sweeping robes, looking, perhaps, like ancient prophets, and offering a single tray or a rug. I shall always remember a beautiful boy of about ten whom I saw in the bazaars at Hamadan and who is bound to be a rich man some day, a child in a white Persian-lamb cap and peacock-blue kirtle. He preceded me, flying from shop to shop, grabbing up this silver ornament and that embroidered scarf, in the hope of inducing me to buy. There was the man with the tray of cakes on the donkey's back, and in the midst of the tray a lighted lamp to show that the price was low. There was the scribe squatting against the wall trimming his reed pen with a pair of scissors and wiping off the ink on his hair. There were the ice-cream men with their many-colored painted boxes; men with cages of mountain birds; others with little carts of fruit and nuts; and many in every town who carried the long thin ovals of bread that the Persians like to eat, and that we foreigners usually have to. The men carry it flapping against their greasy kirtles, and when they stop to rest drop it anywhere, usually on the dirty sidewalk. I have seen kittens sleeping on it, and babies with colds in their heads —— I could go on for quite a while, only I remember how much of that bread I've had to eat.

The Divorced Sultana

There is the young girl who said she rejoiced every time she heard of the death of an old man, for that was one more obstacle to freedom out of the way; especially the old dervish of Teheran who took a fancy to the Street of Happiness, on which is the campus of the future American college. He picked out a stretch between the road and the sidewalk shaded by some beautiful trees, and laid down the small platform upon which he set up his tent and placed his few cooking utensils and his opium pipe. After he judged he was a fixture he built a praying platform. Then he built a cement pool for water. After that he laid out a garden. Finally he got some chickens which roost o' nights in the trees over his head, safe from thieves. A dreamy-eyed old gentleman—he prays and smokes, and one rather likes to talk to him.

But the picture I can't forget is the woman sultana. And as long as the sultana's fate can happen to a woman all the modern improvements in the world won't put Persia in the ranks of the progressive nations. I believe that a man should be the head of his family, but unless his wife is his companion and partner and not his despised chattel, that family—and any nation composed of such families—is going to lag behind.

I was sitting on the hospitable veranda of the Edwards home looking at their adorable two-year-old Arthur, who had bumped his head but was not crying about it. He and I presently felt a shadow and glanced up. Leaning against a pillar and watching the child was a sultana who had just come to be his nurse. Her face rose with especial pallor above her black chuddar, her hazel eyes were infinitely sad as she looked at the child, and about her mouth was an expression—I could not define it. I only wanted to change such fixed hopeless grief as she showed.

The sultana was pale and her pose languid because her baby was only eight days old, but he was not with his mother. By simply saying three times "I divorce you," her husband had cast her out of his house forever because he wanted to marry a younger woman. He had kept her four children. There was no recourse for her—nothing but sorrow and submission.

Railroads and mines and factories are not all that Persia needs.

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AND, no matter where you are—in the back-bays, the back-bushes or the big cities, you'll find Prince Albert in the tidy red tins awaiting your word! Prince Albert is also sold in toppy red bags, in handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—in that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE SITUATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 30)

is, out of every one hundred locomotives in soviet Russia sixty are disabled and only forty are capable of working. The repair of disabled locomotives also keeps on declining with extraordinary rapidity. Before the war we used to repair up to eight per cent. This percentage after the November revolution sometimes dropped to one per cent; now we have gone up only one per cent, and we are now repairing two per cent of our locomotives. Under present conditions of railway transportation, the repairs do not keep abreast with the deterioration of our locomotives, and every month we have in definite figures two hundred locomotives less than the preceding month. It is imperative that we raise the repair of locomotives from two per cent up to ten per cent in order to stop the decline and further disintegration of railway transportation, in order to maintain it at least at the level at which it stands at the present time.

"We have a metallurgical region in the Ural Mountains; but we have at our disposal until now but one single special train a month to carry metals from the Urals to Central Russia. In order to transport ten million poods of metal by one single train a month decades would be required should we be able to utilize those scanty supplies of metal which are ready in the Urals. In order to deliver cotton from Turkestan to the textile factories in Moscow we have to carry more than one-half million poods a month—up to six hundred thousand poods. But at this time we have only about two trains a month. That means that scores of years will be required for transporting from Turkestan, under present conditions, those eight million poods of cotton which we could convert but are unable to deliver to the factories."

These figures given by the Bolshevik authorities are striking. They show that the soviet government is absolutely unable to improve transportation and to organize the economic life of the country.

Even before the Bolshevik revolution, the peasants, having been influenced by the members of the social-revolutionary party, began to take the land away from the large landowners and to distribute it among themselves. The provisional government was unable to stop this action or systematize it. The social-revolutionist Minister of Agriculture, Chernov, encouraged the peasants to take away the land from the large landowners, but still the peasants were afraid to treat the landowners very harshly. After the Bolshevik revolution the worst elements of peasants controlled the country and began to take the land not only from the large proprietors but from those peasants who were richer than others. The partition of land was carried on without a plan, and when the commissars tried to regulate this movement and to introduce system to it the peasants drove them away, sometimes murdering them. Those who were stronger took the property of the weaker ones. Civil war began in the villages.

Food Raids on Peasants

The measures taken by the Bolsheviki for delivery of food from the country to the towns even increased this civil war.

In May of 1918 a decree was issued that the peasants must deliver their surplus food to the food committees. They were permitted to retain four hundred and thirty-two pounds of flour and six hundred and forty-eight pounds of potatoes a year per person. In ordinary times in Russia the peasants consumed double this quantity, bread and potatoes being the main part of their food. Those who did not deliver the surplus of their food were subjected to very severe punishment—ten years' imprisonment, and sometimes the death penalty. The trials were held by the revolutionary tribunal.

Notwithstanding these severe measures, the stores of the food committees remained empty, the peasants concealed their food and the towns and regions which consumed imported food remained in a state of starvation.

Then the Bolsheviki decided to organize armed expeditions in order to get food from the peasants. In villages they organized the committees of poor, composed of peasants who had not food enough for themselves. The worst elements of peasantry joined these committees, the sluggards, the robbers, and so on. The workmen in the towns were ordered to organize armed detachments and send them to the villages to take away the surplus food from the peasants. The committees of poor assisted these detachments. This food army in June, 1918, consisted of three thousand bayonets, and in December it reached the number of thirty-six thousand five hundred bayonets. During the summer the army lost seventy-three hundred men killed, wounded or sick. The peasants sometimes exerted an armed resistance to these detachments. The real battles took place in the villages.

The food army was organized and supervised by the military food bureau. The detachments were placed at the disposal of the local representatives of the food commissariat. The usual method of these detachments was as follows: When a detachment arrived at a village the poorest peasants and those who sympathized with the Bolsheviki were organized. It was declared that all peasants who had arms in their possession must deliver them immediately to the detachment. Those found guilty of nondelivery were subject to the penalty of death. After the disarmament of the population the announcement was made that the peasants must deliver during the following days the surplus of their food. Part of the food gathered in this way was distributed among the peasants who had not bread enough and who joined the committees of poor. The remainder was taken to the towns.

Starving Towns

Absolute disorder and iniquity reigned in villages. The members of the committees of poor behaved like robbers and took the property of their neighbors.

It happened that the armed food detachments were met by the armed resistance of the peasants, who defended their interests. The peasants had rifles and machine guns brought from the battle front after peace with Germany. Sometimes the peasants succeeded in doing away with a detachment. Then the Bolsheviki sent a new detachment composed of Letts. They murdered all the population of the villages and burned homes, declaring the village to be counter-revolutionary.

Notwithstanding these measures, the Bolsheviki were unable to get the required quantity of food for the towns. The peasants employed every means to conceal their surplus food.

The Bolshevik food campaign caused the diminishing of the cultivated area of land in the country. The peasants asked: "Why should we sow, as the flour is taken from us? Better not to work, and to join the committees of poor."

Notwithstanding the destructive policy of the Bolsheviki, there is in South Russia a very large stock of flour, while at the same time North Russia and the large cities are starving. The disorganized state of the railways does not allow the transportation of the surplus flour to the northern provinces. As the result of disorganized transportation, the nationalization of everything, the confiscation of private capital, and other similar measures, trade in Russia has ceased to exist. The peasants cannot get immediate necessities. They are in need of clothing, shoes, metals, and so on. So instead of the promised peace and prosperity, the Bolsheviki brought to the peasants civil war, poverty and disorder.

The situation in the towns is even worse than in the country. The town population is starving. They have only one idea, and that is how to get food. The towns in the northern provinces are dying. The delivery of food to the towns from the villages has almost ceased. For the distribution of food the Bolsheviki introduced the card system. According to their class policy, they divided the town population into four categories. The first category includes the persons living by manual labor; the second the soviet employees, and workmen who are busy but not with very hard work, such as tailors, and so on. To the third category

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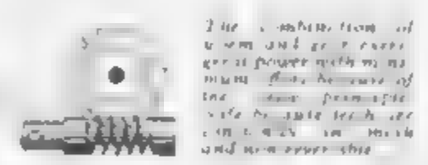

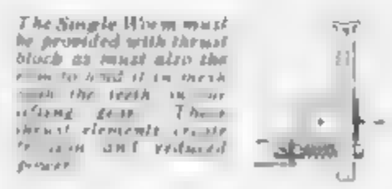

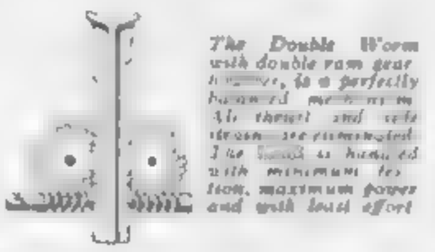

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belong the professional workers, such as lawyers, teachers, and so on. The fourth consists of persons not working but living on their own means.

The quantity of food distributed even for the first category is not sufficient. In October, 1918, in Petrograd, the first had to accept one pound of bread and three-pounds of potatoes a day; the second one-quarter pound of bread and two pounds of potatoes; the third, one-quarter pound of bread and one pound of potatoes; the fourth only one-half pound of potatoes.

The cattle and poultry were not brought from the country, and therefore the town population had no meat. The quantity of food fixed by the card system could not be obtained. To get food the people were compelled to stay hours at the food distributing magazines, awaiting their turn. The people were discontented and grumbled. One eyewitness said that a woman who stayed for eight hours awaiting her turn began to grumble, saying that life was easier under the Czar, and a red army soldier who heard her words immediately killed her. There were many similar cases.

The sanitary situation in the towns is so bad that it is hard to describe it. The dirt from the houses is never taken away, the streets are never cleaned. On account of the absence of fuel the water pumps will not work. During the winter the water pipes became frozen and burst, and owing to the scarcity of labor and the lack of material they could not be repaired, and so the water supply has stopped. The same thing happened to the sewer pipes. The dust and dirt remain in the houses. It rots, stinks and spreads infection. Imagine a large city like Philadelphia or Baltimore with the water supply and sewers stopped!

Epidemic disease has attained previously unknown degrees. The people are dying in masses. There are typhus, cholera, and so on. Owing to the great mortality the bodies are not buried and so lie in the houses and in the streets. There is no fuel to heat the houses and the temperature in the rooms is the same as out of doors.

To feed the population the Bolsheviki organized in towns the communal dining rooms, but they are in very bad condition. The food is not cooked properly. The dishes and plates are dirty. Instead of spoons they use pieces of wood. The state of these dining rooms is unsanitary. One of the Bolshevik newspapers says of them: "Ten counter-revolutionary agents could not do such harm to the soviet régime as one manager of such a cesspool called a soviet dining room."

The absence of food and fuel, the epidemic diseases, the red terror, have compelled the population to leave the towns and go to the country. For example, Petrograd, having about three million inhabitants before the revolution, now has only eight hundred thousand.

More Than a Million Murders

In order to suppress any opposition to its rule the soviet government introduced the system of red terror. For this it established the extraordinary commissions to fight counter-revolutionary speculation and sabotage. The main commission is located in Moscow and called the All-Russian. Every town and district has its own commission. They have the right to arrest anyone, to investigate and to punish. There is only one kind of penalty in practice—death. Members of the commission are mostly maniacs and robbers. Their authority is unlimited. Even the soviets, which established them, have no power over them. In many cases even the soviet members were arrested and murdered without trial. Not a single citizen can consider himself safe against the activities of the commissions. Any moment he may be arrested and murdered.

The status of the commission was established by the following soviet proclamation: "The All-Russian Extraordinary Commission, established by the will of the soviet authority to protect the revolution, warns all enemies of the workmen class that in order to save hundreds of thousands of innocent victims from exploitation and excesses, in order to save the conquests of the November revolution, it will suppress with a pitiless hand all attempts of uprising and will choke all appeals to overthrow the soviet authority." Another proclamation says:

"In view of the discovery of a conspiracy which aimed to organize an armed demonstration against the soviet authority by means of explosions, destruction of railways, and fires, the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission warns that demonstrations and appeals of any kind will be suppressed without pity. In order to save Petrograd and Moscow from famine, in order to save hundreds of thousands of innocent victims, the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission will be obliged to take the most severe measures of punishment against all who will appeal for White Guard demonstrations or for attempts of armed uprisings.

"[Signed] DZERZHINSKY, President of the A. R. E. C."

The number of victims murdered by the commissions exceeds one million. The persons supposed to oppose the soviet rule are taken to prison, where they are kept during many months without trial. Then a member of the commission makes a sort of investigation and has the right to punish without any restriction in regard to penalty. Many persons have been murdered whose offenses against the soviet rule were never proved. A very small number of persons arrested were released. The murders were preceded by torture. The skin was torn from the victims alive, pins were driven under their nails, their tongues were torn out and women's breasts cut off.

I will cite some examples of the Bolshevik atrocities.

Tortured and Buried Alive

When Kharkoff was taken by the troops of General Denikin an official investigation was made. A tomb was opened, where fifty-three bodies were found. Medical examination established that some of them had been buried alive; some had been flogged to death; others had parts of the body taken away. The investigation showed that the most atrocious measures were taken.

Mr. Olen describes conditions in Tsaritzin as follows:

"The prisoners were kept in the hold of a ship, whither they were lowered through the hatch. The executions took place at night. The executioners made an entertainment of it, thus imitating the Spanish inquisitors. They would go down into the hold with lanterns in their hands, their faces partly concealed by black hoods, and clanking their swords.

"Treading with their heavy boots over the prostrate bodies of the sleepers, they would thrust their lanterns into the faces of those who woke up and pass on with coarse jeers. 'Not this one! Here, you, wait a bit! It's not your turn yet!'

"If the man they wanted was not found they called out the name; and if the helpless victim, galvanized with terror, did not answer everybody would be told to get up and stand in rows. When discovered the victim would be flogged with horsewhips, the blows being showered anywhere, so that one man had his eyeball lashed out in this manner.

"After this the condemned were dragged off to the Tchrezvychaika. Sometimes, however, they were finished off at once on the river bank. This became a kind of sport. The victims would be formed in line, knee-deep in water. The mounted executioners would ride up and hack at them with swords. The wounded fell into the water and were drowned. The bodies were left on the spot. Besides Trotzky-Goldstein, who posed as a relative of Trotzky-Bronstein, the barge executioners were Postnikov, Ratenko, Bogatov and others.

"The executions by day were looked upon as an amusing entertainment and the Tchrezvychaika officials invited visitors especially for the occasion. Both hosts and guests came out on the balcony of a house situated on the river bank to enjoy the spectacle. Knowing this, the executioners purposely prolonged the execution, not killing the victims at once, but first torturing them. For instance, the condemned were ordered to run, a shower of bullets being fired after them; they were shot through the arms and legs and then finished off with bayonets.

"The number of persons shot in Tsaritzin was over three thousand."

In Sebastopol the local soviet decided to exterminate all well-to-do inhabitants. During one night they murdered about five hundred persons. In Eupatoria the sailors put all well-to-do people on a barge and sunk it. At Simferopol, after a whole night of murder, the sailors looked quite wild. They led the officers out of prison and shot them outside the gates. During the

(Continued on Page 157)

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Anne Shaw Faulkner
(Mrs. Marx E. Oberndorfer)

The Editor-in-Chief of this great book is National Chairman of Music, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Lecturer on Music for Chicago Symphony Orchestra children's concerts, author of "What We Hear in Music" and "Music in the Home." Miss Faulkner's wide knowledge of the appealing in music is here given to player-piano owners for the first time

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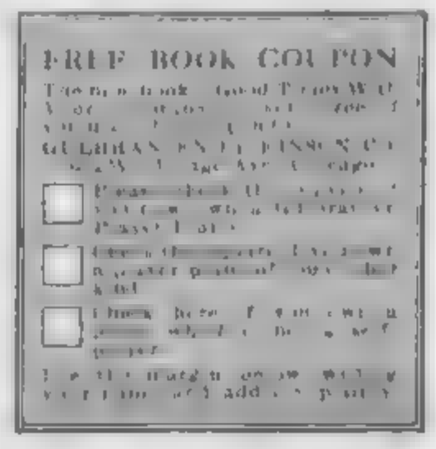
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(Continued from Page 154)

executions the sailors close by were drinking and carrying on with women. The victims were shot without selection, and while in the streets here and there pools of blood not yet soaked into the pavement reflected the light of street lamps, and long queues of relatives were waiting in the mortuaries to identify the mutilated corpses, in the barracks from midnight till dawn there was the sound of music and dancing couples were seen through the lighted windows.

At Novo-Tcherkask people have been shot wholesale. As everywhere else, most of the victims had nothing whatever to do with politics. Women of the lower classes or servants showed where the officers were living; then Bolsheviki came and without inquiry shot the unfortunate men. Among the victims was General Nazarov, who was very popular in the Don territory and who had been elected hetman after A. K. Kaledin's suicide.

Even before the introduction of the reign of terror in Kieff, the Bolsheviki killed twenty-five hundred officers; in Rostoff, on the Don, thirty-four hundred; and at Novo-Tcherkask, two thousand. How many people were murdered in Moscow, Petrograd, and especially in Kronstadt, nobody knows, but the number is very great.

In Siberia the red terror was not so cruel as in other parts of Russia. But there also many innocent victims were murdered. In the Ural region, in Yekaterinburg, the number of those tortured to death reached several hundred. There mostly the officers and the former government employees were tortured. Shoulder straps were nailed to the officers' shoulders. Bodies with the eyes pierced were found. About twenty-five priests were killed in Perm, among them Bishop Andronik, who was buried alive. In Goroblagodatsk fifty-four persons were thrown into a well. Bodies of officers and soldiers were found with phonograph needles driven under their finger nails.

Not only the professional people were subjected to torture, but even workmen who did not share the Bolshevik ideas. At the Motoviliha works in Perm one hundred workmen opposing the soviet rule were murdered.

Torture and Sacrilege

From the old days the religious sentiment among the Russian people was still very strong and the priests could still influence them. When they preached against the soviet rule they were tortured and murdered. I will cite some examples of the execution of the priests: The priest of the Vladimirskaya stanitsa, Alexander Podolsky, more than fifty years of age, a graduate in law at a university, was brutally murdered because he conducted services for his parishioners—Cossacks—before they left the village. Before he was killed he was led by the red guards along the streets for hours. They ridiculed and mocked him; then they took him outside the limits of the town and hacked him to pieces. His body was cast upon a refuse heap with orders to the populace not to bury it.

In the Udobnaya stanitsa Father Fedor Beresovsky, more than fifty years of age, was killed by the red guards because he made some uncomplimentary remarks about the Bolsheviki, and his body was likewise forbidden to be buried.

The priest of the Mary Magdalen Nunnery in the Kuban territory, Gregory Nikolsky, more than sixty, enjoyed the greatest love and respect of his parishioners and of all who knew him; a man of profound faith and an exceptionally gifted orator. On June 27, 1919, after the liturgy, during which he administered communion to many of the worshipers, he was seized by red army soldiers, led out beyond the walls of the monastery, and there, after many outrages, he was killed by a revolver shot in his mouth, which they forced open, yelling at the same time: "We will give you communion!"

Father Pavel Kalinovsky, retired, seventy-two years old, lived in the city of Stavropol. In October, 1918, because he had several grandsons who were officers in the anti-Bolshevist army, he was condemned to a whipping by red army soldiers, and died under it.

All these examples are taken from official investigations made in the regions liberated from the Bolshevist yoke. It is easy to cite great numbers of similar examples.

Through the red terror the Bolsheviki attained their aims. They completely destroyed opposition to soviet rule, but at the same time they destroyed civilization, prosperity and morality.

The description of the situation in soviet Russia shows that everything has been destroyed—industry, trade, communication, religion—and the best part of the population exterminated. But worst of all, the Bolsheviki have shattered the morality of the people. Murder and robbery have supplanted old social virtues. The material prosperity of the nation could be rebuilt provided morality and the sense of duty still existed among the population. History shows that sometimes nations which have lost public morality have perished altogether. What will be the fate of Russia?

Persons not well acquainted with the peculiarities of the Russian people do not understand why the constructive elements of it were unable to oppose the destructive work of the Bolsheviki; why the Russians allowed the fall of the provisional government in 1917; why inside of Russia the constructive forces could not be organized to overthrow the Bolsheviki; why the national movements, going from the borders of Russia and headed by such leaders as Kolchak, Denikin and Yudenitch, failed. I will try to answer these questions.

Why Kolchak Failed

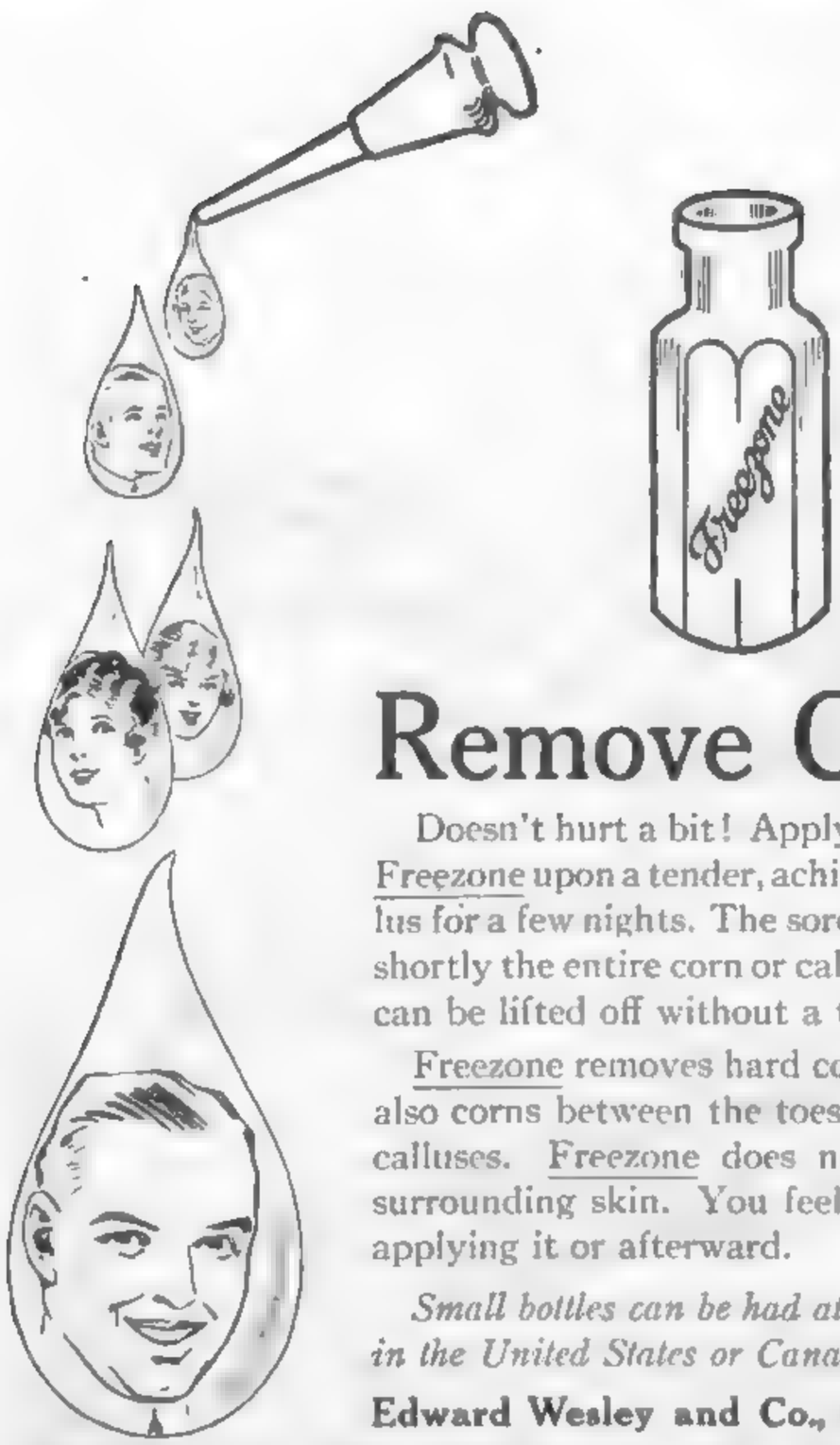
The March revolution occurred under the flag of patriotism, of all the Russians, for a united effort to lead the war with Germany to a successful end. But very soon the strongest elements of the people understood that socialistic propaganda would lead the country to ruin, and the provisional government was too weak to stop the destruction of the army. Some of these elements tried to oppose this destruction, as they understood the necessity of establishing a strong government which would be able to put an end to the socialistic work

But others were convinced that it was necessary to support this weak government, representing the emblem of the union of all classes of the population. They considered that to oppose the government during the war was unpatriotic, and hoped that the common sense of the Russian people would triumph over the destructive propaganda. So the constructive elements were split. Any attempt to oppose the government made by the constructive elements was declared to be counter-revolutionary and unpatriotic. Later the number of adherents to the first opinion increased, and even the provisional government was seeking their support in its endeavor to fight the Bolshevist propaganda.

The commander in chief of the armies, General Korniloff, tried to organize the forces and to exterminate the soviets. He made an agreement with the head of the government, Kerensky, to dissolve the soviets and to put an end to the destructive propaganda. Had that movement been successful Russia would have been saved But Kerensky, who agreed *contre-cœur*, being a man of great personal ambition, at the last moment became afraid that Korniloff would become the head of the government; so he betrayed Korniloff by inviting the Bolsheviki to help him against Korniloff. This was the last opportunity the country had of being saved from Bolshevism. Kerensky having once applied to the Bolsheviki for help could not break with them. The constructive elements were again disorganized, and soon the Bolsheviki took power. So the principal reason for the Bolshevist success was the disorganization of the constructive elements and the fear of the restoration of the old régime.

After the Bolsheviki took power there were many attempts inside the country to overthrow them, but such a spy system was established that the preparation of a movement on a large scale was absolutely impossible. The red terror gradually exterminated all constructive elements of the population, and opposition became weaker and weaker. At present the starvation and the terror have created such a situation that the people are incapable of any political ideas and have only one thought, and that is how to obtain food and fuel. It is impossible to expect any strong anti-Bolshevik movement inside the country.

The reasons for unsuccessful national movements going from the border of Russia and led by Kolchak, Denikin and others, are very complicated. Their success depended on two main factors—the sympathy of the population and foreign support. The task was extremely difficult. It was necessary to organize an administration,



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also railway transportation; to establish justice, create an army and to supply the population with clothes, shoes and other objects of the utmost necessity. The country conquered from the Bosheviki was completely destroyed and we had to remake everything. But the resources were inadequate, the number of people prepared for the administrative work was small. The railways were so disorganized that their improvement took a long time. Their full capacity was taken for the transportation of war supplies and they could not bring merchandise for the population.

Siberia, with its population of about eight million, had to fight all soviet Russia, consisting of one hundred million of population. The conditions were unequal. The country population in Russia is tired of war and desires only to be left in peace and quiet. The people disliked the Bolsheviki and met the white troops with joy and enthusiasm, but very soon they became dissatisfied with the new governments. These governments, in order to carry on the war, were obliged to mobilize the people and to take horses and carriages from them. But they could not quickly improve the conditions of life in the country. They could not supply the merchandise nor establish immediately a good administration and justice. Soon the population became passive and did not support the anti-Bolsheviki or their opponents. I presume that in the future only those governments can be stable in Russia that will be able to improve the conditions of life in a short period of time.

All anti-Bolshevik movements depended on the supply of war material from abroad. The old Russian allies tried to assist these movements, but they had not a stable and open policy.

There was jealousy and rivalry between different foreign countries which caused delay in the delivery of war material. It always arrived too late.

In the internal policy the Allies also acted badly. Very often one of the Allied countries supported one political party, and at the same time another country was in favor of the opposite party. This policy created such conditions that the population began to distrust the Allied countries.

Such were the principal reasons of the failure of all these movements.

Russia's Uncertain Future

It is very difficult to prophesy future events in Russia. There is no doubt that the country cannot exist under the present disorganized conditions. It is clear that theoretical ideas of Bolshevism and socialism, when applied in practice, have proved a complete failure. The Bolsheviki were able to destroy everything, but they could not construct anything based on their principles. When they want to reconstruct anything they are compelled to throw away their fundamental ideas. The example of the red army shows this clearly. To create this army they renounced their dearest socialistic principles. They abolished the committees in the army and restored the single-man management; they did away with the system of selection of officers by rank and file and introduced the appointment of officers by their chiefs. The red army regulations are absolutely the same as they were in the old imperial army, only the word "Emperor" is everywhere supplanted by the word "people." So in the creation of the new army the Bolsheviki were compelled to repeal the communist principles.

They were able to create an army through the assistance of the officers of the old régime. At first these officers were taken into the red army by force. They did not share the Bolshevik ideas and were unwilling to enter the army voluntarily. The Bolsheviki used very severe compulsory measures—they took the officers' families as hostages. In case an officer deserted the army his family was murdered. Gradually the officers became accustomed to their new position. When the old allies of Russia began the work of its dismemberment, creating out of the most precious parts of the Russian Empire the border states, such as Finland, the Baltic States, Ukraine, Bessarabia, Caucasian republics, and so on, the Bolsheviki declared that they were fighting for the united Russia. Then many of the officers of the old régime voluntarily joined the red army, being moved by patriotic feeling to oppose the dismemberment.

There is no doubt that they hate the Bolsheviki and are convinced that they will fall sooner or later, and that a united Russia will be restored.

In economic life, under the pressure of necessity, the Bolsheviki are compelled to renounce many of their ideas. They are trying to abolish the committees in the factories and in the railways and to restore the single-man management. They even make some concessions in the problem of the restoration of private property.

At present England and some European countries are endeavoring to restore trade relations with soviet Russia. Bolsheviki are also longing for it. Europe needs Russian corn and raw materials and Russia needs the manufactured articles. It is absolutely clear that trade with soviet Russia is not possible at present. Russia has no material to export, due to the disorganization of transportation. The Bolsheviki could not even bring bread to feed the starving population in the northern parts of Russia and in the towns, so how can they transport it abroad? The Bolsheviki are willing to get locomotives and other materials for the railways.

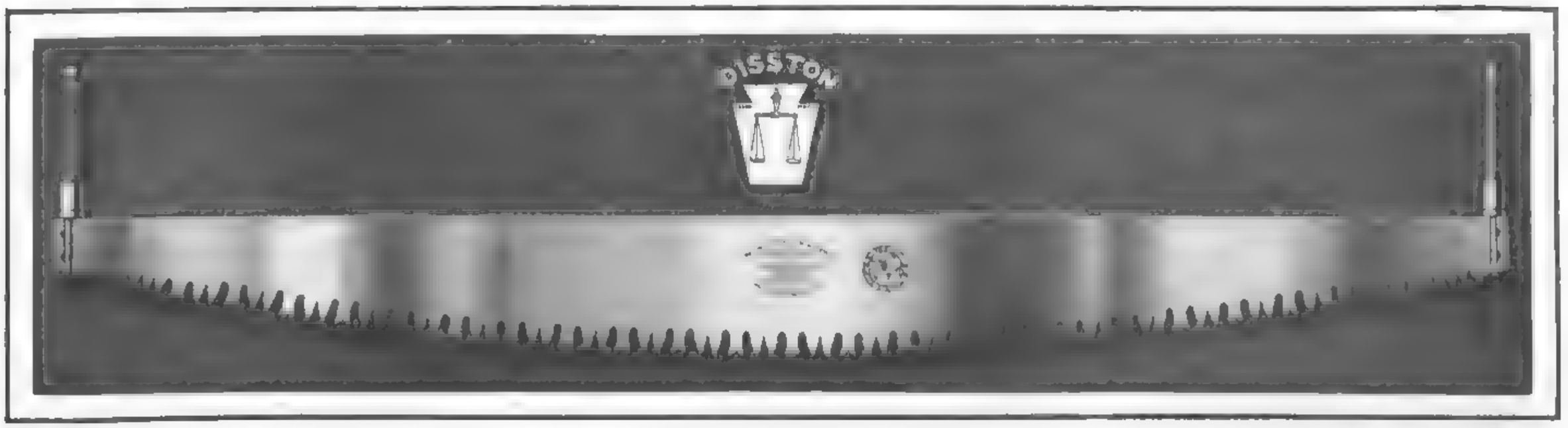
The First Condition

It is shown in this article that in soviet Russia locomotive repairs do not keep abreast with the deterioration and that the number of disabled locomotives is very large. It would seem to be easier to repair them than to bring new ones from abroad. Soon these new engines would be disabled. Under the present labor situation it is impossible to repair the disabled locomotives. The Bolsheviki understand this clearly. Their real aim for the restoration of trade relations is to carry on Bolshevik propaganda in foreign countries as well as inside Russia, in order to explain to the population that the origin of the disorganization lies not in their inability but in the refusal of the imperialistic countries to restore relations with soviet Russia.

There is no doubt that under pressure of the requirements of real life the gradual evolution to basic ideas of the civilized world is going on in Russia. But this evolution goes not in accordance with the desires of the Bolshevik leaders, but contrary to them. The Bolshevik leaders, who destroyed Russia and tried to introduce communism there, are not able to throw aside their ideas and lead the country on the way to civilization.

It will be possible to say that Russia is on the way to regeneration when the present leaders of the Bolsheviki have been removed—namely, Lenine [Ulianin], Trotzky [Bronstein], Zinovieff [Finkelstein], Stekloff [Nahamkes], and others.

It is suggested that the former Allied countries in their negotiations with the soviet representatives should make the first condition for the reëstablishment of relations the overthrow of these leaders.



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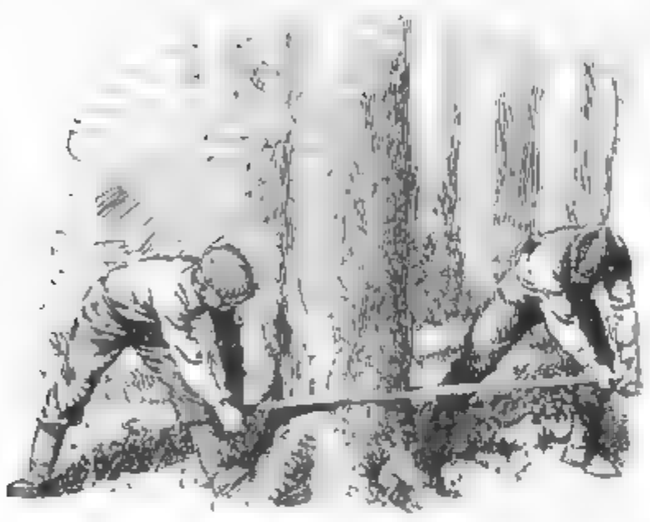

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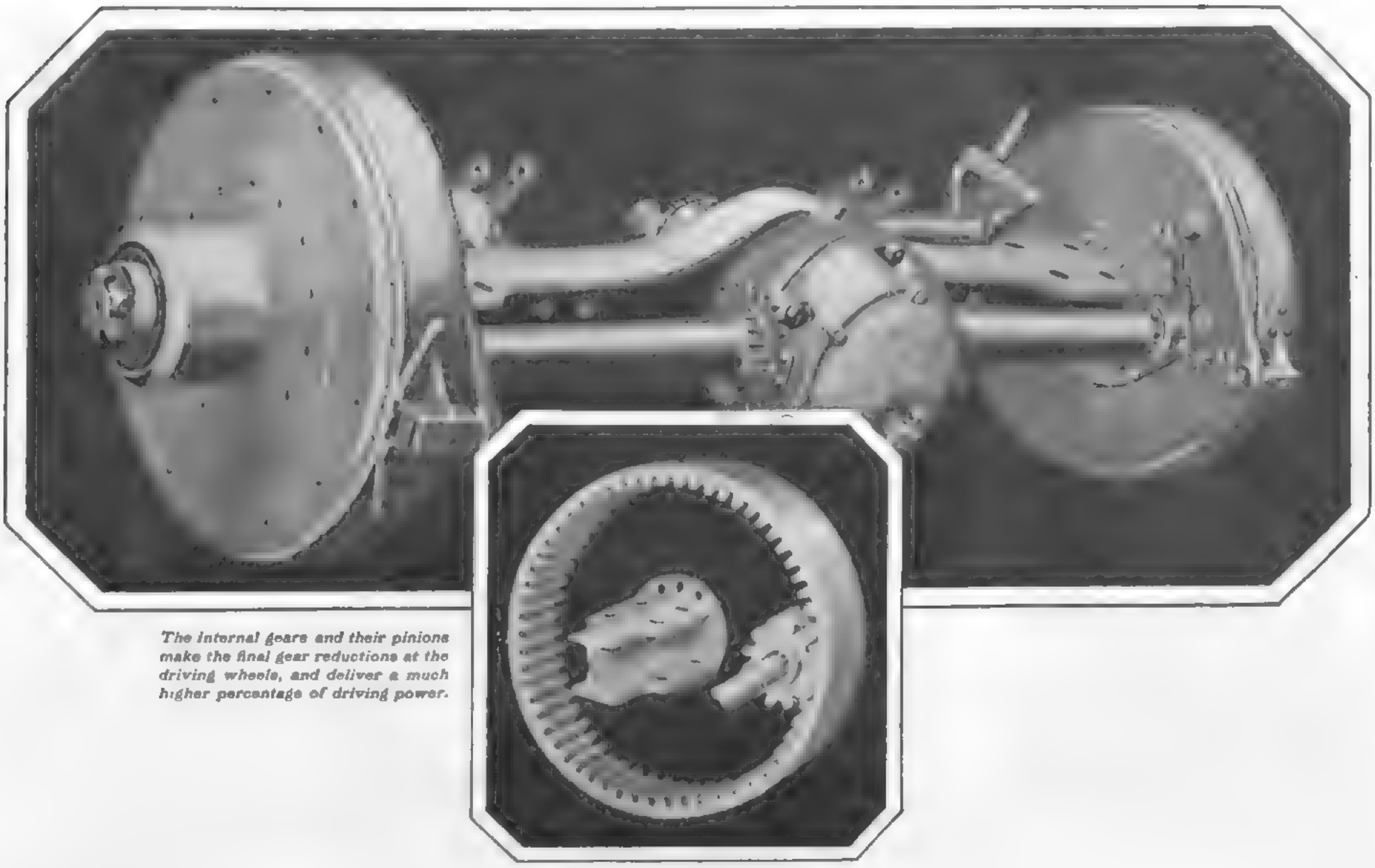

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TORBENSEN AXLES

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

(Continued from Page 6)

or the canons of the polite world. With practically every middle-class Englishman fearful of doing or saying something that may not be the proper caper in those circles he reverences and to which he aspires, small wonder that an atmosphere of hopeless self-repression is created. Professional men seem peculiarly liable to this obsession.

Snobbery is responsible also for a curious inability to portray lower-class characters with sincerity either in their literature or on the stage. Such are invariably caricatures or are handled much as one might handle a strange and interesting species. Often they are lovable caricatures, it is true, in which an attempt has been made to interpret sympathetically; but they are scarcely ever drawn with fidelity, treated as persons of the same flesh and blood. Even a casual survey of English literature and drama will reveal this weakness.

Only in the two extremes of society does one encounter an unaffected, natural expression of personality—among people whose social status is beyond question, and the roughnecks who are under no illusion whatsoever about theirs. No more delightful, companionable man exists than the well-bred traveled Englishman; it is doubtful whether the human species has produced a higher type than their best. And certainly nobody can accuse the roughnecks of being stand-offish and unapproachable. They are inclined to be embarrassingly friendly.

It is the provincial, stay-at-home, middle-class Englishman who repels foreigners, no matter how anxious they may be to feel kindly toward the British people. His egotism and patronizing complacency are insufferable.

But, bless you, he cannot help it. He suffers from it quite as much as those who endure his attitude. Aloofness is bred in him from the cradle. It is partly a result of temperament, but more of class consciousness, which makes him suspicious of strangers and anxious to hold them off until sure of the sort of people they are. He pays for this safeguarding of his imaginary dignity with voluntary isolation, thereby missing a lot of the good things of life.

His snobbery should not be resented as an affront to one's race, because he carries it into all his relations with his own people. Recently a London newspaper has been publishing a mass of correspondence from readers in regard to snobbery. It was started by a letter from a colonel's widow, who asserted that she and her daughters had lived in a village for years without making any friends. Another correspondent capped this with a statement that during fifteen years' residence in a small English town nobody had called on them except the rector. Yet they were people of refinement and culture.

The Hypnotism of Titles

There is an excellent prospect that snobbery will gradually disappear. Money can be cheapened by inflating the issue, and the same is true of titles. They have lost much of their glamour in England, having been distributed with such lavish hand that it is almost a distinction to be plain "Mister." As nearly as I can gauge the situation, knighthood to-day about corresponds with membership in the Elks, but the knights don't have nearly so good a time.

It would not surprise me if the British started in to confer knighthood for living in the suburbs.

The real aristocrats don't take political titles very seriously, it is true, yet they are ready enough to open their ranks to a new peer from the coal, banking, shipping or liquor industry, provided he is well heeled; and of course he has to be or he would not have gained his title. Occasionally they even unbend toward a peer from the law.

If a country is going to have titles at all it can hardly improve on the English system of conferring them on those who achieve success in business, the army, the professions, arts and politics. But they have overdone it. Yet knighthood, or a patent of nobility, still exercises a peculiar hypnotic influence. It actually seems to exalt the recipient above his fellows, erecting an indefinable barrier which even those who knew Lord Dunderhead as plain Bill Smith feel and respect. In vain do they try to laugh it off and assure themselves that Bill is no more than he was, and his real success no greater. Whereas they felt sure of their footing with Bill, they experience an access of deference to Lord Dunderhead. It's prodigious.

That Americans should fall victims to this mummery seems absurdly incompatible with their usual sense of proportion and humor. The bulk of titles bestowed in Britain and the dominions during the past century have been given for precisely the same sort of success we see round us every day in the United States—to bankers, manufacturers, ship owners, patent-medicine proprietors, stage favorites, official underlings, newspaper owners and publishers of all descriptions. In earlier times they gave them to hardy buccaneers, soldiers, robber chieftains, court favorites, the relatives and friends of royal mistresses, and all those who were considered to have rendered signal service to the crown.

To-day there are about seven hundred and seventy members of the peerage, exclusive of princes of the blood. How many baronets and knights there may be, I cannot say; to take a census would require an enormous organization. Of the peerages, a hundred are shared by Americans, including several ducal titles. That is about thirteen per cent; and scads of American women have married knights.

The popular notions in the United States of foreign aristocracy are sheer nonsense. In England you could count on the fingers of one hand the noble families that can truly boast blue blood, for their ranks have been recruited from all classes, especially the stage. So many musical-comedy favorites have married into the peerage that it is freely predicted the English aristocracy will be running cut-rate excursions to the Gaiety Theater fifty years hence as the shrine of their order.

Why Not Sir Bathhouse John?

If the same system obtained in the United States we should have a score of dukes in Washington, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago; Sir George Cohan of Manhattan, coat of arms, the Stars and Stripes rampant on a field of chorus boys; Boston, St. Louis, Buffalo and Cleveland would be on deck with a few dozen suspendered earls; Detroit could easily furnish five or six viscounts—Viscount Limousine, for instance, or Lord Flivver. Why not Baron Jeff Tarwater, with seven hundred thousand acres in Texas? Or Count Pebblehound of Oklahoma, with royalties from oil gushers of three millions a year? The Marquis of Battle Creek would be a fine mouth-filling title, and we should be speaking with awe of the Earl of B. & O. and the Viscount Erie Canal. Once we got used to it, Sir Bathhouse John, K. C. M. G., and Sir Charles Murphy of Tammany Hall, Borough of Manhattan, New York, would fall just as agreeably on the ear as Sir Turgid Mumbles, Mumbles Deep, Stoke-Poges, Marmalade-on-Toast, Hants.

In all seriousness, however, measured by magnitude of achievements, the holders of American titles would deserve them more. For instance, James J. Hill built the Great Northern system; associated with him in his earlier enterprises was Donald Smith, a Scotch-Canadian. To Mr. Hill, Donald Smith owed much of his climb to fortune. James J. Hill remained Mr. Hill; Donald Smith became Lord Strathcona

Personally, I do not find the Englishman's patronizing air at all irksome, because it yields so readily to treatment. And I have a keen appreciation of its tangible value. His cool attitude of superiority has been one of his greatest assets. With it he has kept other nationalities at arm's length and impressed them with a sense of his invulnerability which closer, friendlier contact would expose to successful challenge. In dealing with subject races it is invaluable.

"But," I have heard Americans object, "a Scotchman never tries to patronize you; nor does an Irishman. And how about the French? Surely, if any race is entitled to feel superiority by virtue of its history and achievements in war and arts and letters, it is the French! Yet they never dream of patronizing anybody."

All of which is undeniable. But what is the use of nursing a grudge against people for characteristics they cannot help?

Their own blood brothers from overseas smart under it too. I have seen an English provincial family adopt a laughably superior

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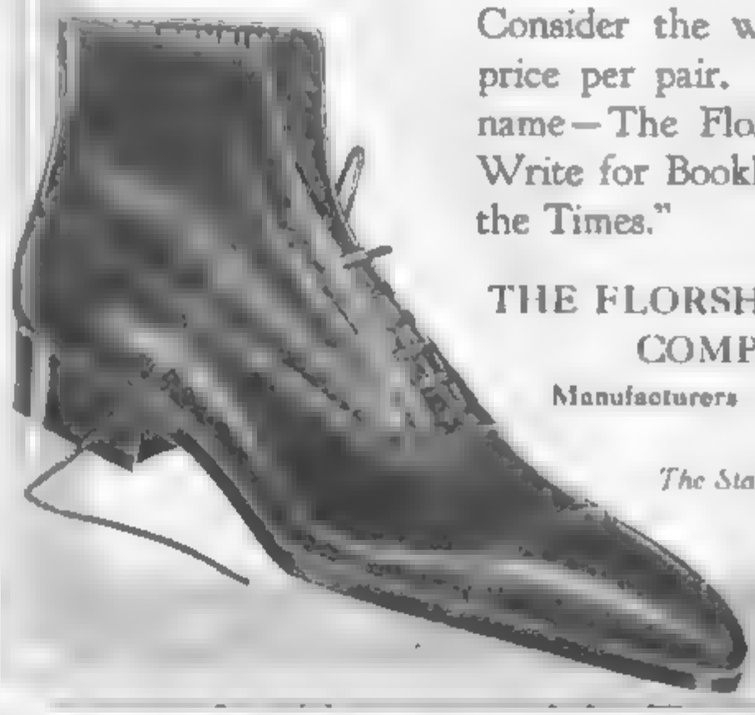

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The Windshield Cleaner with Chemical Pads

air toward the family of a brother who had sought fortune in one of the overseas dominions, though the latter had prospered far beyond them, and his children were infinitely better educated and more presentable. But of course they did not live in England; they were "colonials."

This amazing attitude has been provocative of the only ill-feeling between the British peoples overseas and the English. In all other respects the self-governing dominions have displayed an affection for the homeland amounting to idolatry. To be sure, not one in ten would care to live in England again, but if not more intense, their loyalty to the empire is much more aggressive and hair-trigger than that of the English themselves. The latter would do well to change their estimate of "colonials"; when people reach a stage of development in wealth, general standards of living and breadth of viewpoint superior to your own they are not apt to take kindly to a patronizing attitude.

And here we arrive at one of the weakest points in the relations of the English with other nationalities. They seem so generally oblivious of the tremendous progress the last twenty years have brought to other lands. On no other grounds can one explain their self-complacence.

When you have penetrated through the outer guard of the aloof Englishman what do you find? Usually a man of sterling character, of the kindliest impulses, with high standards of integrity, and a loyalty of friendship that stops at no sacrifice.

A Scotchman knows how to handle the English to perfection. His method baffles them at every turn. They poke fun at him and hold up his racial characteristics to ridicule, but it never worries Jock a moment. Deep in his heart he knows which breed is the salt of the earth, and no trumpery externals or trivial chatter can change this solemn conviction.

Who ever hears of the Scotch clamoring for home rule? They much prefer to rule England. The percentage of high offices in government and business filled by able men from beyond the border is amazing. For that matter, it is the same everywhere this hardy breed has gone. A glance over the names of the men who control industry in the United States, Canada and Australia will suffice to substantiate this statement.

The story goes that a Scotchman had occasion to visit London. On his return a friend inquired how he had hit it off with the English.

"Didna meet wi' any."

"Mon, what is thot you say? Not in a' Lunnon?"

"Aye, Sandy, aye. I talked only wi' the heids o' business."

Roughnecks Abroad

English objections to Americans whom they contact are based largely on our voices, accent, speech and manners. The flat, penetrating quality of our voices is due to climatic conditions, and as for accent and speech, they are there to stay, and it is unlikely that even our most clamorous Anglomaniacs would suggest a change in order to soothe English sensibilities.

When it comes to manners, the English and Continental peoples have a sound basis for complaint. The manners of a great many traveling Americans are execrable. They will do things abroad they would not do at home, and frequently display a lack of consideration for the pride and privacy and comfort of the nationals with whom they rub elbows that gives an entirely false impression of the American people.

The explanation is simple enough. Prosperity has been so widespread and so generously diffused in the United States that hundreds of thousands of Americans who have had no early advantages are able to travel abroad in comparative luxury. In consequence they can afford to frequent the best hotels, restaurants and places of amusement, and thereby come into daily contact with the better classes of English who would never have to mingle with people of like class at home on a similar footing. Truly the United States has been the roughneck's paradise.

To judge the American people from this type of noisy traveler, who is quite as objectionable to his fellow countrymen as to anyone else, is as unfair as it would be to estimate the English by their lower orders were the situation reversed and the latter suddenly to attain a prosperity that would permit them to travel in America on a corresponding scale. For no nationals on earth can be louder, more selfish and disagreeable than some of the lower-class English when they get their hands on a little money.

The trouble is that each nation selects for purposes of comparison the worst types of the other and the best of its own. When they attempt to typify their race the English always have in mind their gentlefolk, and would have us accept this picture; and of course gentlefolk don't constitute one per cent of the population. On the other hand, we put forward our ablest, most public-spirited men, of broad interests and wide humanitarian impulses, as typical Americans, overlooking the millions who do not happen to be so nobly endowed.

Many well-meaning persons would have us believe that our school histories are responsible for hostility to England, by teaching resentment against the British people when it ought to have been directed wholly against her German king, and that these histories give a woefully exaggerated notion of American war achievements in the republic's early years. They would have us change them.

A very sensible suggestion, but it calls for wider application. And one cannot altogether ignore history. It would hardly do to go so far as a visiting English journalist seemed inclined to think we ought, in a dispatch he sent from America to a London newspaper the other day. When a monument in memory of the War of Independence was mentioned by an American acquaintance in the course of conversation, he inquired anxiously whether such monuments might not keep alive hostility to England. It reminds me of the famous Ruggles of Red Gap, who was shocked to learn that the Americans had been guilty of the bad taste to name one of their states after George Washington.

A Quaint British Illusion

That our school histories grossly magnify American military achievements is undeniable. History, as Napoleon said, is a fable agreed upon. But what nation has not done the same, to inculcate national pride and patriotism? To cite only one example, a perusal of British, French and German versions of the Napoleonic Wars reveals such wide diversity on questions of fact that an impartial student wonders what really did happen. Patriots believe their own historians and dismiss all others as colossal liars. Every nation has followed this line in its school histories: The home country has always been in the right, always braver, more chivalrous and unselfish. Mr. Owen Wister, and others similarly agitated, may very easily discover that British histories and all British literature reveal this tendency to a far greater degree than the American. Indeed, no race on earth has so persistently advertised in this fashion the superior quality of its valor and motives.

Which brings to mind an illusion dear to British hearts that they are given to self-depreciation. One hears references to this quality at every turn; year in and year out the British have been deprecating their modesty as liable to dim their real accomplishments. They seem actually to believe in it. Even Doctor Addison, Minister of Health, referred to it in a recent speech; and Lady Astor flattered one of her audiences by deploring the English habit of "belittlin'" themselves—it's the correct thing in the huntin' set to drop one's g's.

I have a keen curiosity to place this self-depreciation. Where is it manifested? Any fair-minded person will readily acknowledge that English gentlefolk are extremely modest, even shy, concerning their personal performances, whether in war, arts, science or business; on the other hand, the middle and lower class English are notorious boasters. But it is in regard to national achievements and racial qualities we are now considering the British, and in these directions we find them the most skillful advertisers in the world.

They are fond of calling Americans the champion braggarts of all time. No American will contend that we imitate the violet; but we've got to take off our hats to John Bull. He is so accustomed to bragging that he doesn't realize when he is doing it. Where can you find in our everyday speech or newspaper and platform expressions the counterparts for "British pluck," "British valor," "British fair

(Continued on Page 165)

A dead halt— *The Air Brake did it!*

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The force that brings the racing trolley to a dead halt—that same tremendous force works in your radiators and steam pipes. It is the air brake. It halts the passage of steam into your radiators. No wonder it's a job to get some radiators hot! Experts say 90% of steam heating troubles are due to this air brake which the common air valve fails to remove. Flow of steam in the radiator shown below has come to a dead halt. It needs a proper air valve.

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THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE COMPANY
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TIMKEN-DETROIT
FRONT & REAR AXLES

(Continued from Page 162)

play," "British justice," "British honesty"? Those abound in their newspapers and literature; every public speaker employs a few of them at some stage of his effort. They have been worked so constantly for generations that they are familiar to the entire English-speaking world. What they imply is superiority of the British brand of these qualities over all others. Most people would regard that as bragging.

It doesn't seem so to the Britisher. To him constant use has made them simple statements of fact. But were an American to venture on a similar tack, it would be vulgar boasting.

Most of their songs and books and plays have consistently played up the idea of English superiority. Whatever foreign characters appear in their literature or drama either fill the rôles of villains or act as foils; they are invariably stupid or cheap or grotesque. Just another form of self-depreciation, doubtless.

And I have searched English histories in vain to discover wherein the British have ever belittled their share of the conflicts and tussles. It seems to me they have received all the credit that was coming to them—that they thoroughly attended to that job. *Par exemple*, how many Britishers—or Americans, for that matter—ever think of Waterloo as anything but a British victory? So far as the English-speaking peoples are concerned, nobody else had a hand in beating Napoleon that day, unless one counts Blücher, who is always represented as having arrived too late. It appears, however, that some other troops must have been there, too, for, exclusive of Blücher, of a total force of ninety-three thousand men engaged on the Allied side, less than forty per cent were British.

Hard Losers But Generous Victors

This policy of steady advertising by the British has brought rich results. However much internationalists may deplore such methods, they must concede their value in building up pride of race and a strong united national spirit. Just so long as racial spirits are held to be necessary in the scheme of civilization, those same methods must be followed. Consequently, if there is to be a reform of histories to conform to facts, it ought not to be confined to the American, but made general. They all need it.

However, the endeavor to persuade us that the American school histories are responsible for hate of England seems to me far-fetched. The American people are of many strains. When the War of Independence was fought the ancestors of many millions of them were not concerned in it, and many more millions have ancestors who were living in Britain at the time. The modern American does not give a thought to century-old quarrels. The ancient grudge is a turnip ghost. Whatever fears and hostility agitate either nation have their origin in problems of the hour—and the future.

Contemporary misrepresentation is a much more prolific cause of friction. Large sections of the British and American press ask nothing better than a chance for a mean, unjust gibe at the other. Each lampoons the customs and characteristics of the other nation for no more substantial reason than that they differ from their own. And neither nation can make a move of any sort in the international game but the other must proceed to twist and malign its motives.

Judging from the tone of considerable press comment in the United States, a fairly general conviction exists there that the British ought to cheer with unalloyed pleasure every time an American contender pulls off a victory in sport. It is very natural John Bull should find excuses for the failure of his own; that is our method every time. I grant that the British are extremely hard losers—strong characters are always hard losers. On the other hand, no European people approaches them in generosity in victory. They are the only race in Europe from which a defeated foe can expect anything remotely resembling justice.

Time and again I have seen American newspapers go far out of their way to seize on a fancied or petty slight in connection with an international event as an excuse for a diatribe. That is poor sportsmanship. The sportsmen engaged seldom stoop to such tactics; it is always the camp followers.

Time and again I have seen the English newspapers do the same. Even those whose editorial columns are consistently preaching the necessity of good understanding and a closer union very often permit underhanded jabs in their other pages.

And so many of them cling to mid-Victorian ideas of Americans. They still cherish the caricatures of Dickens and lesser imitators who followed after him. One could not reasonably expect more of the London Morning Post, inasmuch as its every idea is about a half century behind modern thought; but surely it is time the venerable Punch waked up. Apparently it does not yet realize that "Wal, I reckon" is not in general use throughout "the States." Either he has persistently consorted with a more ignorant type of American than it has been my lot to meet in fifteen years' wandering over the United States, or he fondles this delusion for the same reason he sticks to his jokes—out of respect for age.

Here is an example, picked at random, of the stale, silly methods of burlesquing American manners and speech. It appeared in the London Daily Express, was signed "Bax," and purported to describe a meeting with a visitor from the United States at Stamford Bridge Grounds during a baseball game between the United States Navy and the American Legion. It's a gem:

"Are you from ——?"

"No," I answered. "I have never been in Kansas City."

"Then I guess," he said seductively, "that mebbe, p'raps, you're from Utica, Battle Creek, Salt Lake City, Atlanta, Springfield or Cincinnati?"

"I admit my error," I said, "but I was born a British subject."

"Nor Oshkosh or Kalamazoo?" he said coaxingly. . . .

"It don't matter," he said, producing some gum and inserting it in his mouth. "I always ask them questions of a stranger."

"Why? Are you looking for someone?"

"Nope," he answered; "I'm a newspaper feller, I am. I represent papers in all them cities, and folks at home likes to read about their own people over here. Now if you was only from Springfield"—he looked regretfully at me and sighed—"I'd send home a big story of how you and a lot of dukes all came together in your flivver and ——" . . . Who says we have nothing to learn in modern journalism?

"Yuss, and Oi wyted for 'im 'arf a d'y, guvnor, until at larst a bloke says to me, 'e says: 'Nah, then, me lad, owtside before Oi knocks your blinkin' 'ead orf,' as a duke remarked pleasantly to me the other morning in Covent Garden."

Pulling Out Tail Feathers

It's a very great pity that so many journalistic writers and authors on each side shed their usual sanity and sense of proportion when approaching a topic dealing with the other country's affairs or nationals. That attitude represents a survival of the narrowest form of provincialism. In a sense these vaporings are unimportant—mere bubble and squeak, using those words in their literal meaning and not in relation to the justly famous English dish of cabbage and potatoes—yet they irritate, and frequently influence attitude on grave questions.

There is another section of the press in both countries whose constant misrepresentation and attacks cannot be explained on the hypothesis of ignorance, though that might partially account for Mr. Horatio Bottomley's journalistic onslaughts against the "Yankees," because in general they are an amazing revelation of complete ignorance of facts and conditions.

Mr. Bottomley's weekly reaches more than a million readers. He is a member of the House of Commons and has been able to elect several other members whose minds go along with his. His methods are cheap, his attacks frequently unwarranted, but he is singularly well informed on affairs within Great Britain and consistently displays a passionate love of fair play for the under dog. It is when he tackles subjects beyond the confines of the Isles that Mr. Bottomley becomes hopelessly bogged. For he is one of those stalwart Englishmen who have an absolute contempt for every other nationality.

It seems unfortunate that Mr. Bottomley does not travel more and learn. A visit to the United States might conceivably alter some of his ideas of the American

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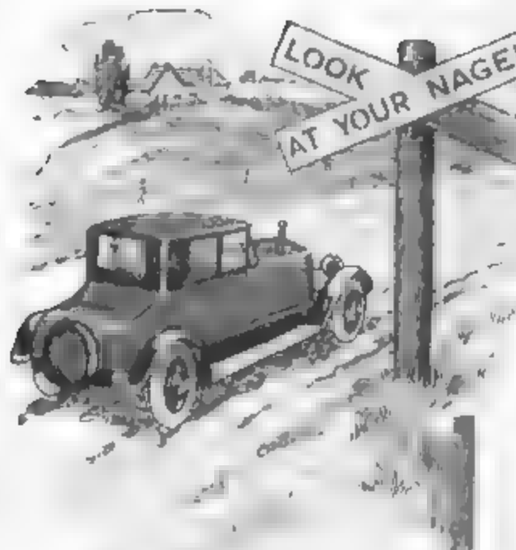

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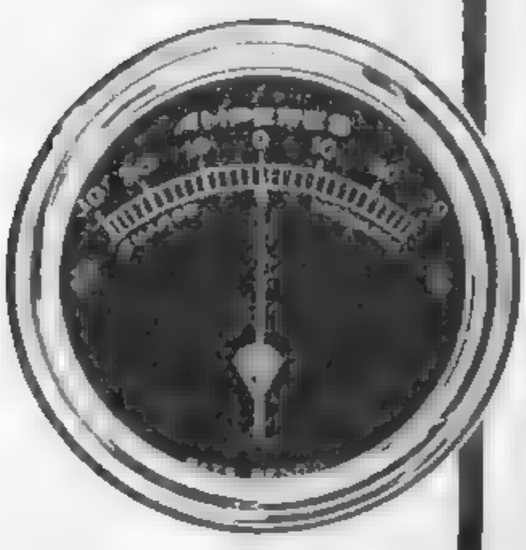

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people; and he would be well received, inasmuch as not one American in a hundred thousand ever heard of him.

Purists insist that there can be no comparative or superlative degree of honesty—that a man is either honest or dishonest; but if they try to apply this rule they will find themselves in a bad way. So I venture the opinion that, next to the Scotch, the English are the most honest people on this terrestrial sphere. They are close traders, but they play the game. Americans seldom find British merchants gouging them on account of their nationality, as is the practice in so many places on the Continent. Across the Channel, prices are jumped whenever an American appears on the horizon, but very few English tradesmen stoop to such methods.

When their word is given in business it is adhered to rigidly. And they have the sensitive pride of the prosperous merchant in regard to obligations. Amid all the clamor raised to the end that Uncle Sam should wipe off Allied debts to him, scarcely a voice was heard in England to propose it seriously. Indeed my knowledge of English character leads me to believe that they would refuse to accept any such proposition. They are not the sort of people to feel comfortable under obligations to anybody.

Favorites That Never Pall

With all his worldly wisdom John Bull is almost pitifully credulous in many respects. Along with Uncle Sam, he leads the nations in easy surrender to propaganda. The English can be led to believe anything if it is served up to them flavored to please their racial vanity or appeal to their love of country. It might be supposed that they would wake up and grow suspicious after having been fooled a few score times, but this is not the case. Their appetite for propaganda seems insatiable and their digestion that of a goat. Year after year they swallow the same stuff and allow themselves to be committed to enterprises entailing immense sacrifices in lives and money, from which the general public derives not an atom of benefit. Yet British propaganda has been so overworked and become so transparent that I am amazed it should fool even a child.

They are slow to embrace any change, and no people surpasses them in loyalty to an individual, method or institution which has once captured their hearts. With us a man may be a hero one day and narrowly escape lynching the next, and on the merest suspicion that a new method may be an improvement on one in use we promptly scrap the latter. It takes a cataclysm to move the English to change. They are loath to venture a step that has not been mapped for them by precedent, and an entirely new idea either scares them half to death or rouses suspicion and resentment.

A republic would never reward so richly the men who have served the country. Once an Englishman has achieved success in any field of endeavor, he is secure in possession of his niche in the hall of fame and his hold on popular esteem.

This regard for old favorites extends even into the theatrical world. To-day the English stage is cluttered with actors and comedians who ought really to be enjoying well-earned repose in their declining years; but the English love them. London shouts with delight over ancient gags and outworn stage business that would bore a small-town audience in our Middle West to extinction. And I found them a trifle slow on the uptake too. I mean to say that many of the lines have to be pondered a bit before there is any repercussion, with the result that delayed laughter frequently interrupts a later stage of the piece.

With grim perseverance I went the rounds of the London theaters in an effort to find a play that broke new ground. Surely the war could not have left their drama untouched! Surely the British people could not have passed through four years of soul-searing test without its influence being reflected on their stage!

Apparently it could. So far as I was able to judge, the drama is back in the old rut; the tremendous disruption of life and standards and mental processes has barely flicked it. No dramatist seems really to have sensed the new order or felt the mighty undercurrents. If any have, they have shied off from the task as too difficult. Only A Grain of Mustard Seed and Galsworthy's The Skin Game make even a pretense of handling social problems, and they barely scratch the surface of the possibilities.

I saw again all the veteran stars—men well established fifteen years ago. They had not progressed; in some instances they had slipped very perceptibly. Yet the audiences welcomed them with never-flagging enthusiasm, applauded their every banality.

In general, English actors are superior to ours in their speech and articulation, but the stars belong to another age. They are always so obvious. Their notion of comedy is to clown the part in a genteel, condescending way, and when the play aspires to heights of tense situations and tragedy their conception of the requirements corresponds to the strutting, stale theatrical posturing of mid-Victorian romantic drama. The actor-managers who monopolize the leading rôles ought to give the younger generation a chance. I saw only three really creditable interpretations—Mr. Pym, in Mr. Pym Passes By; the peer, in A Grain of Mustard Seed; and the parvenu in The Skin Game. The London stage offers nothing to compare in power and artistic restraint with Mr. Richard Bennett's fine performance in Beyond the Horizon.

This business of fidelity to ancient institutions can be overdone. Consider the case of the boiled potato. Doubtless a virtuous boiled potato has merit, but when its pale face stares up at you twice every day you begin to pine for a hussy of the tuber family with some of the frills and garnitures of joyous life. To the English, however, it is sacred. Why they haven't placed it on a field of vegetable marrow alongside the lion and unicorn passes my comprehension. There is a legend that an English lady once ordered potatoes au gratin during a visit to the Continent, but to me this savors of enemy propaganda. I have seen staid, solid Englishmen in the midst of foreign triumphs of the culinary art, with choice of potatoes done in half a dozen appetizing ways, from soufflé to Delmonico, and they refused them all. They wanted their potatoes plain boiled, and if they were not forthcoming they damned crazy foreign ways with true British heartiness.

John Barleycorn's Golden Haze

My reason for mentioning cooking is that it has undergone a revival of newspaper discussion recently. Moreover, it may possibly explain certain traits in the English character. Periodically the dyspeptics and travelers abroad rise up to lambaste it, but such efforts are futile. The English have withstood it for generations and solid British cooking will continue to hold its own, God willing, despite all the hysterical onslaughts of the radical press and Bolshevik agitators.

Both their plays and their cooking would be compelled to reform save for John Barleycorn's aid. John's ticklers to good nature impair discriminating taste and thought. Our experience in America shows that the public is growing more exacting in its demands and that the plays which titillated the risibilities and interest of the male portion of audiences when they had taken the precaution to put some artificial warmth under their belts, fall flat with the audiences cold sober.

The British are extremely adroit in handling disturbing elements. They let them rave and get it out of their system. Experience has taught them that repression merely results in bottling up explosive gas which would be harmless if permitted an outlet. Should the disturbing elements have a good case and show signs of making headway, they either contrive to split them into opposing factions or compromise.

Our English cousins are not inclined to grow hysterical over the revolutionary mouthings of soap-box orators and park demonstrators. I have listened to speakers in Hyde Park preach red incendiarism surpassing anything I ever heard in the United States; the police would instantly have arrested them there; but groups of London bobbies loitered near without interfering in the least, apparently unconcerned.

"He's got a right to his opinion," one of the police remarked. "If you shouldn't happen to agree with him—why, you can go over there a few steps and start a meeting of your own."

They seldom make an arrest and then only in cases of violence or imminent trouble. Mere mouth play is never provocative of one. My understanding is, however, that they not infrequently attend to the firebrands who appear to be really a

(Continued on Page 169)

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(Continued from Page 168)

menace, in the privacy of their places of residence when there is no danger of inciting the mob. One feature of every demonstration struck me forcibly. Though all the speakers lashed the existing system and the government and capitalists with vitriolic fury, not one of them ventured to attack the monarchy.

It being our habit to criticize the President very freely, I was curious to ascertain what lay beneath this restraint and reticence of the British democracy.

"Of course we don't," said an ex-soldier who had been most vehement in denunciation of everything else. "That would be treason. And they can give you fifteen years for treason."

It is a fact that nobody in England, however republican his leanings, ever makes any but the most guarded criticism of the monarchical system. Consequently every reform can go only so far and no farther, because beyond that it touches the throne.

Warnings to Royalty

Nevertheless, the ruling classes will brook no nonsense from a king, and when they think the monarch has exceeded his prerogatives they don't hesitate to sound a warning. It is always delightfully sugared, but none the less effective. Only yesterday the London Daily Mail had this to say of the case of the Lord Mayor of Cork, on hunger strike: "Our political correspondent writes with regard to the King's telegram to Mr. Redmond Howard promising 'immediate and careful attention' to his appeal for the release of political prisoners, it may be stated that His Majesty communicated the appeal to the heads of his government, but in these matters His Majesty, of course, acts solely and only on the advice of his responsible minister, which in this case is against the release of Alderman MacSwiney."

In certain respects one must admire the Britisher's robust pride of race. It may gall other nationalities, but it makes for cohesion and common cause against enemies or peaceful penetration. He never stoops to imitate other races, because he is so proud of his own. On the other hand, other nationals pay him the unconscious tribute of imitation. Despite their hatred of the British, the upper-class Germans are their slavish imitators, and among Continental peoples nothing so pleases a fashionable male as to be mistaken for an Englishman; he tries to imitate the Britisher's clothes, even to the monocle.

There is a class of American social climbers afflicted with the same disease. They have no higher ambition than to look or talk like the English. They are always in an apologetic perspiration for their crude countrymen, and in any question involving the interests of America as opposed to England or France, their social sympathies lead them into shrill treble choruses that the United States should surrender its position. Fortunately most of them live abroad.

A select social club is their idea of what an embassy ought to be, and they embarrass our representatives abroad whenever they can, frequently heading cabals against them, of which foreign intriguers take advantage. And in moments of crisis these gentry rush into print or get up on their hind legs after dining well, to commit with all solemnity the American nation to such and such a course. Not knowing that they represent nobody except themselves, foreigners are beguiled into false hopes which lead to disappointments and sharp reaction against us. To me it seems extraordinary that any American should lack pride in his nationality and citizenship, that he could not rest content to appear simply what he is.

Europeans are given to calling us money grubbers, and they sincerely believe that we are, that money making is the main consideration of our lives.

Perhaps so: but we are altruists compared with them.

In England they set a much higher value on the possession of money than we do. Few of them are willing to work so hard for it, but their keenness to acquire it and the respect prosperity inspires in them exceed anything I have found in America. Were it true that Americans think only of money, on what grounds could they explain our reckless expenditures and unsurpassed humanitarian outpourings? Probably no one race surpasses another in eagerness to amass riches, and European peoples are greedier only to the degree that they reach for francs and shillings where we go after dollars.

The English possess a remarkable faculty of extracting comfort from reverses, which is an immense factor in sustaining morale when things are going badly against them. For instance, should a British force be defeated with heavy casualties and losses in prisoners, they will console themselves because a company of such-and-such a regiment acquitted themselves nobly—with true British bulldog pluck. Given sufficient time, and patriotic repetitions of the tale, first thing you know the general British public are regarding the affair as next thing to a victory.

Or it may be that one of their pugilists has been knocked out by a foreign ring star. In that case it appears that the lion-hearted Jem was the victim of methods savoring of duplicity; for, accustomed to longer and slower combats, he naturally never suspected that his opponent would come shooting out of his corner with such savage velocity, and was unprepared and taken by surprise. Indeed, but for the success of this onslaught, our champion might very well have turned the tables and won the fight, because he could pit against his antagonist's superior speed and science and hitting power his dogged English courage.

An observer from a newer country is struck by their knack of making much out of little. A novelist or a playwright does not come out baldly and state that Lieut. Richard Merriwether, known to his intimates as Dickie, did so and so: that would be much too simple, and utterly lacking in effectiveness. No, indeed: his friends set out to ask Dickie about what he has been up to, and Dickie, gallant soldier and gentleman that he is, displays intense confusion and will not discuss the matter for a moment. In fact, he is so brusque and overcome with shyness that everybody instantly jumps to the conclusion that his achievement must have been something 'strordinary. His friends exclaim with quiet satisfaction and in tones of awe, "That's just like old Dickie!" There follows so much palaver and mock evasion that curiosity is stirred to fever pitch, and when the truth does come out it was a very ordinary achievement after all. Modesty in capable hands can be made an unbeatable medium of advertisement.

Modest Major Fore

The method is not confined to literature or the stage. Everybody has heard conversations along lines similar to the following: "There goes Major Fore. What? You don't know who he is? Oh, my dear! He crossed the Canadian desert on a camel—or was it a donkey?—at any rate, he lived for days and days on hardly anything to eat and with nothing to drink except a little water. Think of it!—practically alone in the wilds of Wyoming, nobody within miles but natives, and never knowing what the next minute would bring! I understand he will get the D. S. C., but nobody can get him to utter a word. Isn't it romantic? And he is so unassuming too."

"Of course he would be," says the other curtly; "he's English."

To do the major justice, he will not talk of his exploit. On the other hand, whatever it was, it probably represented in privations and danger nothing beyond what ignorant roughnecks are doing every day of their lives, without a suspicion that their performances are out of the ordinary.

I am inclined to think that this habit of making much of little is due to the orderly, uneventful lives the bulk of the English lead.

For many years their native authors and poets and playwrights have reflected this afternoon-tea atmosphere. To a more virile public, and readers of wider experience, much of their product has often seemed trivial, despite its fine style and literary flavor. It is only in the work of men like Kipling and Masefield, who wander far afield, that the fuller, stronger note is struck.

Mr. St. John Ervine recently grew hot under the collar because he read an account in a Manchester newspaper of some Canadian soldiers' criticisms on the subject of English literature. It appears that those hard-boiled fighting men objected to the type of heroes who "can't earn their own livelihood and spend nearly all their time hanging after some old woman to get her

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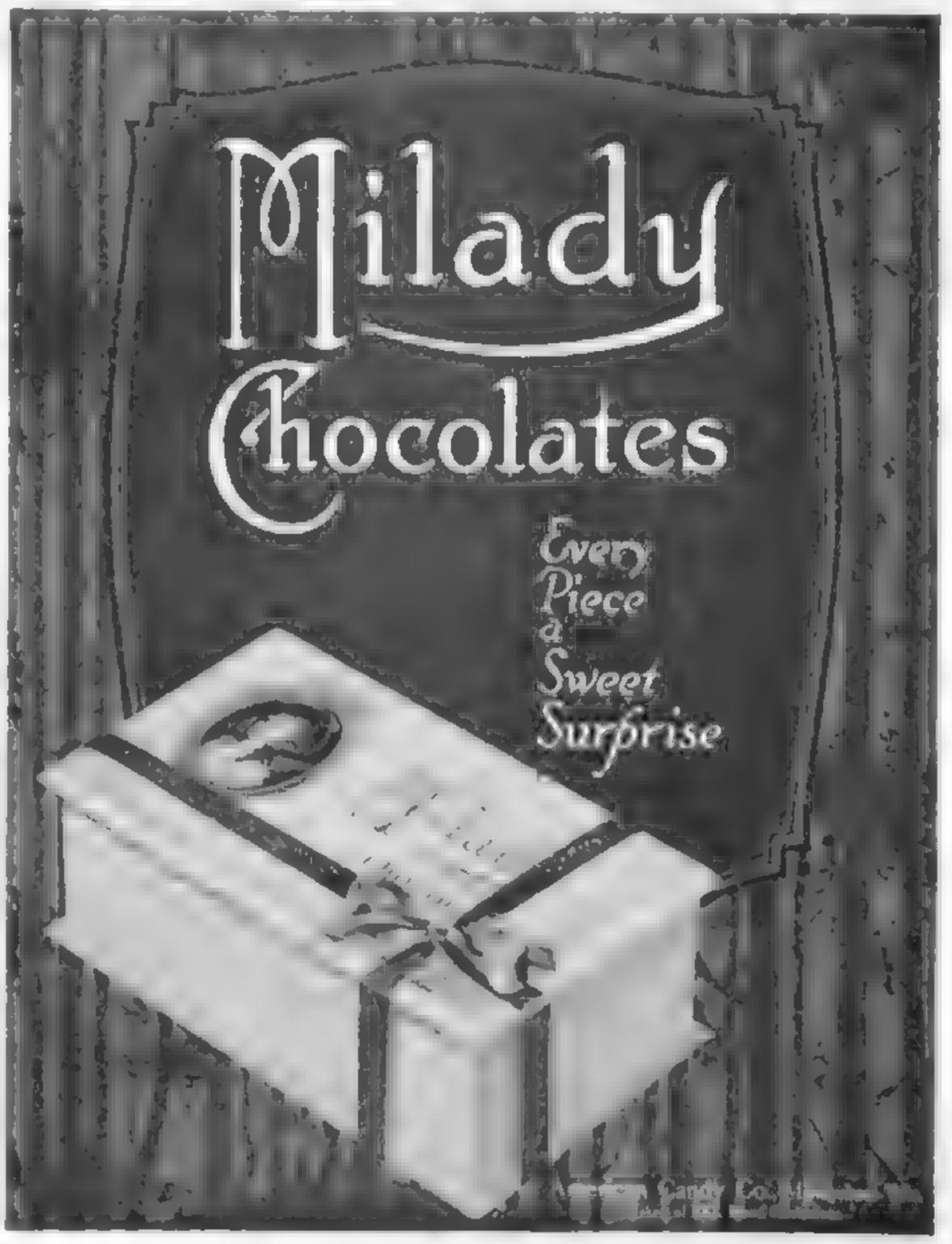

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money." Mr. Ervine proceeded to demolish the conception of literature with which he credited them, evidently being persuaded that they liked stories of business. "The judgment of the world is against the Canadian soldiers and is against America."

He missed the point of their objection, however. It is not that they are fond of "business literature" or "if they had their way with authors, they would very narrowly limit the scope of literature, and when we asked for works of art, they would offer us books of technical instruction." What they cannot admire is the spirit of these English literary heroes—their viewpoint and lack of resourcefulness. They are so frequently baffled by economic obstacles which would be only a spur to the type of men these critics are themselves; they don't rate a hero very highly whose only notions of the way through his difficulties to success are limited to some kind of governmental appointment or inheritance of a fortune from a rich childless uncle or a maiden aunt.

An immense advantage in their reverence for established institutions is the respect for law it teaches. The average Englishman fears the law far more than any armed foe, and he has an abiding confidence in its impartial application, which makes him content to abide by the slow, orderly processes of justice.

The American distrusts law courts. The trickery of lawyers and the uncertainties of trial courts are in a measure responsible for his taking the law so frequently into his own hands. The American temperament is to smash through obstacles, and when he finds established institutions are failing to perform the function for which they were set up he attends to the job himself.

Were punishment as impartial and sure as in England, we should not have our record of lynchings and killings and private vengeance. A man doesn't shoot down another if he is convinced he must pay for it with his own life. It is only when a would-be murderer figures that a clever lawyer and a sympathetic jury will free him of the charge that he takes the law into his own hands.

An Englishman knows that when he kills a man he will hang for it. Regardless of his wealth or status, he will hang for it. Consequently, their criminal records are singularly free from murder prompted by a husband's failure to take his wife to the movies or an interpretation of the act of pulling out a handkerchief as a threatening movement to draw a gun, or because somebody left a gate open. They sent a peer to jail not many years ago because he took his little daughter on a trip to the Continent without permission; the parents had been divorced and the child was a ward of Chancery.

The English have a passionate love of fair play. It is a dominant influence in their sports, contests of every kind, and many of their social relations. I witnessed a revealing incident at the Hippodrome in Manchester in July. During the performance a man in the third row indulged in such shocking language with his companions that one of the performers stopped and announced he would not permit the ladies of the cast to continue.

"Throw him out!" yelled the crowd.

Several attendants advanced toward the offender and dragged him from his seat. He resisted.

"I'm a soldier," he shouted as he struggled.

"I've seen more battles, me lad, than you've got years," panted the bemedaled veteran who held one arm, and bustled him very expeditiously along the aisle.

I expected some sort of intervention, for scores of ex-soldiers were in the audience. None was offered to his ejectment, however; evidently they all regarded that as simple justice and would not interfere, even for a comrade.

Halfway down an exit aisle the culprit fell or was shoved to the floor, and it looked as though he were being roughly handled Instantly dozens of men were on their feet.

"Let him up!" they shouted.

"We're not hurting him."

"That's as may be," came the answer, with a forward movement by several groups. "But let him up. Put him out, but don't get rough." And when the attendants obeyed, the incident passed off without another ripple.

In the fundamentals, the two peoples are more alike than any other two. They have the same standards of morality, the same passionate love of liberty, similar ideas of fair play, a deep-rooted respect for women, and contempt for what is petty and base. Their institutions and standards of honor have a common origin. Then what is there to prevent understanding and coöperation except the sinister intrigues of greed?

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Table of Contents

October 23, 1920

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The East Wind—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	3
Winnie and the Wolves—*Bertram Atkey*	8
V for Viper—*Richard Washburn Child*	12
The Great American Husband—*Rebecca Hooper Eastman*	16
Rewards and Furies—*Perceval Gibbon*	20

ARTICLES

Bubble and Squeak—*George Pattullo*	6
The Country of the Caravans—*Maude Radford Warren*	7
Top Sergeants of Industry—*Forrest Crissey*	10
Court Life in Vienna—*Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant*	14
Are You Rich or Poor?—*Albert W. Atwood*	18
Coolidge—Political Mystery—*A. R. Pinci*	27
The Situation in Soviet Russia—*Rear Admiral Michael I. Smirnoff*	28
Our Orchestral Americanization—*Ruth Miller*	36

SERIALS

Seed of the Sun—*Wallace Irwin*	22
There Goes the Groom—*Gordon Arthur Smith*	24

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial—*The Editor*	26
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	32

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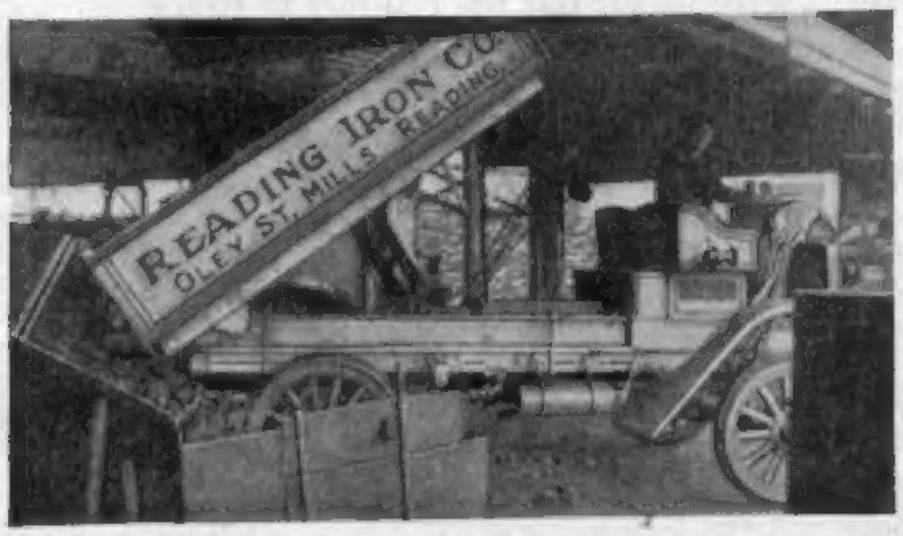

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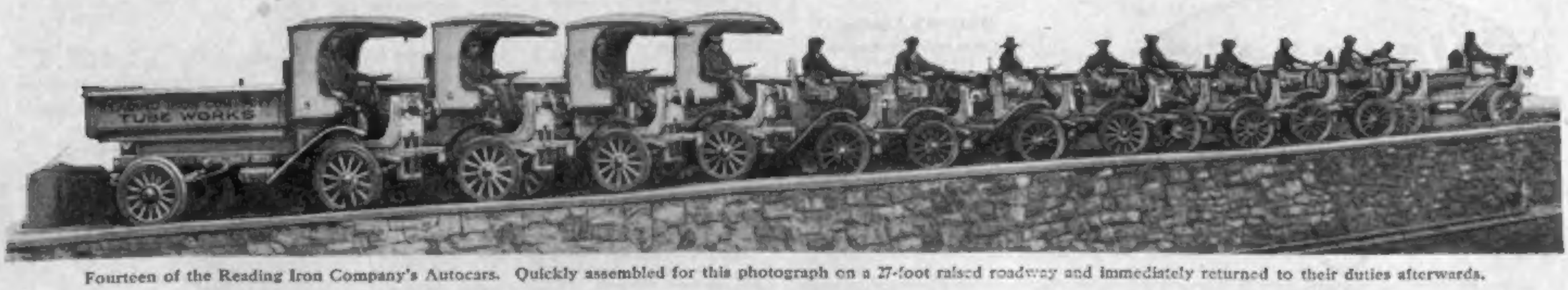
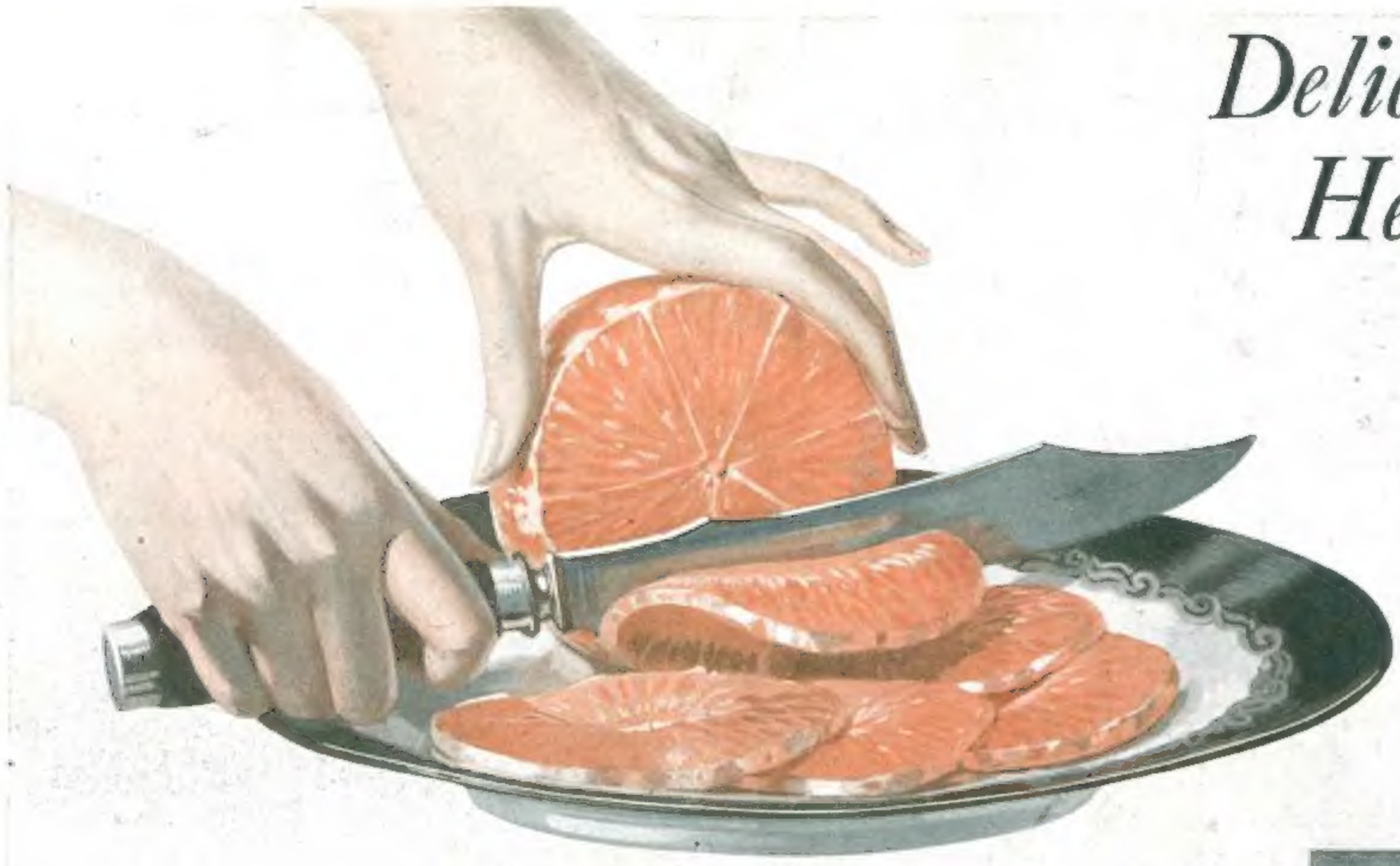


Fourteen of the Reading Iron Company's Autocars. Quickly assembled for this photograph on a 27-foot raised roadway and immediately returned to their duties afterwards.



Delicious
Healthful

Busy-Day Desserts

See How They Simplify Housekeeping

DELICIOUS dishes — tempting, dainty and attractive in appearance —are prepared in a jiffy when you have oranges at hand.

You simply slice, cut or chop them, and serve them plain, or with cocoanut, bananas or other fruit for greater variety.

You don't have to *cook* these desserts. And you need no salad with them, for oranges are both salad and dessert in one.

They are healthful, too, for they provide the sugar that one wants in desserts in the most easily assimilable form.

The orange's salts and acids are natural appetizers and digestants, which means that oranges make *entire meals* taste and digest better.

Try these busy-day desserts. See how they simplify housekeeping, eliminating much of the pondering over "what to have."

Always ask for Sunkist Oranges, and look for the word "Sunkist" on the wrapper. Sunkist are uniformly good, juicy, sweet, practically seedless, and *very tender*, which makes them best for all desserts. All first class dealers sell them by the box or dozen the year round.

Simple and easy to prepare. These desserts are healthful, too. Let the children have them.

Luscious fruit is Nature's own suggestion for dessert. You need no salad when you serve dessert like this.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE

A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers

Department 120, Los Angeles, California

Also Distributors of Sunkist Lemons and Sunkist Marmalade

MAIL THIS WITH 10 CENTS

Send 10c (12c if you live in Canada) with this coupon and we will send you a set of 24 beautifully illustrated Sunkist Recipe Cards. Each dish pictured in colors. Shows how to serve oranges and lemons in the most attractive ways. Just right size for recipe-card box.

For 75c (85c if you live in Canada) we will send the set of Sunkist Recipe Cards, neat oak box without any advertising on it. 100 blank cards and 23 index cards, all prepaid.

This set would cost $1.50 in retail stores.

Check the offer you wish to accept and forward with stamps or coins.

☐ 24 Sunkist Recipe Cards — 10c to points in U. S. A. / 12c to points in Canada

☐ Complete box and file — 75c to points in U. S. A. / 85c to points in Canada

Address: California Fruit Growers Exchange, Dept. 120, Los Angeles, Cal.

Name_____

Address_____

Miss Bradley's recipes describe many ways to use the healthful orange. Send for them.

Makes Your Housework Easy

Old Dutch Cleanser makes easy work of cleaning floors. Keeps linoleum, wood, stone and tile spick-and-span.

Dampen floor and sprinkle Cleanser lightly over the surface, apply the mop, rinse and wipe up.

Use Old Dutch for all general cleaning. Goes further and does better work; saves time and labor.